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*Welcome to Washington*











TODAY COULD BE A turning point in American history. Today the American people have the opportunity of destroying representative government. They can succeed by not voting, or, as SDS advocates, voting with their feet.

Revolutionaries may mark this day as the beginning of the end, for their tactics of divide and conquer may come to fruition. They are not stupid; they understand that the American system will not be toppled as easily as Columbia; they fully realize that the putsch is not even worthy of consideration.

Their program is more subtle and more likely of ultimate success: polarize society; push the right and the left to extreme positions; embarrass the moderates and the liberals; force them

to seek refuge in the radical movements. In other words, they would totally divide society so that no effective coalition could organize viably governing institutions. They would let the system crumble of its own imbalance.

Ludicrous? Then why was such a conscious effort made to heckle political candidates? Surely the New Left and the revolutionary groups are aware that such actions only cause a counterreaction on the right. Why the burst of energy in the election year to seek confrontations with any and all symbols of authority? Why the campaigns of condemnation for liberals and moderates, when all reason would point to unity as the proper tactic? In Germany, the Communist Party supported Hitler's Nazis before and even after their rise to power; they

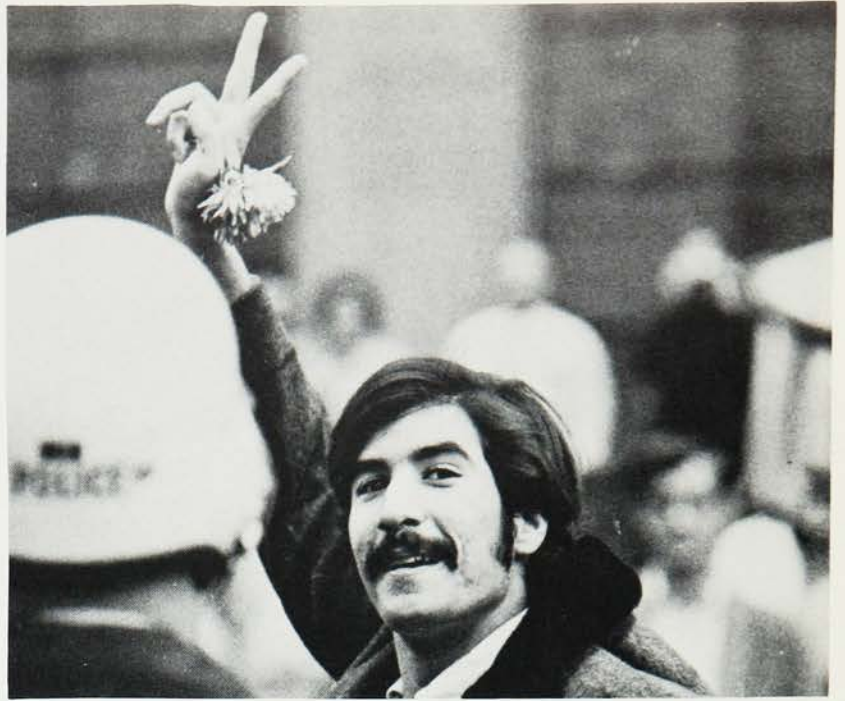
would do anything to hurt the moderate German political elements. They succeeded. And the same tactics may be employed with equal success in our country.

If you don't want to change this nation, if you don't want to reform it, but you do want to destroy — then don't vote. If you are diseased with the revolutionary fervor — vote with your feet. If you don't want the nation to cure itself of its ills, then seek instead the chaos of its destruction.

Today could be a turning point in American history. That decision is ours. We can forget about voting and let a petty demagogue dictate his terms to the House of Representatives, or we can exercise our rights — and our responsibilities.



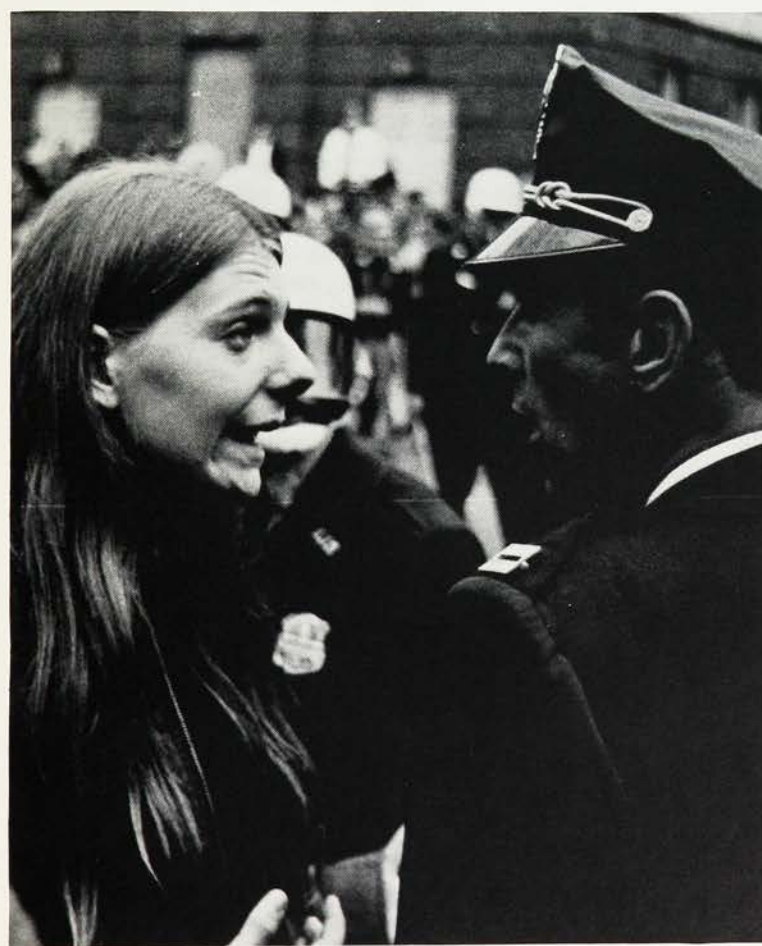
# 1968: Election Day













The Commies, faggots, perverts and outside agitators got what was coming to them again last Tuesday. Law 'n' order was restored to Washington and the GW campus by the District's unofficial rugby team.

It started shortly after noon as about 700 grubby creeps gathered near the Lincoln Memorial to hear incitement to riot by a 17-year-old high school kid and the 30-year-old flag desecrator, Carl Oglesby. Czech, Vietcong, and American Revolutionary flags were flying in the breeze. A composite dummy of Nixon, Humphrey and Wallace was hung on a goal post. A rabid Saint Bernard was brought along for later use on law enforcers.

The march began as the chanting creeps took to the streets, ten abreast. They were quickly channeled onto the sidewalk when they got to Constitution Avenue and were then escorted by a line of policemen on foot and motorcycle. Occasionally some of the longhairs would be pushed onto the street by the force of the crowd and the men in the white helmets would spring into action with a gentle tap from their clubs or by running over toes with their motorcycles.

They finally crossed Constitution at 18th Street and proceeded to Lafayette Park without too much more trouble. Officers occasionally nudged a marcher if he got out of line or didn't mind the street lights. Middle-aged men and women waved from hotels, bars, restaurants and barber shops. Barbara Fritchie flashed the V-for-peace sign from the third floor of the Red Cross building.

At the park, people milled about, talking, stepping on grass. Some sat down. Meanwhile the DC Police and the Park Police converged on the park. Shortly after some fiery oratory and just before a suicidal charge on the white mansion across the street, police announced that the park was closed for repairs. Asked when it would reopen, an officer with some apparent authority replied with "shut up!"

Another officer, when asked what he was doing, said "Aw, leave me alone."

Meanwhile the grubs were being moved away, one by one, to the buses and paddy wagons. About 15 GW undesirables were hauled off here as they were sitting on the grass.

In an extremely well-coordinated sweep across the park, the police cleared the rest of the park. The creeps headed back to GW.

At GW people wandered aimlessly in and near the quad behind Monroe Hall. Some made plans for burning of that building. One student suggested burning the hideous statue near the bookstore but was voted down by some of his more asthetically-minded colleagues.

The policemen began moving in again.

Then five youths drove slowly down G Street and sprayed a red fluid on the people on the sidewalk, most of whom were peaceniks. The five laughed heartily, then drove off. Someone in the crowd yelled "Sigma Nus," and everyone gave hot pursuit. Then in a startling, almost ironic occurrence, the police stopped and arrested the youths who turned out, to the disappointment of many, to be only Nazis.

At this point the smelly pseudo-intellectuals took to the streets. About 500 of them massed on G Street in front of Monroe Hall. The street was blocked, traffic was obstructed and police action was required.

Shortly after 100 police replaced the demonstrators in the street, a hippie girl threw a paper airplane into the street, greatly irritating the law enforcers. She was seized and sent to the paddy

wagon. Someone said she was arrested for flying without a license, but this was never verified.

Suddenly, the renowned charge on Monroe Hall took place. An altercation had broken out between police and a youth in the corridor between Monroe and Government. As people screamed at the police to leave him alone, a line of about 20 police charged the students, much in the form of Mayor Daley's employees.

Screaming, frightened longhairs ran to avoid the clubbing. Many ran up the steps of Monroe in an attempt to get inside. There the campus police, in a continuing effort to build up a rapport with the students, asserted themselves and closed the doors, refusing to let anyone in. They were under orders to prevent a takeover of the building.

Meanwhile, several students were downed on the steps of Monroe Hall. Dave Camp received a free trip to the GW Hospital with 12 free stitches for hitting an officer's club with his head. Jim Goodhill was pushed to the ground and arrested for having previously thrown a missile. Mal Davis, the grand old man of SERVE, was shoved around along with others and Angelo, that subversive Puerto Rican Marxist, was yanked away from the door of Monroe by a uniform with a big body inside.

In a very touching scene, one anarchistic GW coed was knocked to the ground, at which time an officer stepped on her stomach. Suddenly realizing his mistake, he considerably withdrew his foot, kicked her in the side, and smiled.

About five students were arrested in the melee and were sent to the olive colored bus. On the bus they wanted to smoke and asked for some matches. A coed, who seemed by her attire to have just come back from church, offered them a matchbook. She was seized and arrested.

Things kind of dragged after that. People sat down and watched the motorcycles drive by.

Around seven o'clock, Mark Tizer, in a real shocker, used profanity through a bullhorn on the sidewalk. He was arrested for violating a city ordinance. Bob McClenon, dynamic SDS leader and outspoken advocate of anarchism, advised him not to resist. He was arrested for disturbing the peace.

Another girl moved slowly in the area of the paddy wagon and, posing as an obvious threat to the wagon's security, she too was arrested.

Upset by Tizer's arrest, about 30 hippies started chanting a profane word. Again law and order was threatened. One creep

was selected and four policemen converged on him with clubs. He resisted and was brought to the ground. Girls shouted in horror and seemed on the verge of unsheathing their knives.

To quell the screaming, a group of about 10 helmeted police were sent in and started clubbing indiscriminately. These men, too, had apparently been schooled in Chicago.

The action died down after that event, even when a few gutsy individuals started yelling "intercourse." Lenny Bruce must have turned over in his grave.

Anyone who hadn't had his faith completely restored in his country and its maintainers after the day's activities could have done so by walking past a busload of police near 21st and H Streets around 8 o'clock.

There the police greeted any weird-looking passersby with humorous, colorful catcalls, obscenities: "Hi queer, Hey faggot," etc. They were having a good time. Incidentally, a poll of students taken on Wednesday revealed that 71% of them approved of the police actions on campus; 20% disapproved. Richard Nixon, Hubert Humphrey and Lloyd Elliott deplored the violence on both sides.







(Above) President Lloyd Elliott (with bullhorn) is surrounded by the curious masses at a rally November 8, the day after the police invasion of campus. Elliott didn't do much talking himself, but listened to complaints from all sides. He did say that the police-student confrontation left him "not only shocked [but] scared to death."

(Below) D.C. militant Rufus "Catfish" Mayfield makes a point while speaking at an SDS-sponsored rally in support of an election day strike. The most memorable part of Mayfield's speech, which preceded the police action, was his fistfight with Al Miller, manager of the Campus Club. Miller was trying to ask a question of a previous speaker, and Mayfield told him to "shut up." Soon shouts of "nigger" and "honkey" were flying back and forth.













by Bill Hobbs

The Day of Dialogue was a slow, painful beginning. More than anything else, it clearly demonstrated that Lack of Dialogue has been the rule at this school for a long, long time. Because there has been so little dialogue in the past, students and faculty confronted with a whole day of it were unable to get the most out of it. Unused to dialogue, uncomfortable with it, we often adopted false, frozen poses to keep ourselves from the frightening prospect of slipping too far into serious, rewarding encounters with each other.

Since it was first and therefore most unfamiliar, the opening session in Lisner produced some of the most outlandish posturing of the day. Dean Linton, for instance, came out posing as a Rotary Club Spellbinder on the luncheon circuit tour of the Iowa State Federation of Garden Clubs. Certainly he could not have been an Academic Dean of a major university at a serious convocation. If that is the role he thought he was playing, he is a lousy actor. He aptly introduced himself as "the latest joke from Washington," and after wowin' the guys an' gals with a few of his best lines, slipped into a stock Paul Harvey style delivery of a mediocre address, perfectly ill-suited for the occasion.

President Dixon of Antioch looked visibly ill on the platform, and many of us were groaning inwardly, but Dean Linton seemed to know his audience. Dixon's provocative, original presentation had received sustained but only polite applause. Rotarian Linton got an almost fervid ovation. I kept thinking of Chicago, waiting for all the senior faculty members to pull out identical printed signs saying "We Love Dean Linton."

Until the first questioners got up, Dean Linton's comparison of liberal education to the varieties of canine obedience training had stood unchallenged as the most childish, insulting expression of the morning. One student stepped to the microphone, his face uplifted, his mouth hung slightly open, his eyes fixed in a dream-like stare — an excellent imitation of a cocker spaniel scratching himself — and quickly proved that students can be frozen into roles as mindless and graceless as any Dean's.

The dialogue had begun.

Fortunately, it did not stay on this low plane all day. Perhaps because the opening session had been so painful and fruitless, many people in the 11 a.m. discussions of the Lower

Columbian curriculum seemed to be actively concerned with talking to each other rather than at each other. Over 40 of the 60 people at the session in Government 3 participated actively — students airing gripes and offering cogent suggestions, faculty people responding openly if not always satisfactorily from the student point of view. If the regular classes held in the same room had as much give-and-take as this meeting did, there would have been no need for a Day of Dialogue.

One student ended his statement with, "...and thank God I didn't take biology." A professor, apparently of biology, popped up and added, "I thank God you didn't either." In the atmosphere of Lisner, it might have been an ugly little confrontation. Here it was a good warm joke, shared by everyone.

Reports from other groups indicated that this interacting spirit pervaded much of the campus at mid-morning. Professors who know full well that SDS members were nothing but irrational troublemakers found themselves talking to intelligent, rational beings who later turned out to be SDS members. "Moderate" students found themselves saying things that sounded like SDS. And SDS people discovered it was not always necessary to strike defiant, fist-raised poses to get sympathetic attention from faculty and other students.

After a lunch break, the individual department sessions in the afternoon ranged off in widely different directions. A beer at lunch can make you loud and combative or warm and sympathetic, depending on who you are and what department you are a member of.

The sociology meeting in the





basement of Monroe was one of the warm ones. Dr. Stephens opened the session with the statement that the department was open to — wanted, in fact — a strong role for the undergraduate majors in determining the curriculum. Everybody began as friends and quickly launched into a substantive discussion of individual courses, with a minimum of rancor. The sociology session was an example of the dialogue at its best.

The English meeting was another story. Open combat and incoherence were both present. The rancor of the opening session returned, but here it was focused, more specific. Communication seemed to give way again to posturing. A professor: "The reason we don't teach black authors in the literature survey is that they're not in the anthology." A student: "Sit down and let me finish. I have to listen to you six

hours every week. You can just listen to me for a change." One girl, practically in tears, wondered whether the English faculty really loved literature.

But it was a beginning. At the end of the day, many of the members of the GW community had some of the flesh of experience to hang around the skeleton for analysis which President Dixon presented in his opening address. He had said that the university has survived until now with the assistance of strangers. Certainly many of us went through the day like strangers exposing ourselves to each other for the first time. If we are to get to Dixon's second image — a university getting by with the help of friends — we must have more dialogue. Even more important, we must collectively take it upon

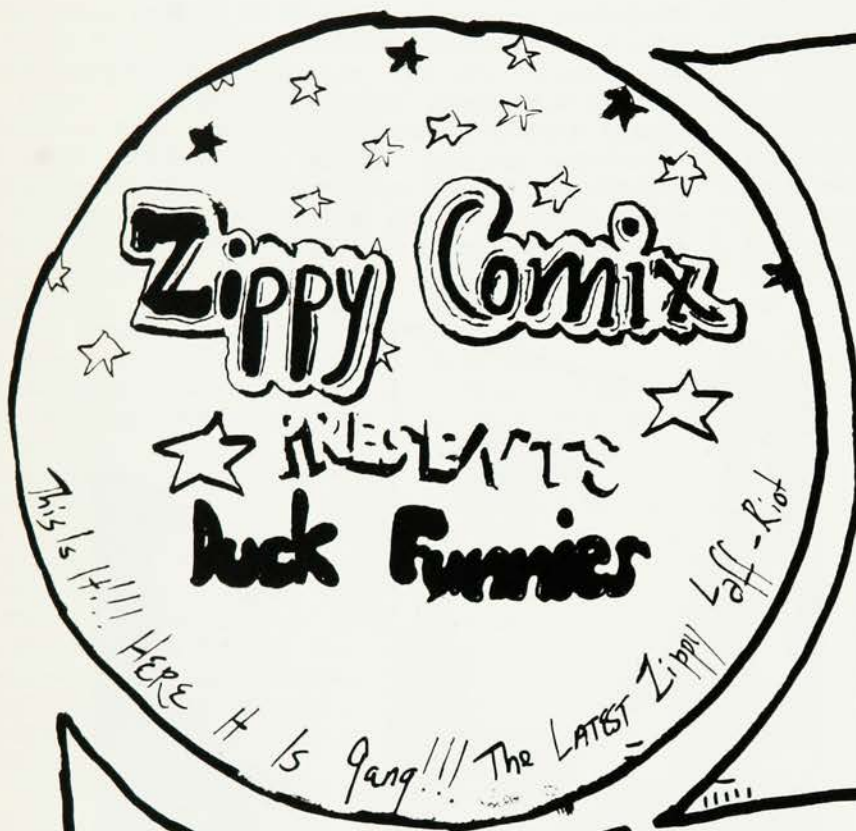
ourselves to see that the dialogue results in change.

If the faculty and/or the administration sees what happened Friday as an end instead of a beginning, their prediction may become self-fulfilling in an ugly way they did not expect. If students see "dialogue" only as a forum for symbolic, pre-determined action, they too will suffer.

President Dixon pointed out the frustration which even an institution such as Antioch encounters in attempting to remove or renovate its structure. Our structure is far more calcified than theirs, and our dangers therefore greater. We had better get out of our postures, get ourselves together, get on with it. If you don't know what "it" is, get into the dialogue.







AND THE MINUTE  
HE WALKS THROUGH  
THE DOOR, ARNOLD  
IS ENGAGED IN A  
BRIEF, FRIENDLY  
CONVERSATION  
WITH HIS PARENTS  
WHICH LASTS FOR...





NIGHT AND  
LEAVES G.W.U. FOR  
WEEKEND

OUT!  
PLACE



TWO DAYS

NO DAD, SOME OF  
THE GUYS IN THE  
DORM DO USE  
DRUGS BUT NOT  
ME...

BUT DAD, A "D"  
STANDS FOR  
"DOING WELL"  
HONEST...

SUNDAY COMES

HOLY  
**CENSORED**  
IT'S REALLY  
OVER



IT'LL BE  
GOOD TO  
GET HOME

HI! STEVE  
CANYON  
HERE

NOTARY  
SOJAC

*If this appears in the Hatchet, is it an All-American Comic?*

THE STORY YOU  
HAVE JUST SEEN IS TRUE  
BUT YOU KNEW THAT  
ALREADY, DIDN'T  
YOU?

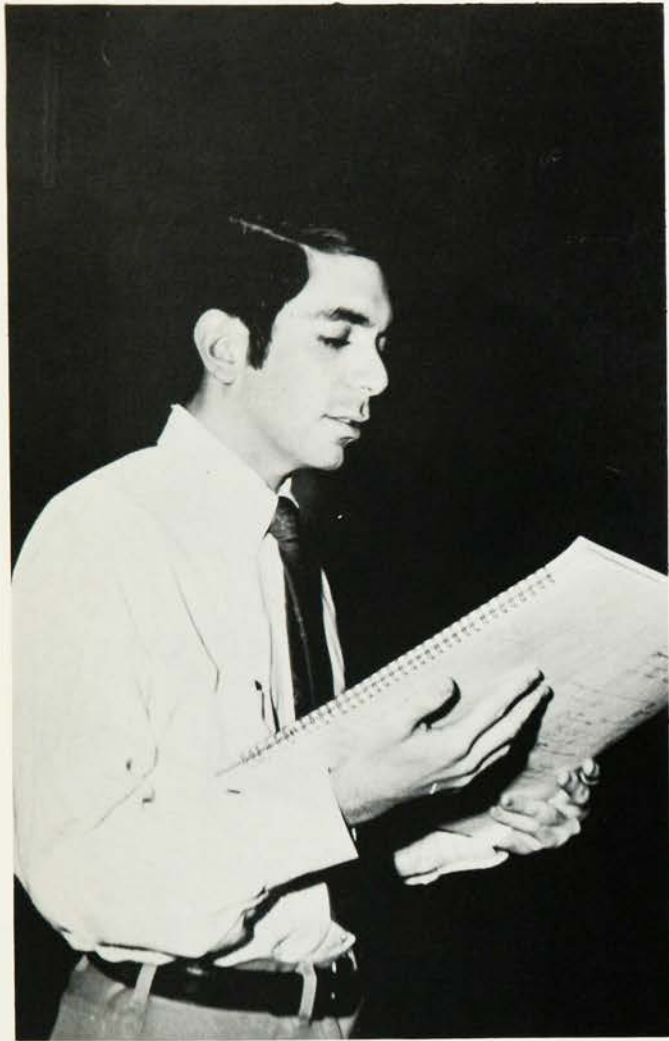


COMING  
SOON!!  
Chambers Bros.  
DO THEY DO CHAMBER  
MUSIC??

DRAWN AND  
STOLEN  
by  
mikeIbank  
417

Lettering by:  
B. Clayman





The turn of the decade was a good time for the Enosinian Society, better known as the debate team. Above is one of the leading team members, Jim Swartz.







Student Council meetings were relaxed, sometimes frivolous. Above, George Biondi and Michael Waxman prepare themselves for a debate on the right of students to take part in academic policy decisions.

Below, on the other hand, is the Council parliamentarian, Bob McClenon.



# Leaving the South

*The following is the text of the Student Council Committee on Intercollegiate Athletics' recommendation on the Southern Conference. The Council approved the recommendation to withdraw 21 - 3.*

To develop a successful athletic program is an expensive proposition. To invest all this money in a program, that program must be justified in the sense that it meets the objectives of the University.

We suggest that the objectives of the athletic program at GW must be both to build spirit in the school among present students and alumni and to give GW a national reputation so that it can attract top students from all over the country.

These objectives can best be served by severing our connection with the Southern Conference and undertaking a nationally oriented basketball schedule. Furthermore, seeing that the vast majority of the present students and alumni are from New England and the Mid-Atlantic states (plus the D.C. area), this schedule should be centered in those areas where student interest in the opposition is highest. Thus what is needed is a national schedule with emphasis on the northeast. What GW presently plays is a Southern based schedule with only a limited number of games outside the South and the D.C. area.

In reports we have gathered it has been pointed out by Mr. Smith, head of alumni relations, that of all the areas in the country that are encompassed by the Conference, the South has the least number of GW alumni. Mr. Cantini points out the great benefit to the University of playing basketball games in areas where GW has alumni, thereby opening the possibility of coordinating alumni meetings and basketball games and substantially helping fund raising.

Georgetown, Navy, American, and to some extent Maryland are all viewed as northeastern schools, thus it is not geography that limits GW to the south. Rather it is the affiliation with the Southern Conference and the Southern exposure of the basketball schedule. This could be corrected by playing northern teams in the major northern cities with big city press coverage. The New York Times and the New York News have a lot more readers than any paper in Charlotte or Greenville.

Furthermore, not one of the Southern Conference cities is in a major urban center besides GW. Thus we do not even get major Southern city exposure.

Admittedly Davidson and William and Mary are top grade academic schools, but Richmond, VMI, East Carolina, The Citadel, and Furman are poor schools academically. Yet, guilt by association, puts us in the same league with them. Most major Conferences in this country have about the same academic standards for all schools; this is far from the case in

the Southern Conference.

The composition of the Conference has changed considerably over the years. In the early fifties when the present ACC schools were members of the Southern Conference, the league had some sports prestige. During these years and right after GW was even ranked in the top ten basketball teams in the country. But times have changed the Southern Conference. The exits of VPI and West Virginia in recent years had just added to the overall athletic weakness of the Conference. Davidson which had one of the best teams in the country last year, had an extremely difficult time being ranked in the top ten or even top 15 schools. This was not because the schedule Davidson played was suspect, and it was a lot more difficult than the one GW is playing.

In all the years GW has played in the Conference, no real rivalries have been built up except maybe for West Virginia (which is no longer a member). Thus the idea of breaking traditional rivalries is no problem.

Granted there will be problems that must be overcome once GW leaves the Conference. The major fear this Committee has come across seems to be a fear that GW will have difficulty in scheduling if it leaves the close confines of the Conference.

This indeed could be a problem. However, one must ask himself if a few difficulties would not be better than the likes of Furman and East Carolina. Change is never easy, but a few years of difficulty until GW gets the promised athletic building, is well worth the benefits of getting out of the Conference now. It is almost possible that many Northern teams will be glad to come to Washington, even to play at Ft. Myer, whose 3500 seats is not that small, just to get exposure in the nation's capital where some of the finest high school basketball is played.

It is also said that if we attracted top teams to Ft. Myer there would be no place for the students to sit. A packed house is a pleasant thought; a problem of this kind is the type GW could use.

Press and news service benefits are also claimed for Southern affiliation; however, this Committee questions the good that more southern news coverage will do for GW. It is not too often that Southern Conference news makes the northern or national papers.

The point has been made that GW can play a 26 game basketball schedule per year and that we are only required to play 10 Conference games. We remind you that in a normal year GW plays only 22 or 23 games plus a Christmas tournament (this year we play only 21 regular games, 12 of which are Conference). However, this still leaves 12 or 13 national games. Not really, for GW plays five area games (Navy, Maryland, Virginia, Georgetown, and either Georgetown again, or

American) in addition to West Virginia. That only leaves six or seven non-area, non-Conference games. This is not enough to build national and northern exposure.

The area games are GW's best rivalries and should in no case be deleted from the schedule. Thus, the only way to give GW the national exposure is to eliminate the Southern Conference games. This would give GW complete freedom as to arranging games.

Some of the minor sports at GW could be hurt somewhat by an exit from the Conference. It is argued that incentive for the teams could be a problem. This we do not know, but there are eastern and NCAA tournaments for those players who are good enough.

The soccer team played two Conference games this year. The baseball team, Coach Steve Korcheck states, would admittedly have no scheduling difficulties if our Conference ties were severed. Korcheck did feel however that it would make it more difficult for the baseball squad to make the NCAA tournament since the Conference winner had an automatic bid. The rifle team would be hurt; golf and tennis would lose their post season incentive. Crew is not a Southern Conference sport.

Yet, while there are disadvantages the benefits seem overwhelming. Benefits that are academic as well as athletic. Many of those opposed to leaving the Conference felt that GW had to build an athletic facility first. However, to build such a facility requires alumni contributions; to get those contributions requires alumni interest and spirit in GW sports. This interest and spirit can be built by a winning basketball team of national caliber. As long as GW is a member of the Southern Conference, it will be difficult to get the national exposure necessary for national recruiting and national ranking. Thus the athletic facility will be more likely to come after a good basketball team than before one.

GW is said to be a major urban university in the nation's capital. A national university means that we should have students from all over the country. Thus, GW must expose its name all over the country. The present student body and alumni must be kept interested in the sports program. Eighty-five percent of these groups are from the seven East coast states from Virginia through Massachusetts, this is where our athletic emphasis should be.

**RECOMMENDATION:** After evaluating all available evidence presented, we have reached unanimously the following conclusion:

The George Washington University should sever its relationship with the Southern Conference no later than March 10, 1969. This action should become effective at the end of the present academic year. Therefore, we ask the Student Council to adopt the recommendation of this committee.



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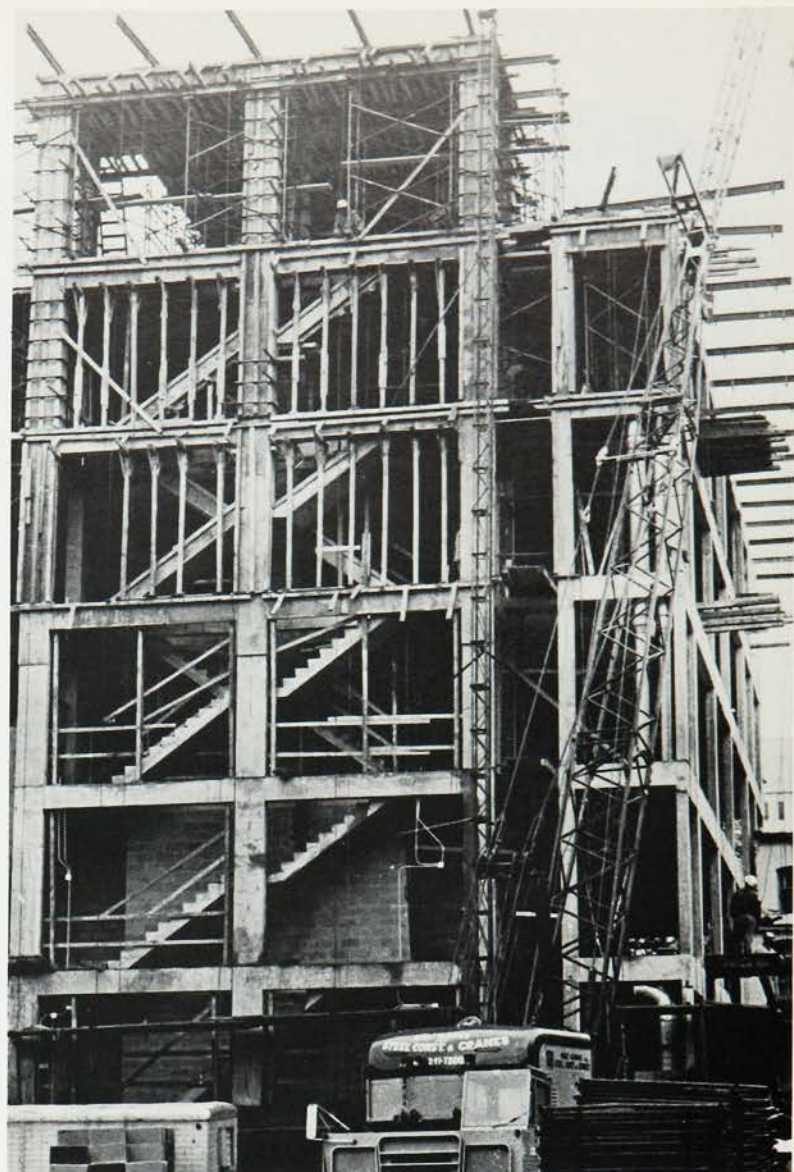
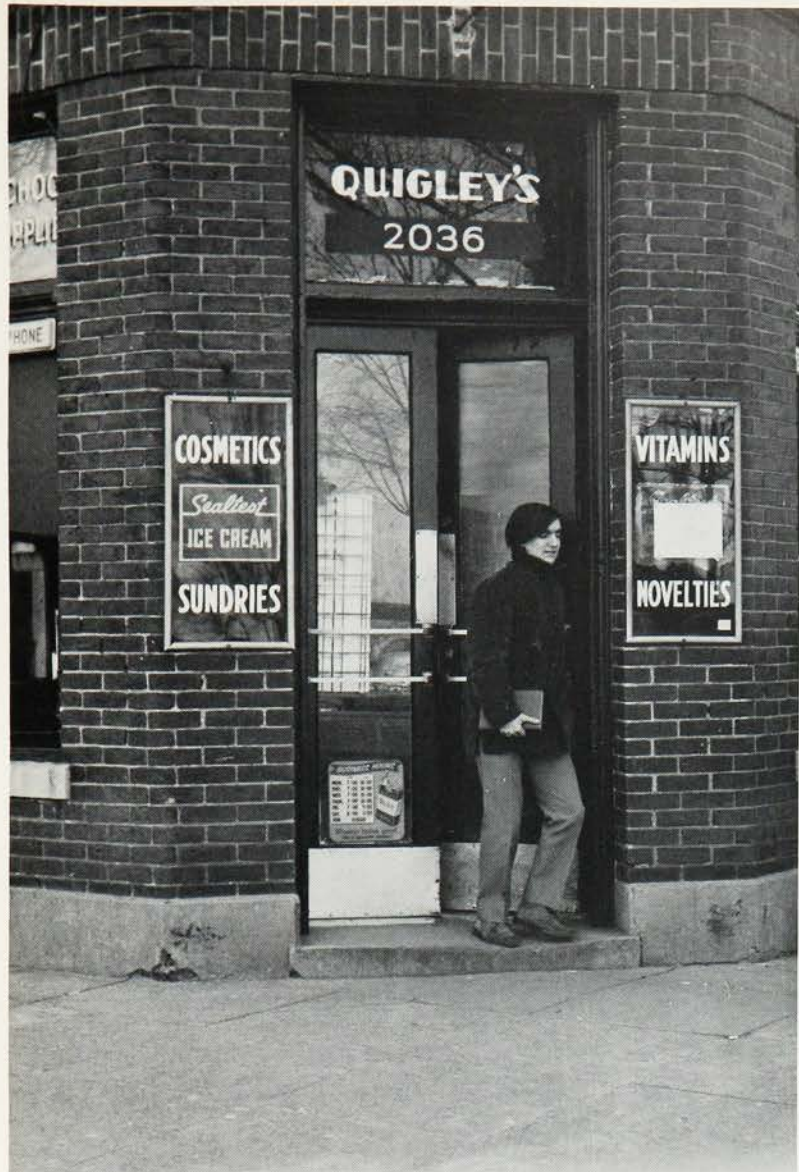






UPI Telephoto





















# Maury Hall





A group of close to 40 GW SDS members and non-students seized and occupied the Institute for Sino-Soviet Studies for about five hours last night and this morning.

The demonstrators seized the building shortly after 10 p.m., following a brief fight between demonstrators and anti-demonstrators during which one anti-demonstrator was seriously injured.

Shortly after the fight and seizure, the demonstrators barricaded the windows and doors with desks, chairs, bookcases, and books. They also

hung posters of Trotsky, Mao Tse-Tung and Che Guevara in the front windows of the building and flew a red flag out of the central windows.

The occupiers claimed to have found the posters in one of the offices in the building. They also found copies of correspondence which has been called everything from "interesting" to "horrifying" by those who read it.

The building occupiers demanded that the University get rid of the Sino-Soviet Institute, Navy Logistics, HumRRO, bar military

recruiters from the campus, end its ties with schools offering ROTC, admit all blacks who apply, and grant amnesty to those involved in the occupation.

The demonstrators' hope that they receive a "satisfactory response to these demands within a period of 24 hours" was dampened when Vice President for Student Affairs William P. Smith informed those occupying the Institute that he would oppose any move to grant them amnesty.

Smith was addressing the demonstrators at that point,





around 3:10 a.m., to tell them that if they did not leave the building within 15 minutes, the University would seek a ten day temporary restraining order.

The building was emptied two minutes before the deadline.

There had been rumors earlier in the evening, circulated by, among others, Dean of Men Paul Sherburne and Assistant Dean of Men David Speck, that the University had obtained, or was attempting to obtain, a restraining order, but the rumors were denied by Smith when he first addressed the occupiers around midnight.

The restraining order was the same weapon used by the American University administration to end a building takeover at that school last month.

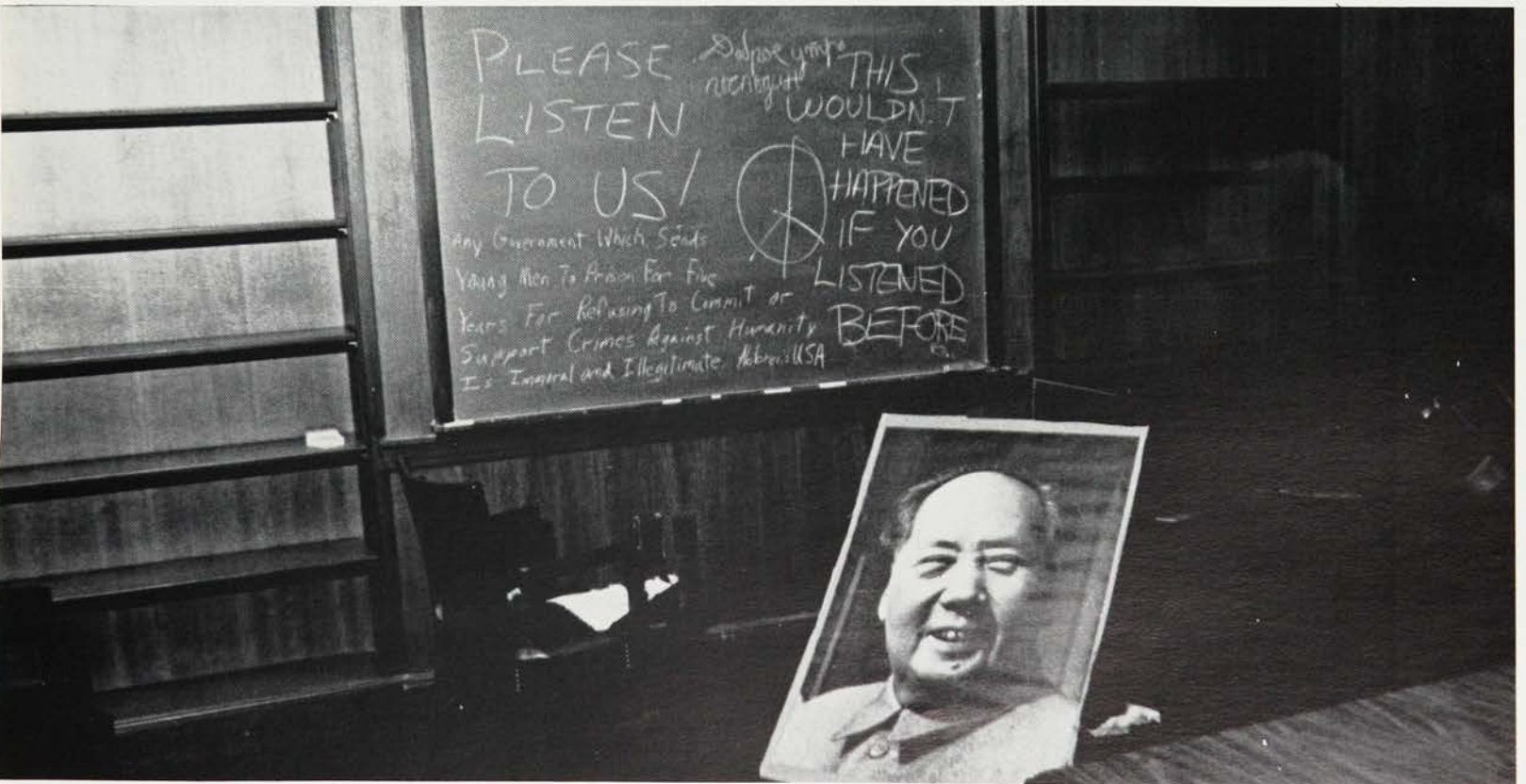
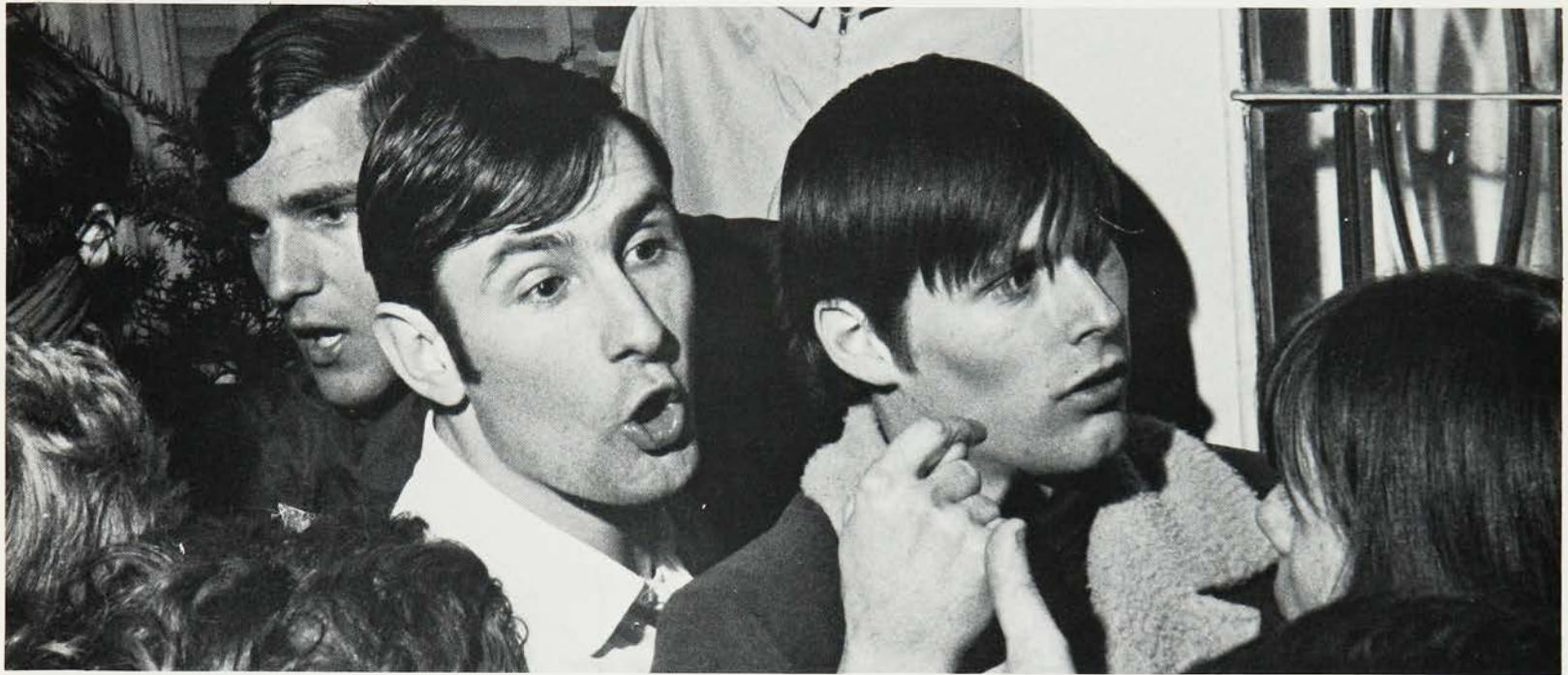
A crowd of about 1000 students, mostly hostile to the occupiers, milled around the building until after midnight.

The crowd was so hostile, in fact, that when Smith arrived for his first visit, he found it necessary to have David Dolgen recruit a group of students to act as marshals to prevent people from attempting to enter the

building with the intent of recapturing it.

While those inside the building were "talking and playing mah-jongg," according to SDS leader Nick Greer, Smith was meeting in Rice Hall with Assistant Vice President and Treasurer H. John Cantini, University Senate Executive Committee Chairman Reuben Wood, other administrators, and a group of students which included Henry Ziegler, Candy Erickson, David Dolgen, Mike Bienstock and others.

*Hatchet* of April 21, 1969









The day after the takeover two emergency meetings were held in Lisner Auditorium. The faculty met first and overwhelmingly approved the administration's handling of the crisis. When their closed meeting was over, the students poured in and had a spirited debate.

The main piece of business at the one and a half hour faculty debate was the wording of a resolution regarding requests for police on campus. After rejecting a more negatively-phrased proposal, the faculty finally agreed on one which urged the University president to call upon civil authorities "only as a last resort."

The student debate began outside, as an emotional crowd gathered to attempt entry to the faculty meeting. Senior Bill Hobbs turned the gathering into an open forum after all attempts at entrance proved futile.

Nick Greer, speaking outside, said that "We will no longer let the University or any other organization in society be engaged in research" detrimental to the people of the world.

Inside, freshman Jody Gorran stunned the crowd by announcing that he had been an FBI and Metropolitan Police Department spy within SDS for almost four months.

Now, he said, he believed in what SDS was doing and could no longer work for the authorities. "I don't care what the police do to me," he said.

Gorran, a 19-year-old poli sci major, explained later that he offered his services to the FBI if they would "help him make some connections in Washington" that would further his planned career in government.



Almost every GW figure in town came to the mass student meeting the day after Maury Hall. Standing are (left to right) David Nadler, non-student Robert Forenz, SDS Chairman Nick Greer, Bill Hobbs, Vice President William Smith and Neil Portnow. Kneeling are SDS members Bob Fine (left) and David Camp (right). The man in the center is unidentified.





by B. D. Colen

About 100 students, led from an outdoor rally by SDS Chairman Nick Greer, walked into Rice Hall Tuesday to demand a dialogue with President Lloyd H. Elliott.

No attempt was made to stop the students from entering the building, and they left the 8th floor Board room around 4:40, four hours after they first entered the room.

The students had gone to the administration building at the urging of Greer, to "ask questions" of Elliott, who was not in the building when the students arrived.

Elliott was hurriedly summoned to the Board room by other administrators when the students announced that they would not leave without first speaking to the president.

When Vice President for Student Affairs William P. Smith attempted to read the students a statement of Elliott's concerning the upcoming trials of the Sino-Soviet 15, a student explained to him that "our presence here is not to find out what is happening in specific trials."

"Does anybody want to hear this statement?" Smith asked.

He was answered with a resounding "No!" and gave up any further attempts to read the statement.

President Elliott entered the room shortly after Vice President Smith spoke, and remained, attempting to answer student questions, for an hour and a half. The students were far from pleased by some of his answers.

Why is military-connected research carried out on campus? "In 1941, the people..." Elliott said, attempting to explain that the government asked for the help of the University in the war effort. But he was cut short by a cry of "Not the people, the ruling class!"

"How do you justify" Vice President Harold Bright's fall statement that the primary function of the University is research, asked Sarah Greer. She received no reply.

Instead, Elliott announced that he will accept, "as soon as the report reaches [his] desk," the recommendation of the Committee on Research that a "watchdog committee made up of students and faculty members...examine all present and future relationships" of the University in the research field.

"We don't want another committee," he was told, "we want it off now!"

"Is HumRRO going to have any relations with the Consortium (of Universities)," asked SDS member Bob Fine.

"No," replied Elliott, "not that I'm aware of."

"When will you be aware?" shot back Fine.

"Are you aware of anything?" asked another student.

"Why aren't there more black students in this university? Why do we have a new Student Center when we don't have money for more blacks?"

The school lives on tuition, replied Elliott.

"Then why aren't we getting a better education?"

No reply from Elliott.

"We have J. Edgar Hoover on our Board of Trustees. We have David Kennedy on our Board of Trustees. And you're telling me we can't get any money?"

No reply from Elliott.

"Why do we have to ask for more black students?"

"We admitted 25 more black students last fall," answered Elliott.

"How many came from Great Neck?"

No reply.

"Why does it take something like this (a walk-in) to bring you out?"

"I have never been inaccessible to students," replied the president.

"Why don't you report to us?" he was asked.

"I have never," he said, "put the important job of communication with students on a you come to me—I'll come to you basis."

When students charged that he was ignoring student opinion on the question of establishing an all-student judiciary, Elliott replied that "I've been enthusiastic in my support of a student court...for ten years at two universities. I have been unsuccessful in trying to persuade the students of this."

When the question of the SDS demands finally came up, the president said that he will "not recommend an end to the Sino-Soviet Institute."

*Hatchet* of May 8, 1969





SDS organizer Cathy Wilkerson speaks at GW. As a member of the Weather Underground, Wilkerson later made the FBI's Top Ten.





Playing to a packed crowd of some 200 students, counsel for SDS Michael Tigar succeeded in getting the charges against his clients reduced and brought forth a surprise witness who testified that the administration wanted the Maury Hall hearings to be disrupted.

Vice President for Student Affairs William Smith, who presided over the hearings, agreed to drop destruction charges against the "Sino-Soviet 15" after Tigar pointed out that the administration had failed to establish a connection between the damage to Maury Hall and its seizure.

Assistant Vice President and Assistant Treasurer H. John Cantini, who acted as prosecutor, produced pictures of the damage but failed to establish the condition of the building prior to the SDS occupation.

Tigar's star witness, Interfraternity Council President Steve Sacks, charged that Cantini had "sort of indicated to [him] that he hoped the proceedings would be disrupted so the students could be suspended a little sooner, or something to that effect."

Sacks' testimony, which drew gasps from the audience, was not denied by Cantini.

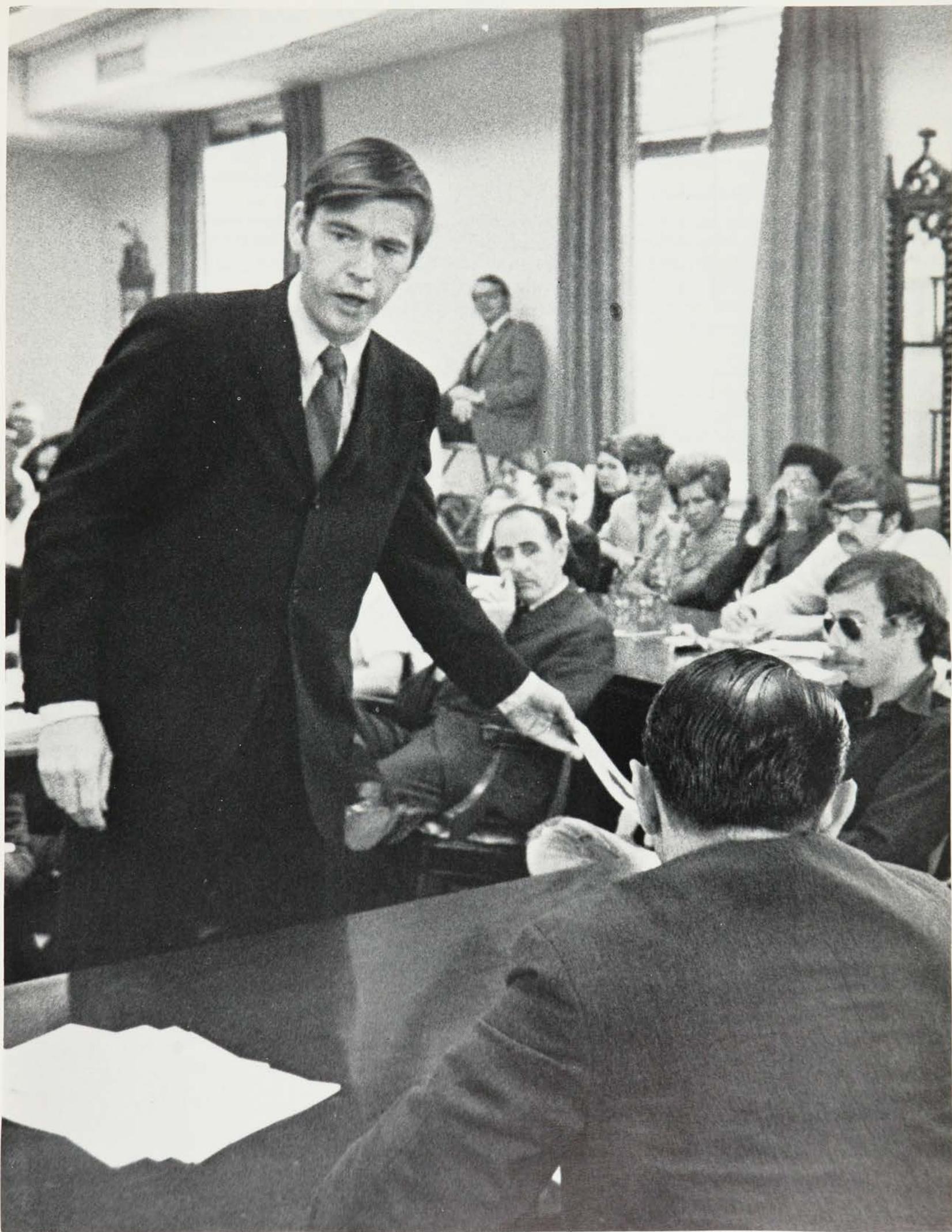
Sacks also said that when a group of students, concerned about the fighting which took place outside the Sino-Soviet Institute on the night of the seizure, went to speak to administration officials about pressing charges against the fighters, they were told they "should not press charges against those outside."

A prosecution witness, Resident Director of Strong Hall Jean Ross, testified that she had been informing on SDS throughout the school year. Ross, who was called to establish the presence in the building of certain defendants, said she was not a paid informer. She supplied information voluntarily, she explained.



H. John Cantini eyes Nick Greer.





Defense attorney Michael Tigar proceeds with his destruction of the administration's legal case at the Maury Hall hearings.





Dear \_\_\_\_\_:

You are required to appear before the Vice President for Student Affairs, at his Office on the 4th floor of Rice Hall at \_\_\_\_\_ o'clock on \_\_\_\_\_, to answer to charges that you participated in actions disruptive of the orderly processes of the University in that you unlawfully entered and occupied Maury Hall on the night of April 23rd and morning of April 24th, during which period damage was done to the building, its furnishings, and its contents.

At this hearing you will be informed of the evidence against you, you will be permitted to respond and, if appropriate, informed of the administrative action to be taken. You are advised that you have the right to appeal any such action to the University Hearings Committee on Student Affairs and that should you elect to appeal the action taken will be held in abeyance pending the results of the appeal.

You are further advised that you will be guaranteed all the rights as stated on the enclosed document.





The hearings began only after a wild half hour of pushing and shoving, with the campus police trying vainly to limit the number attending. Finally someone succeeded in breaking the lock and the room filled up.

Smith announced that he didn't want a large crowd because it could prevent him from making "an informed, fair decision." The audience broke into prolonged laughter.

Eventually all 15 defendants were named, and each indicated his desire for a public or private hearing. Four students — Karen Haber, Bob Fine, Alan Dreifuss and Jody Gorran — requested a private session with Smith.

Fine inserted a statement into the record charging that his desire for a private hearing was due to "great pressure applied." Fine and several others in the group stated privately that their parents were advised by administrators that private hearings would be better for the defendants.

Another defendant, James Hutton, Jr., stormed from the room when Smith decided in favor of his father, who insisted that Hutton Jr. have a private hearing.

"He is a minor," said the elder Hutton. "He is under my protection and custody."

Tigar was perturbed by the number of prosecution witnesses who were employees of the University, testifying before one vice president at the request of another. Smith insisted that the hearing would be fair.

The first of these witnesses was Assistant Dean of Students David Speck, who identified Cathy Blount, Nick Greer and David Camp as students in the building.

In his cross-examination, Tigar got Speck to admit that his identification of Blount and Camp came days after the occupation when he saw their pictures in the Student Handbook.

Tigar attempted to show a direct link between Speck and Smith, but Speck firmly held that neither man had discussed the case before the hearings.

The defense was also angered by testimony concerning meetings between the prosecution witnesses and Associate Dean of Students Paul Sherburne. To Tigar, it sounded as if the witnesses had been "coached."

Tigar challenged the testimony of three witnesses because, according to the SDS, they demonstrated their biases by engaging in anti-SDS activity outside Maury Hall.

Smith, however, indicated that he would consider the testimony.

---

So what finally happened?

"Judge" Smith expelled seven students and suspended two for a year. A few weeks later, however, the University Hearing Committee, overruled the decision and instructed that all the students be given a "uniform, official reprimand."

Administration officials, who could have appealed to the Board of Trustees, did not contest the decision.

The 11-member committee objected strongly to Smith's participation in the case. "It was a violation of substantial justice," they concluded, "for the University to place Vice President Smith in the position of judge in a case in which he had been personally involved as an active participant."

The committee decided, however, that Smith had been "essentially fair" in his handling of "the fundamental requirements of due process of the law."

Those initially charged were: Linda Bennett, Cathy Blount, David Camp, Alan Dreifuss, Bob Fine, Chris Folkemer, Gary Frank, Jim Goodhill, Jody Gorran (who worked for the FBI), Nick Greer, Sarah Greer, Karen Haber, James Hutton, Jr., David Kramer, Nancy Meyer and Claire Oppenheimer. Oppenheimer was never tried, since she demonstrated she was out of the city at the time of the takeover.









## "No Longer Convenient"

....The decision to separate was made, we think, because both the Army and the University recognized that the continued relationship between a military research corporation and a university was no longer convenient to maintain in the current political climate. The University had the additional reason that HumRRO was not pulling its academic weight in terms of contributions to scholarship and teaching.

....Similar "separations" of military research corporations from other universities in recent years have turned out later to be largely public relations exercises designed to placate student and faculty opinion without making any serious alteration in the basic relationships.

HumRRO is a creature of the Army. As such it has no place in the open, intellectual community which a university should be. The text of the President's announcement makes all this clear. But the nature of the planned separation is still cloudy. The University would do well to end its relationship with HumRRO quickly, firmly and completely. Until it does so, there will continue to be troubling, legitimate questions raised about it on this campus.

# Army Research Project Axed

HumRRO, GW's Army research project, will be severed from the University, it was announced today.

The break came as Students for Democratic Society (SDS) leaders planned spring protests against the research.

HumRRO - the Human Resources Research Office -- was established at GW in 1951 to conduct research, scientific studies and evaluations for the Army.

Most of HumRRO's reports dealt with improving the Army's training and education program, but the *Hatchet* obtained evidence of some experiments that have been condemned for brutalizing human subjects.

A project titled "Experimental Studies of Psychological Stress in Man" (1962) describes a number of procedures designed to "expose individuals experimentally to a hostile environment and monitor them throughout the duration of their response to this environment."

One experiment produced "stress" by use of "noise, unpredictability, fatigue, difficult decisions, darkness, and rugged terrain," a HumRRO pamphlet states, adding:

"Electric shock, for example, is frequently used to substitute harmlessly for the hazards of pain and injury characterizing actual combat." Shock treatments were not used in final experiments, however.

Other experiments included telling subjects they were in immediate danger of losing their lives or being seriously injured; another made men feel guilty for the injury of a companion by explosives.

Protest against the projects started as early as 1959, when UPI reported from Monterrey that two psychologists charged the experiments were so brutal they were unethical. One experiment cited had subjects believing "a probably fatal air bubble had been produced accidentally in their blood."

A connection may exist between HumRRO's Monterrey experiments and the San Francisco presidio stockade mutiny last fall. Suicide had been attempted 30 times by 21 of the 27 men there.

The protest stemmed from the shotgun killing of Pvt. Richard

Bunch, 19. He earlier had written home that he had died twice, been reincarnated as a warlock, and had walked through the prison walls at the presidio.

Had Bunch "died twice" during the simulated combat and stress experiments? What was the cause of 30 suicide attempts among 21 men?

HumRRO's research staff consists primarily of experimental scientists who seek to "bring out the human factor in complex military situations," a spokesman said. Approximately 260 civilians and 81 military personnel are on the staff.

The 1951 agreement with GW stipulated that primary research emphasis be placed on "training methods, motivation and morale and psychological warfare." HumRRO-developed projects currently being used by the Army include:

- A new method of teaching a soldier to aim and fire his rifle at night with increased effectiveness.
- New methods of instruction and proficiency measurement for tank crews.
- A program of officer leadership instruction which has been used by all Army senior ROTC units since 1963.
- A new method of instruction for guided missile operators.
- A self-instructional, automated course in abbreviated versions of the Vietnamese language, tailored for military advisors in that country.

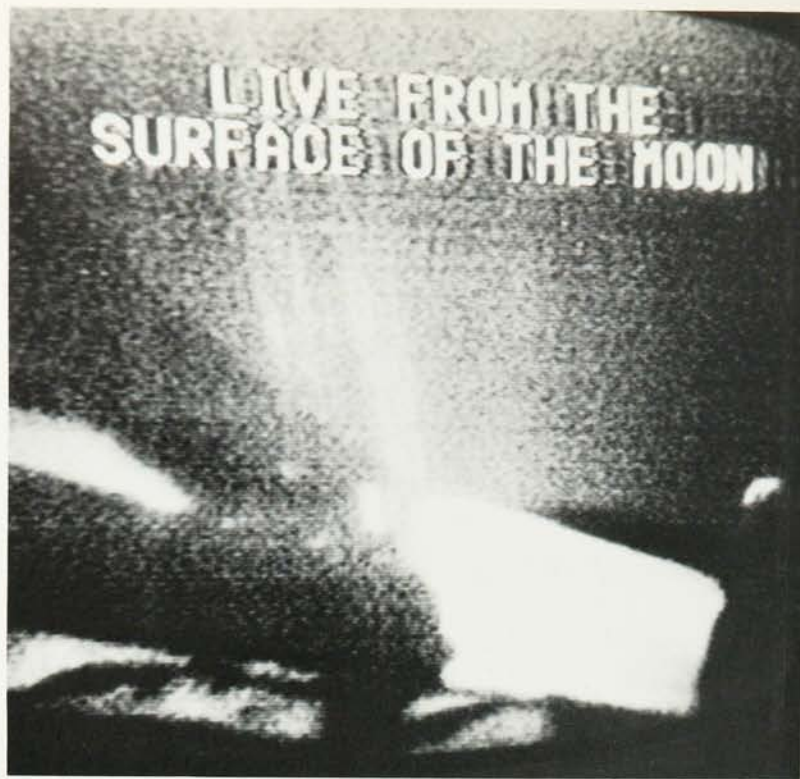
In addition to widespread implementation of HumRRO projects in the Army, recent findings have been used by the Navy and Marine Corps, and by several NATO allies.

University President Lloyd H. Elliott said yesterday that efforts to integrate HumRRO into GW's teaching and research programs have been "only moderately successful." The diverse location of HumRRO activities at various Army installations throughout the country has made close coordination with GW academic programs particularly difficult, he said.

The project will now become a private, non-profit corporation, "in order to give the office administrative and fiscal flexibility," HumRRO said.

— Paul Panitz, Marv Ickow and Greg Valliere











1969

## *Struggling*

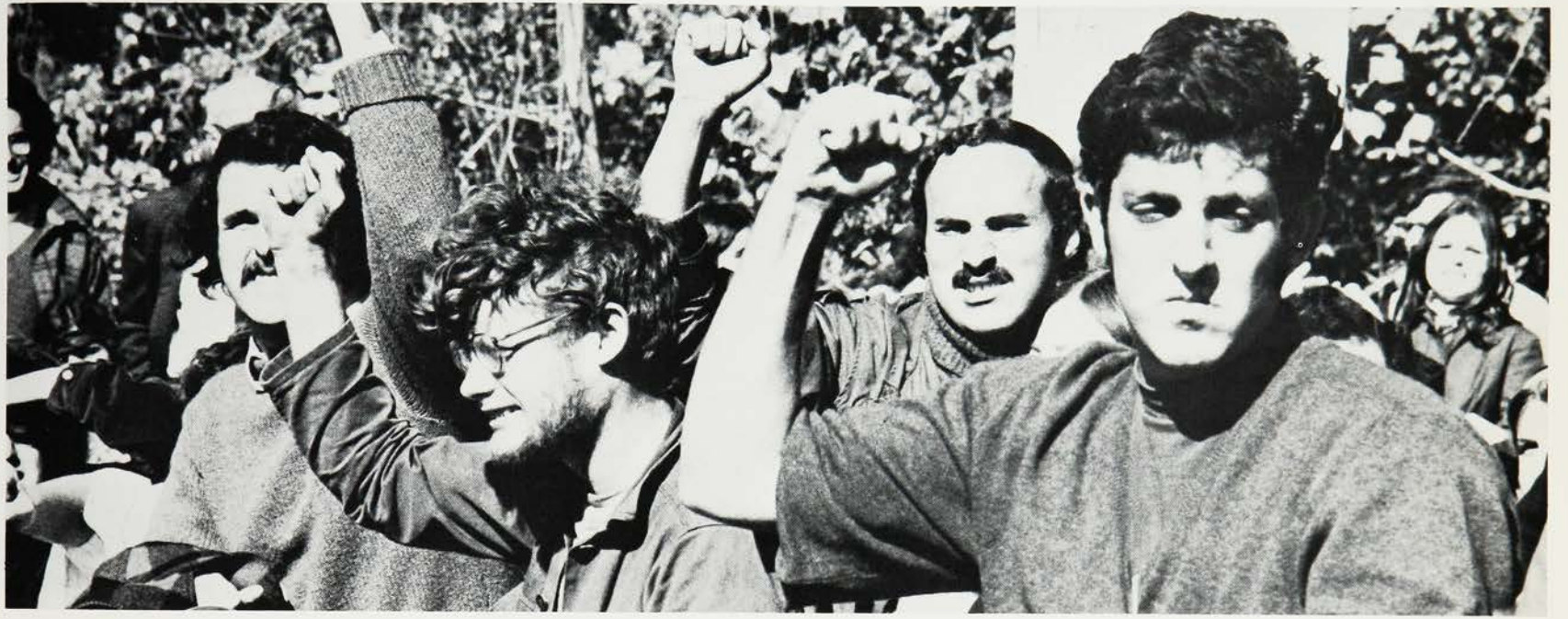
SDS National Secretary Bill Ayers (right), speaking in Lisner Auditorium September 23, predicted that the Days of Rage which SDS conducted in Chicago the next month would be a turning point in the Movement. "At Chicago," he said, "we are going to show that the response to oppression will be to step up the level of struggle."

Protests over the attempted construction of the Three Sisters Bridge (opposite page), which lasted through the fall of 1969, involved students in D.C. politics to an unusual degree. On a few occasions, protestors went so far as to block machinery at the construction site. The police responded by surrounding the demonstrators and running them down.

Opponents saw construction as both a denial of the political will of the Washington public and a sure-fire way of increasing pollution and environmental despoliation.



















# October 15, 1969

October 15, 1969 was the first Vietnam Moratorium. Thirty-five thousand people, most of them carrying candles, marched solemnly to the White House after a rally at the Washington Monument.

Coretta King, widow of Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Rev. Channing Phillips delivered short speeches to the crowd and then led the way up Pennsylvania Ave. to the presidential mansion.

King charged that "this war is an enemy of poor and black people. It is eroding their hopes for their future in America."

Despite the large size of the crowd and the number of delays in the program, everyone was quiet and patient. It took slightly more than two hours for all the protestors to line up and traverse the march route six abreast.

Earlier in the day, 3000 area students held a memorial service at Selective Service Headquarters in remembrance of the war victims.

Highlight of the service, planned by GW's Board of Chaplains, was a five minute period of silent meditation. Student Assembly President Neil Portnow, acting as "emcee," described it as "the

most five minutes of silence I've ever heard. A city full of silence."

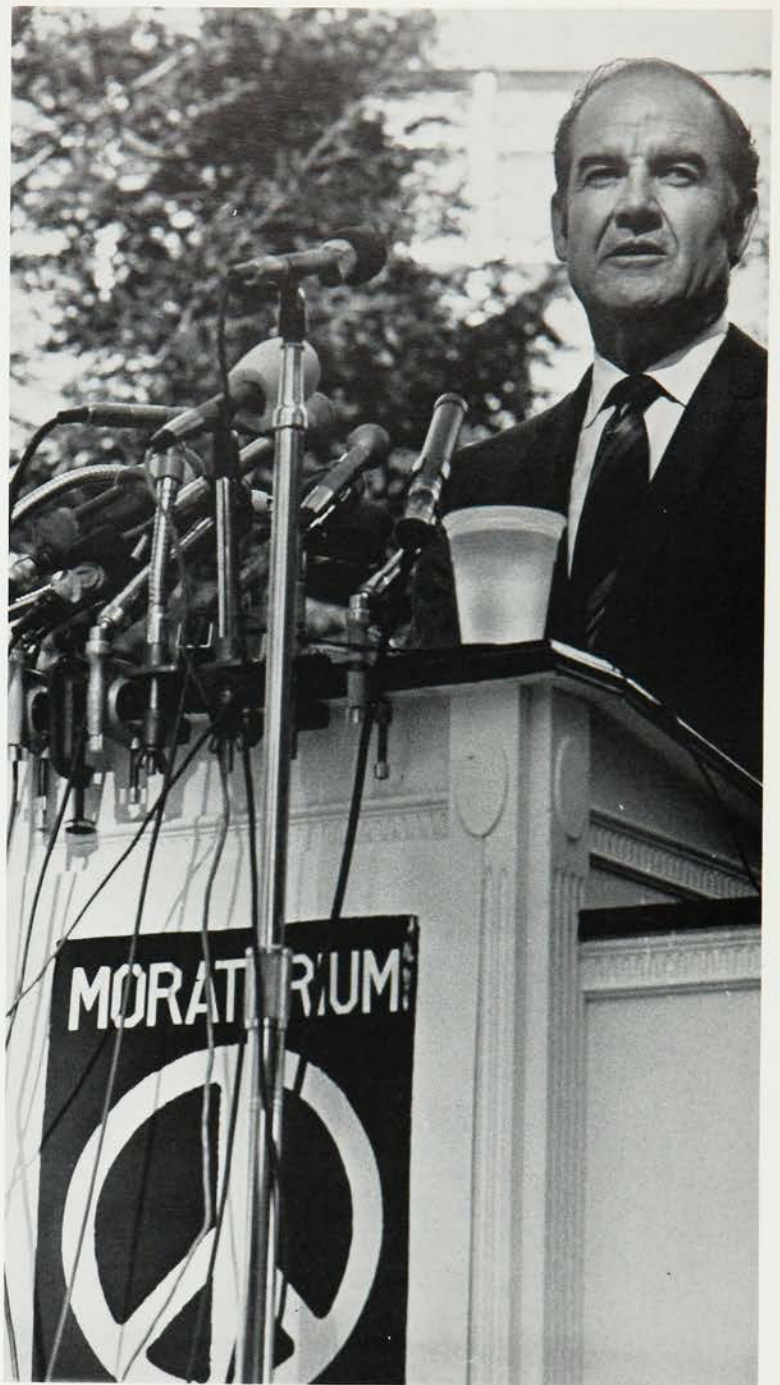
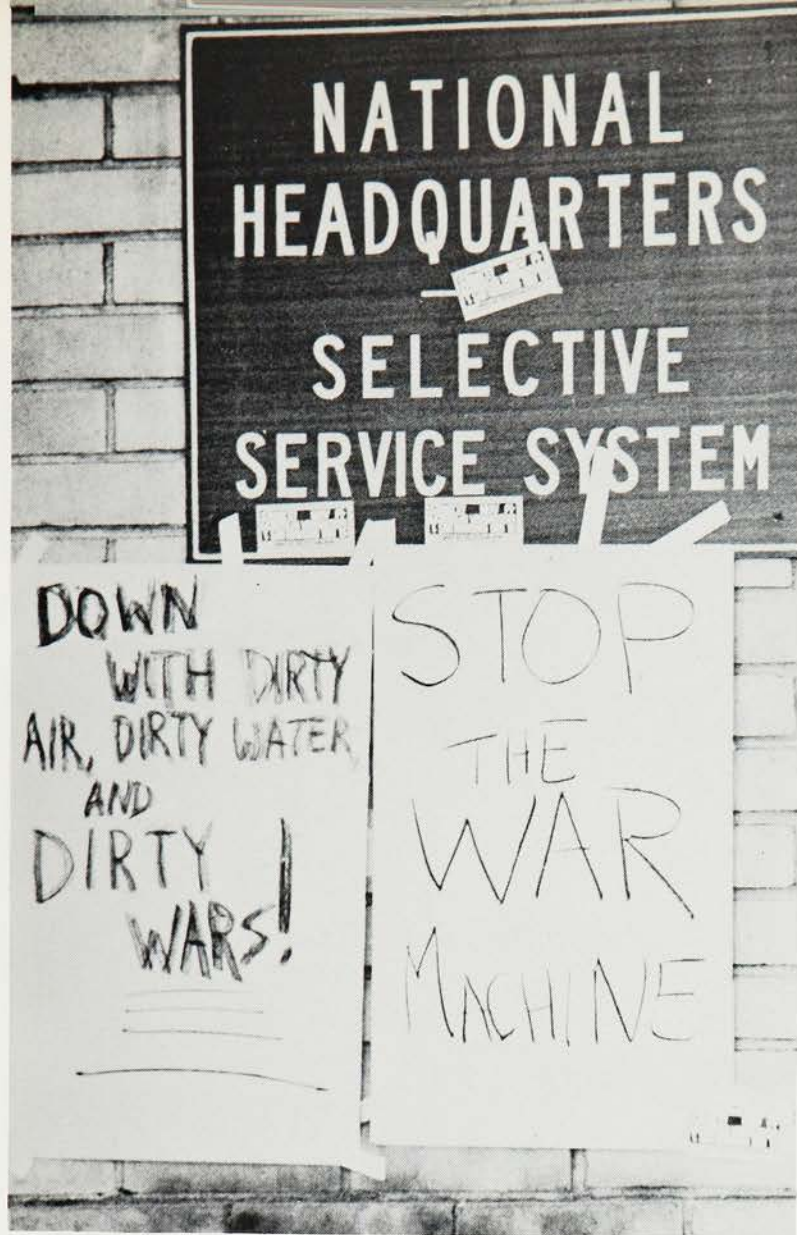
Everyone then went back to GW to hear Dr. Benjamin Spock. Elsewhere on that day in the Nation's Capital. . .

- Congressional opponents of the war announced that they would keep the House of Representatives in session all night with antiwar speeches. However, a quorum call three hours after debate had begun fell seven members short. Shortly thereafter a motion to adjourn carried by 112-110.

- Religious crusader Carl McIntire brought a troop of the faithful down from his Shelton College in New Jersey to demonstrate against the Moratorium. His people carried such signs as "America - Fear God, Not Communists" and "It's Not Too Late To Win."

- General William Westmoreland delivered a lecture to top Army brass on how the lessons of Vietnam would help develop the "automated battlefield" of the future. Experiments with electronic sensors in Vietnam, he said, would lead to battle systems involving "instant communications and almost instantaneous application of highly lethal firepower."





Speaking at American University, Sen. George McGovern called South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu "one of the four or five worst leaders in our age." He argued that, in the long run, "American foreign policy cannot be formed in defiance of the conscience and the common sense of the American people."















by Sue McMenamin

After receiving a standing ovation from close to 3500 people, Dr. Benjamin Spock charged that "Richard Nixon is incapable of ending the war himself." "We must force him to end the war."

"Our presence in Vietnam was not an accident. This is one step in our increasingly imperialistic foreign policy," Spock continued. He cited examples from history, describing the Monroe Doctrine as a statement to European states that the western hemisphere was "ours to exploit" and the Mexican War of 1848 as a "land grab."

Spock claimed that the Tonkin Gulf resolution was secured by fraud. He called the war illegal because the United States was never invited and did not enter the war as a result of a treaty. "We went as a pure power grab," Spock said and accused President Johnson of bypassing the power of Congress to declare war.

Once in the war, Spock charged, the U.S. began "wholesale violations of warfare as laid down by The Hague and the Geneva Conventions." He cited examples as the burning of fields and the moving of Vietnamese people from their homes to concentration camp-like compounds. He said "the whole occupation has been an abomination."

*Hatchet* of October 16, 1972



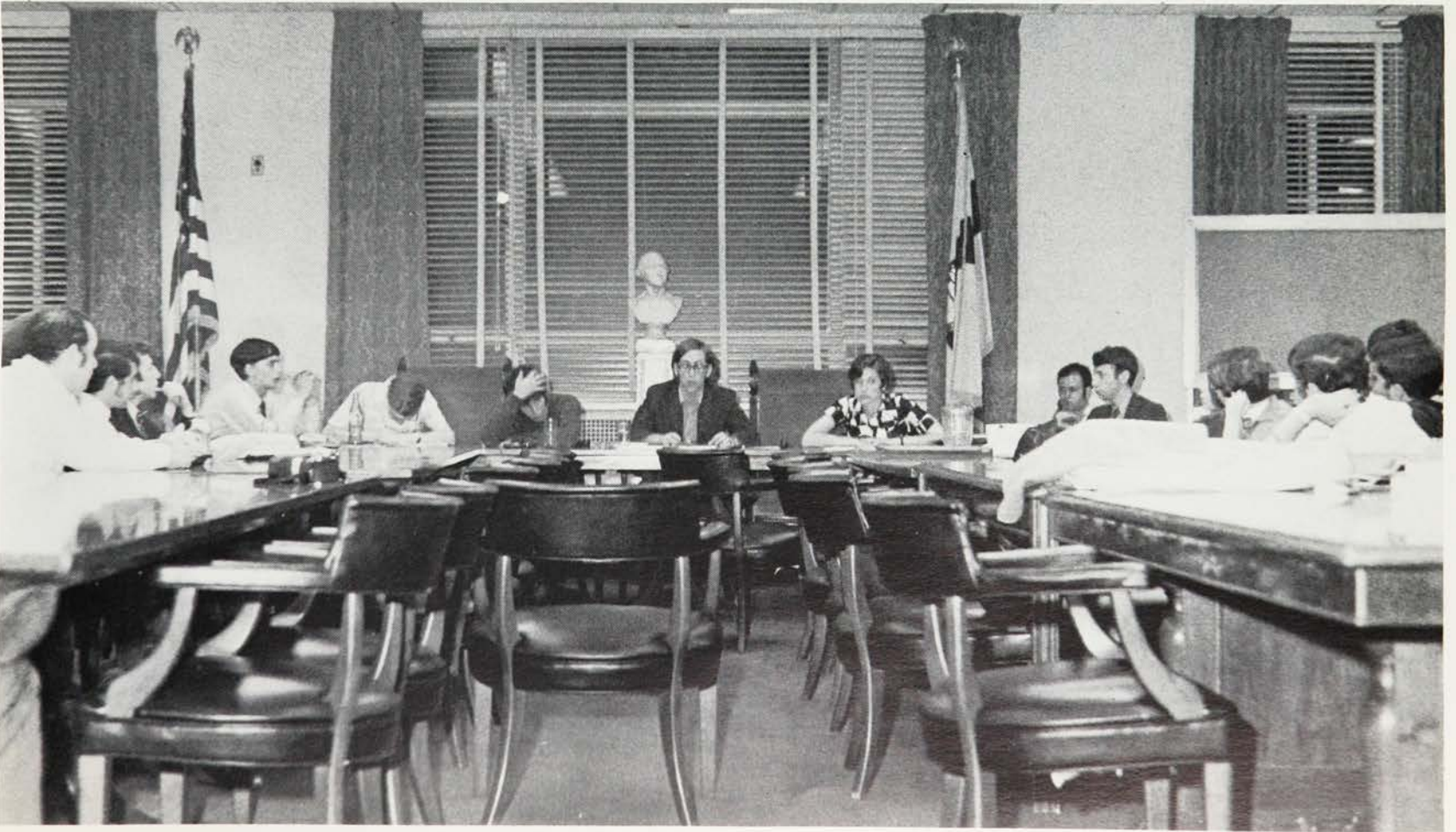




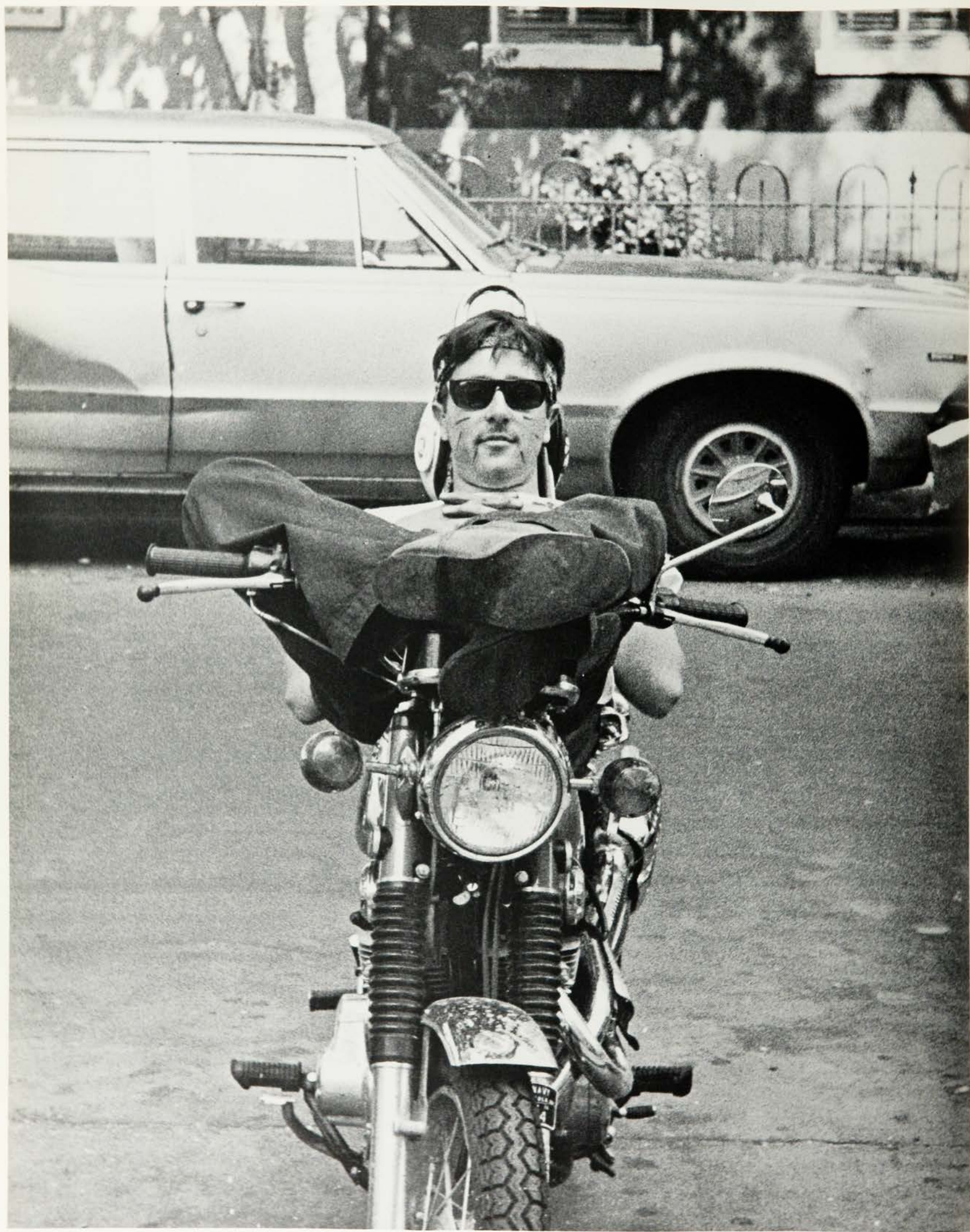




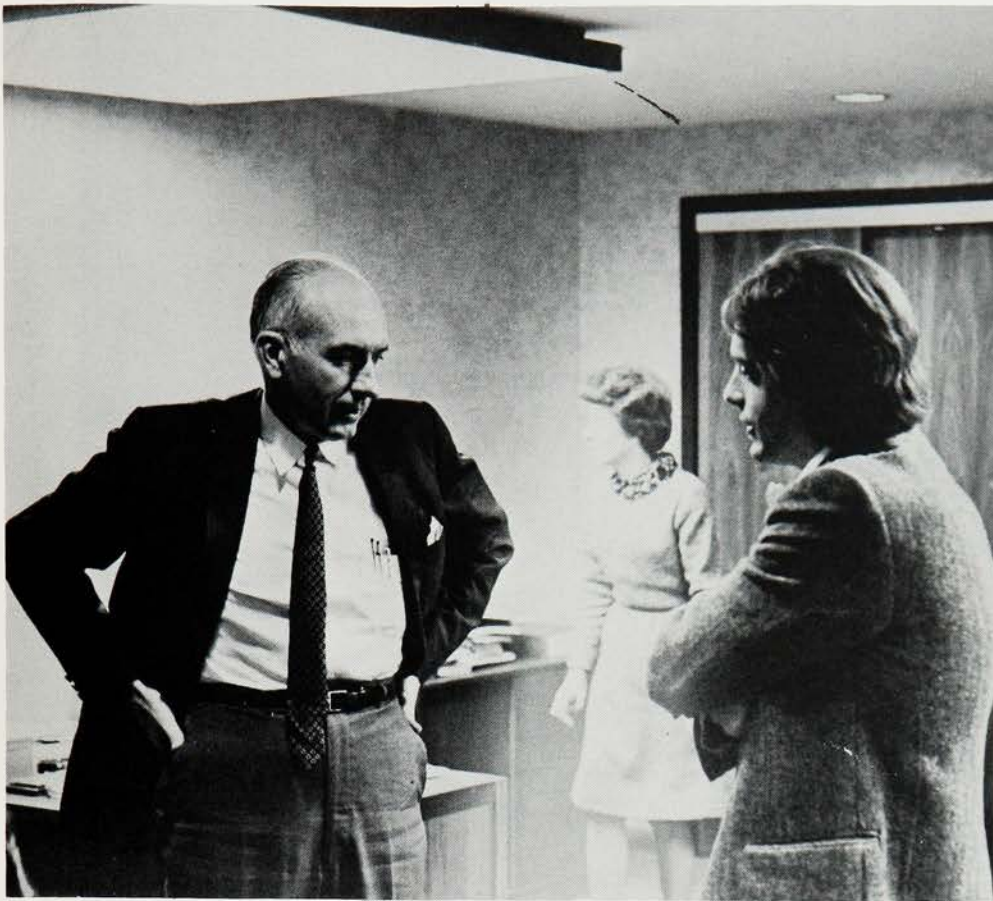












Mark Bluver of the GW Moratorium/Mobilization Committee negotiated with Lloyd Elliott for the use of University buildings for housing and feeding the crowds that poured into Washington for November Mobe. He succeeded in getting permission to use four townhouses across from Thurston for organizing activities.

Unsatisfied, about 100 students marched to Rice Hall the next week to demand more University facilities. Jonathan Zich presented Elliott with a 1200-signature petition calling for a reversal of the administration's housing position. "There isn't anything I can say," Elliott said.

Neither did Elliott say anything when the demonstrators actually arrived. Administrators looked the other way as several thousand strangers slept in GW buildings.







**November 15, 1969**



by Bill Yard

"Stanley Bruce Ziegler"

"Michael Walker"

"Laurence Pinales"

Over 40,000 marchers bearing such names, the names of American G.I.'s killed and villages destroyed in Vietnam, snaked their way from Arlington National Cemetery to the Capitol during the continuous, single-file, 40-hour March Against Death.

Commencing shortly after 6 p.m. Thursday, candle-bearing marchers from across the nation began their three-hour trek across Memorial Bridge, past the Lincoln Memorial down Constitution and Pennsylvania Avenues, past the White House and finally circling in front of the Capitol before culminating at Grant's statue.

At 8:30 Saturday morning, the final name-bearing placards were solemnly dropped into the last 12 unfinished pine coffins at the statue, directly in front of the Capitol, just as thousands began converging on the Mall for the massive march and rally later in the day.

The silent but smiling marchers cradled their candles in paper cups against the dry, sub-freezing November wind, carefully obeying the hundreds of New Mobe marshals spread along the route. Seven stern-faced drummers led the procession and remained at the caskets, breaking the silence only with their funeral cadence. Occasionally and individual drummer would momentarily stop, resting cramped arms or legs before rejoining the others.

Jack Moore, one of the seven, was serving in the Army at the time of President John F. Kennedy's assassination. He was one of the drummers leading the funeral procession in 1963, and now found himself again marching in mourning along Washington streets.

Five reception tents at the Memorial Bridge commencement site greeted the busloads of marchers intermittently arriving from Thursday through Saturday. There, New Mobe workers organized the state contingents, disseminating placards, candles and "Peace Now" armbands, as well as food and medical assistance, before the demonstrators began their hike.

While silence prevailed over the march route after the drummers had long gone, a kneeling girl tolling a large

cast-iron bell beside the bridge reminded the marchers of the solemnity of their journey.

And at the center of the White House fence, the protestors broke their silence, turning towards the President's mansion and shouting out the names on the placards they bore.

The clear majority of marchers were students, fairly evenly divided between the long-haired "freaks" commonly associated with the peace movement, and the clean-cut letter-jacketed students usually associated with text books and beer. But sizeable numbers of housewives, businessmen, elderly citizens, and children were represented. The overwhelming majority of the marchers were white.

"Patrick E. Duffy"

"James Clark Glasson"

"Robert Earl Johnson, Jr."

The marchers were individually nondescript, with a few notable exceptions. Pediatrician-turned-peace-fighter Dr. Benjamin J. Spock took his place in line near the beginning of the procession, bearing the placard of Jimmie B. Taylor of Alabama.

"This war could be ended within a week and the troops brought home in a month," stated the balding outspoken activist, "if our government would simply act."

Commenting on the Veterans' Day support for President Nixon's war policy, Spock said, "I was not impressed with the number of people who showed support to Nixon."

"And I'm sure," he continued, "that Nixon is watching us very closely, despite what he says. He cannot help but do so when his 'silent majority' is only 40 percent of the population."

As the march neared the Lincoln Memorial, Spock expressed confidence that the Mobilization activities would be non-violent. "Our purpose," he said, "is simply to march in peace, for peace."

Other individuals stood out from the thousands. A small contingent from Kentucky approached the commencement site, bearing colorful signs and American flags. One banner read,

"Vietnam Veteran Michael Lane

Reared in Violence, Learned the Game

Killed for Peace, that Never Came

Wake up, World, We're ALL Insane."

Lane had served in Vietnam, but "because of the length of the war, because my feeling toward humanity had to develop, and because when I went I was a product of America, I'm here today."

Individuals opposing the marchers maintained their own vigils during the protest. One man parked his car beside the Justice Department along the march route, complete with masking-taped signs: "Bomb Hanoi," and "Support Our Boys."

"I think what those marchers are doing is terrible," the man commented. "They should be supporting our soldiers, not shooting them in the back."

Another gentleman, James Wood Clar, alongside the route for several hours Friday, brandishing a flag-draped sign reading: "Would you protest to Hanoi and really help end this war?"

According to Clark, "The war has gone on three years too long because of these Moratorium-type people. Now, we've got to negotiate with the enemy, which takes two sides to accomplish. If they're going to protest this war, they should protest to Hanoi as well as to Nixon?"

Passing policemen often gave the marchers the two-fingered peace sign, although most were mainly interested in directing traffic and protecting the protestors. By coordinating their efforts with Mobe officials, the police routed automobiles while marshals hurried marchers across busy intersections.

Dozens of other marshals handed cigarettes, fruit, raisins, candy and Kleenex to the passing marchers, greeting them at 4 a.m. with a "good morning" and a plea to shout their names as loudly as possible when they were to pass the White House.

"Cornelius Presley"

"Larry Lee Johnson"

"Sam W. Stewart"

Leroy Davis, a local cabdriver and Marine Corps veteran from the Korean War, watched the long line passing the Capitol early Saturday morning and commented, "You know, it's good to see these people getting involved, speaking their minds. It's not every American who'll march for a couple of hours at three in the morning and in freezing weather. I agree with what they're doing and I know that if I was gonna be drafted, I'd be out there with them."



by B. D. Colen

They marched. And they marched. And they marched.

From 6 p.m. Thursday until 6 p.m. Sunday, Washington was a sea of walking, marching and running legs.

The marching began Thursday evening when Mrs. Coretta King, Dr. Benjamin Spock and folk singer Pete Seeger led the first of the 40 some odd thousand people who were to participate eventually in the March Against Death across the Memorial Bridge, past the White House, and on their way to the Capitol.

The peaceful, solemn, candlelit procession continued for about 37 hours as the marchers covered the route from Arlington to the Capitol in single file. Each of the marchers bore around his neck a card bearing the name of a GI killed in Vietnam or the name of a village destroyed during the war.

Neither the rain, hail, or sleet which fell on the marchers from time to time kept them from reaching the Capitol where they placed their "name tags" in coffins which were carried at the head of the Saturday march.

\* \* \*

The solemnity of the March Against Death was totally absent Friday night when about 1000 Mad Dogs, Crazies, Yippies, Weathermen and Motherfuckers attempted to storm the embassy of South Vietnam.

The marchers swept up Massachusetts Avenue toward Sheridan Circle at 8:30 Friday night chanting "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh. The NLF is gonna win," only to be met by a phalanx of men from the Metropolitan Police's Civil Disturbance Unit which was sealing off the Massachusetts Avenue end of the circle.

The supporters of the National Liberation Front threw taunts and a few missiles at the police, were ordered to disperse, and were then saturated with police tear gas.

The night's activities did not end with the Sheridan Circle clash, however, as bands of youths roamed through the Dupont Circle area until about midnight, smashing scores of store windows in the area and doing some looting.

\* \* \*

But Saturday was the real marchers' day, as about 400,000 predominantly young anti-warriors marched from the Capitol to the Washington Monument grounds for the largest anti-war rally in the Capitol's history.

Filing down the "avenue of presidents" to 15th Street, where they turned south to the Washington Monument grounds, the marchers represented groups ranging from Computer Programmers for Peace to the Black Panther Party.

The rally itself resembled nothing so much as the rally held during the 1963 March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom. But this time there was no Martin Luther King and no "I Have a Dream." Instead, the marchers heard from Senators McCarthy, McGovern, Goodell and a myriad of lesser speakers and rock groups.

\* \* \*

And the feet were on the move again as several thousand Yippies, Weathermen, Mad Dogs, Motherfuckers and hangers-on marched down Constitution Avenue to the Justice Department, where, as was the case Friday night, they were met by hundreds of jumpsuited CDU officers.

The resulting confrontation was not overly violent, but it was more than a little gaseous, as police dispersed the crowd by laying down a thick blanket of tear gas.

The marchers responded to the gassing by flooding into the downtown shopping area where they smashed store windows, scared Saturday evening shoppers and caused a monumental traffic jam.

The various radical factions clashed with police again Sunday, this time staging the battle in Georgetown. Once again, the police came out on top.

And through it all, President Nixon watched television.

*Hatchet/A.U. Eagle/C.U. Tower Extra, November 17, 1969*









(Above) Crumbling townhouses across from Thurston Hall that housed hundreds of out-of-town protestors November 15 were razed a few weeks later to make way for – what else? – a parking lot.

(Below) One collegiate tradition still surviving: stealing the drum.

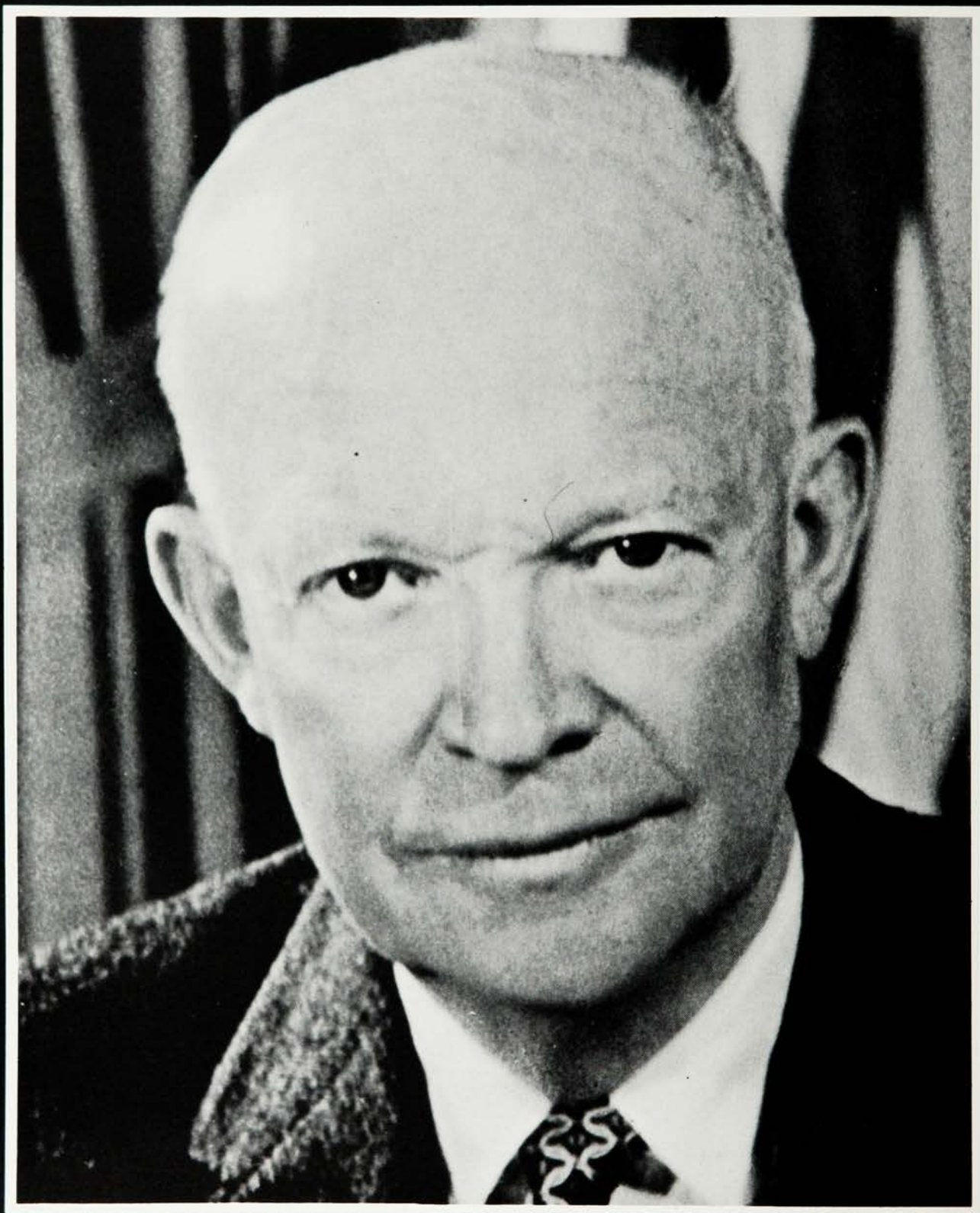




The Center rises in its splendor. The wooden wall which protected the construction site from meddlers became the year's favorite spot for graffitartists.







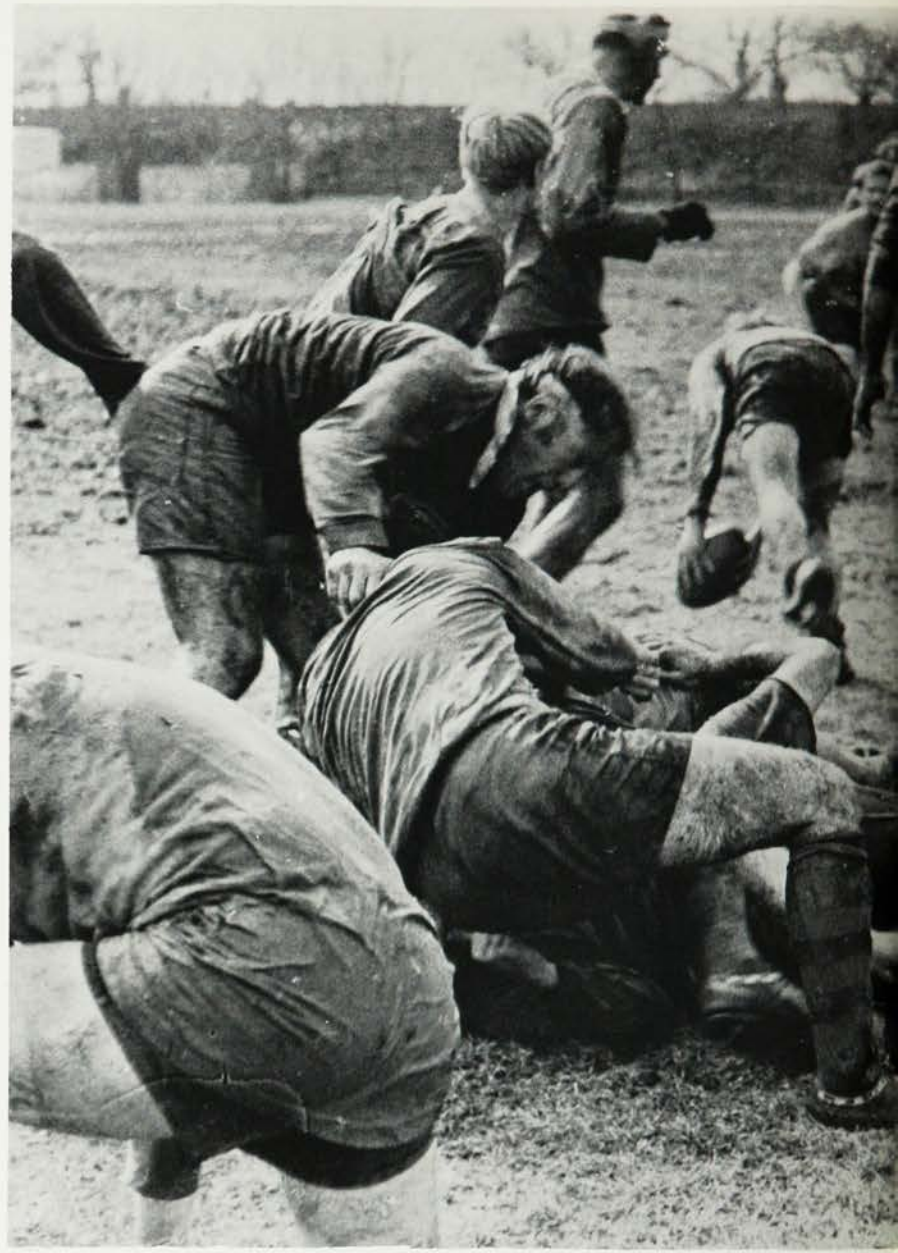
Dwight Eisenhower  
March 20, 1969



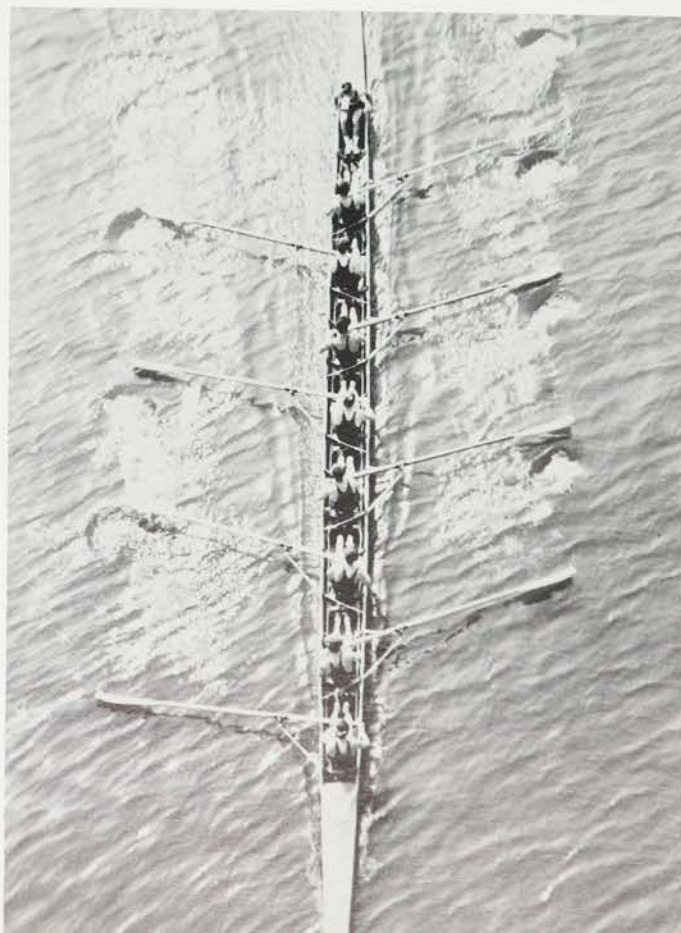


Fred Hampton  
December 6, 1969











# "The Future Is Now..."

It's official: at Friday's Southern Conference meeting, GW informed Conference officials that it was withdrawing from the Southern Conference, effective June 30, 1970.

Reaction within the administration, the athletic department, and the student body was mixed. Baseball Coach Steve Korcheck indicated that "it's going to be tough adjusting. The vast majority of my players would prefer to remain in the Conference. This season we've lost 12 games and yet still have a shot at a Conference title, and the NCAA play-offs. It will be much more difficult to receive an at-large bid. However, in the long run, withdrawal may prove beneficial to the athletic program as a whole.

Former Hatchet Sports Editor Stu Sirkin, who, during his tenure, fought long and hard for Conference secession, was elated at the decision: "If the University takes full advantage of this action, it should prove greatly beneficial. An athletic department must serve the University, rather than the University serving the athletic department. In this manner the money spent on the athletic program can be justified in terms of being beneficial to the entire University community."

Sports Information Director Jack Zane felt that "it's too bad we're getting out at this point in our basketball program, now that we're in a position to do well in the Conference. Our schedule next year will reflect this change in policy. The decision has been made; it's up to our department to make it benefit us."

Thus the University has terminated a 28-year relationship that has brought many honors and distinctions to GW. The basketball team three times captured Conference title, and other than Davidson, is the only team to have a winning record in Conference tournament competition. Though GW never captured a football title, its baseball won four championships in 15 years, the golfers captured three titles, and the tennis team has finished first or second in each of its 13 Conference seasons.

Individual honors include football coaches Bo Sherman, Bill Elias and Jim Camp receiving Coach of the Year honors, and Steve Korcheck being named player of the year in 1953. In basketball, Bill Reinhart was named Coach of the Year in 1954 and Bob Tallent led the Conference in scoring this past season with a 28.9 average.

Indeed, the overriding attitude in the University community should be directed towards implementing this decision in a way that will best benefit GW's athletic program. Past grievances and differences of opinion must be forgotten. The decision has been made in response to the wishes of both faculty and students who were concerned with the role of athletics in the University program. It is up to all of us to justify that decision.

Ron Tipton's "From the Bullpen,"

*Hatchet* of May 5, 1969



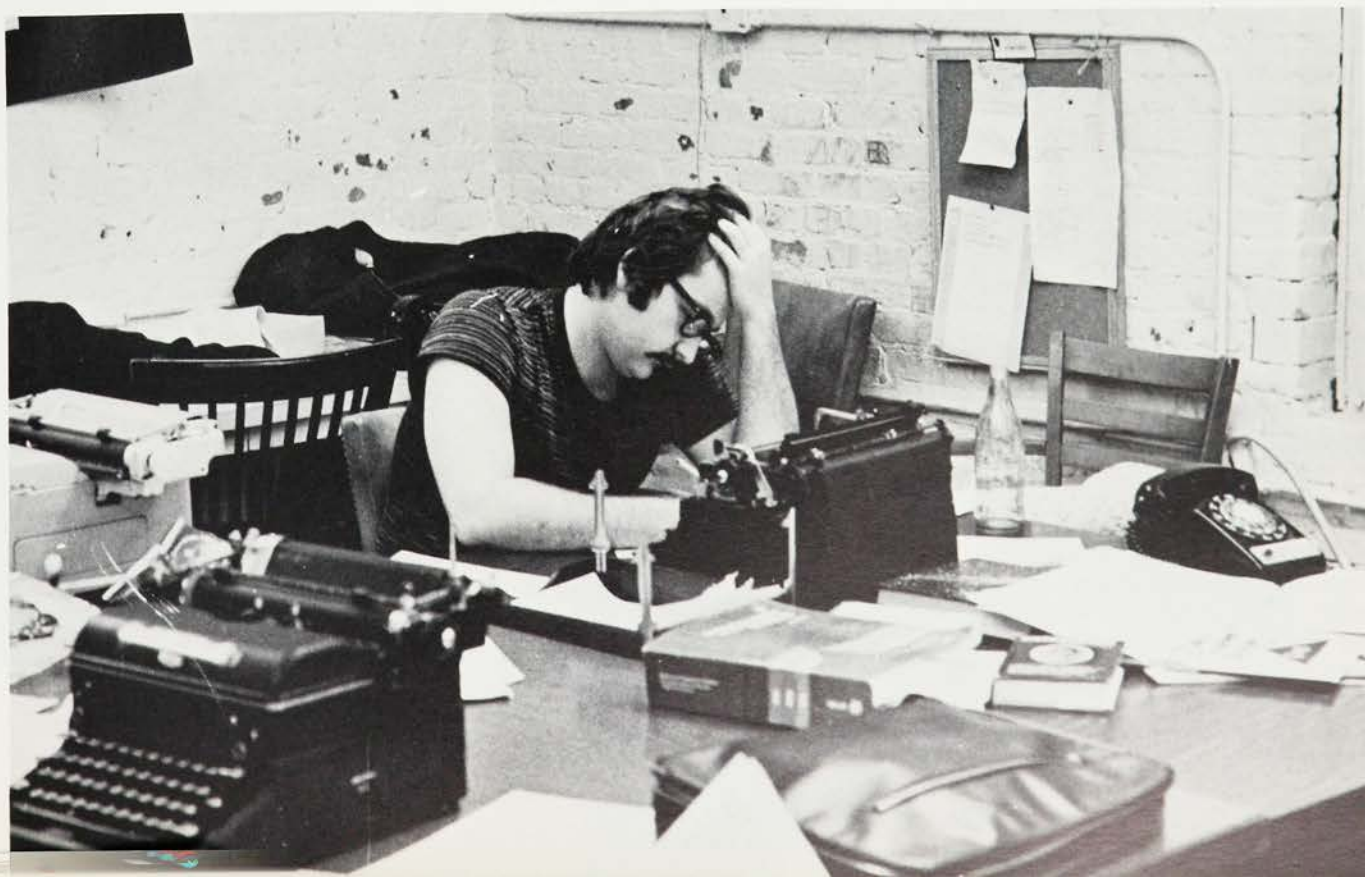














# TDA — The Battle of Foggy Bottom

Rocks, clubs and gas filled the air yesterday as GW's campus became a battle ground between police and hundreds of demonstrators protesting the "Chicago 7" decision.

But it was the school's "silent majority" — the hundreds of students and faculty members initially unaware of the protest — who were caught in the middle of the violence as dozens of curious bystanders were gassed and arrested.

The street fighting with Civil Disturbance Unit (CDU) police, which rocked the campus for over three hours, prompted GW Vice President H. John Cantini to shut down the school at 7 p.m.

By midnight, the arrest total was at 150, with at least 50 of those apprehended from GW. Scores of injuries were reported, but only three students were treated at GW Hospital.

The leaderless rally, scheduled in advance to fall on "The Day After" (TDA) the Chicago decisions, began without a permit behind the GW library. There the main speaker, Arthur Waskow of the Institute for Policy Studies, told his restless listeners that "The war is here. The war is the leaders against the people."

The rally broke up at 3:30, and the 500 local radicals who started it all hurried down Virginia Avenue to "liberate the Watergate."

In front of them stood a line of grim riot policemen, three deep. For a few minutes the crowd wavered, shouted, waved their yellow "bullshit" banners and tossed a few objects at the CDU. Then the solid blue line began moving toward them and the marchers fell slowly back.

The tension broke when the marchers began shouting "Sieg Heil!" at the advancing lawmen. Spurred by the taunts, the cops began a well-ordered push to drive the marchers away. The crowd grew angrier; one radical stood his ground, shouting violently at the oncoming police, and became the first person arrested.

With the first arrests, the situation became increasingly chaotic. The police continued their determined drive and the marchers broke into a disorganized retreat.

One group of about 100 panicked when they saw the police closing in from two directions and escaped through the parking lot of the American Association of University Women, breaking down a fence in their haste.

The police, who were no longer acting under the direct orders of their superiors, began to clear the streets and drive the marchers back toward the GW campus, and the situation quickly deteriorated.

Originally the demonstrators were

intent only on escaping the police, but they soon began debating whether to charge State Department headquarters at 22nd and C Sts. or Selective Service Headquarters at 18th and F.

Two blocks west of Thurston Hall, without a policeman in sight, the crowd halted to discuss tactics. Although those at the head of the column had favored the State Department, they eventually bowed to the majority and continued east on F St., breaking windows in several buildings, including the Uruguayan Chancery.

The time lost in debate allowed D.C. police to come roaring in with sirens blaring. A row of patrol cars braked in front of Superdorm, and four club-swinging policemen instantly rushed from each auto.

Suddenly scared, dozens of demonstrators, reporters and bystanders tumbled over each other into Thurston's lobby. One marcher, unable to escape, was caught just outside the building and smashed against a glass door. Frightened students watched less than a yard away as the protester was clubbed and handcuffed.

For the next 40 minutes police held the street, sweeping out of it periodically to arrest people and clear the sidewalk. A large part of the crowd had escaped, but about 100, split into small groups, remained outside. Police clubbed liberally and several times provoked cries of outrage and a few missiles from residents of the dorm.

One of those arrested was a campus policeman. Officer Paul Buck apparently interfered with police who were pursuing GW junior Bill Bradley into the lobby.

As the fighting at Thurston died down, trouble developed in the area of Madison Hall on 22nd St. When police arrived to remove two vehicles blocking the street they were pelted with snow. About three canisters of gas were exploded and most of the crowd ran off.

Several policemen, eyeing the full lobby of Madison, tried to enter. They were denied entry by an officer of the Madison Hall Council, who said that the dorm was private property and that those in the lobby were mostly residents of the hall.

The police held back a moment but about a dozen charged into the building after someone on an upper floor attempted to pour hot water on them.

Most of these in the lobby escaped this retaliation, but at least five were pulled from Madison and arrested. During the confrontation by Madison several students were beaten, one of them severely.

All sorts of people were seen arrested, including one fellow in a sweatshirt who

had been out jogging and several students carrying books who were attempting to get through the locked doors of Building C. They said they wanted to attend class.

Police at the Central Detention Center locked out everyone attempting to post bond for the demonstrators inside.

About 40 "friends" of arrested students, holding bags of money totalling over \$500, waited vainly at the Center's doors for over four hours, while attorneys attempting to represent those arrested could not even get in to see their clients.

Bail money apparently has been raised for those still in custody, but police stated that no one arrested could either post bond or reach an attorney until everyone is entered on the police blotter.

After the riot was over, one policeman chatting cheerfully with two Hatchet reporters at the Watergate, confided that "I don't worry about the consequences of my actions."

Reflecting further about his situation, the officer said: "I'm making time and a half — \$7.50 an hour. It's my day off."

*Taken from different newstories in the Hatchet's TDA Extra, February 20, 1970. Authors are Greg Valliere, Mark Nadler, Suzanne McMenamin, Jon Higman, Martin Wolf, Glenn Ritt, Eric Reinesz and Steve Sacks.*



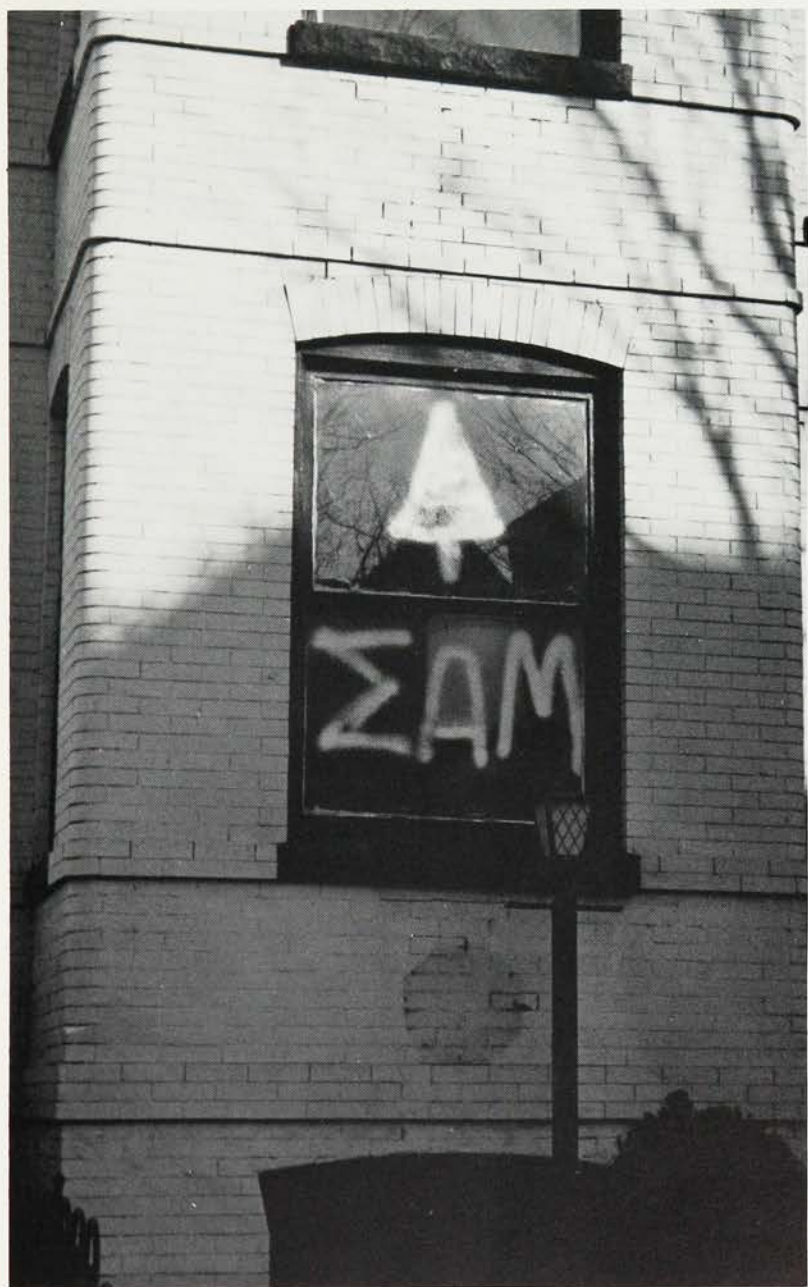
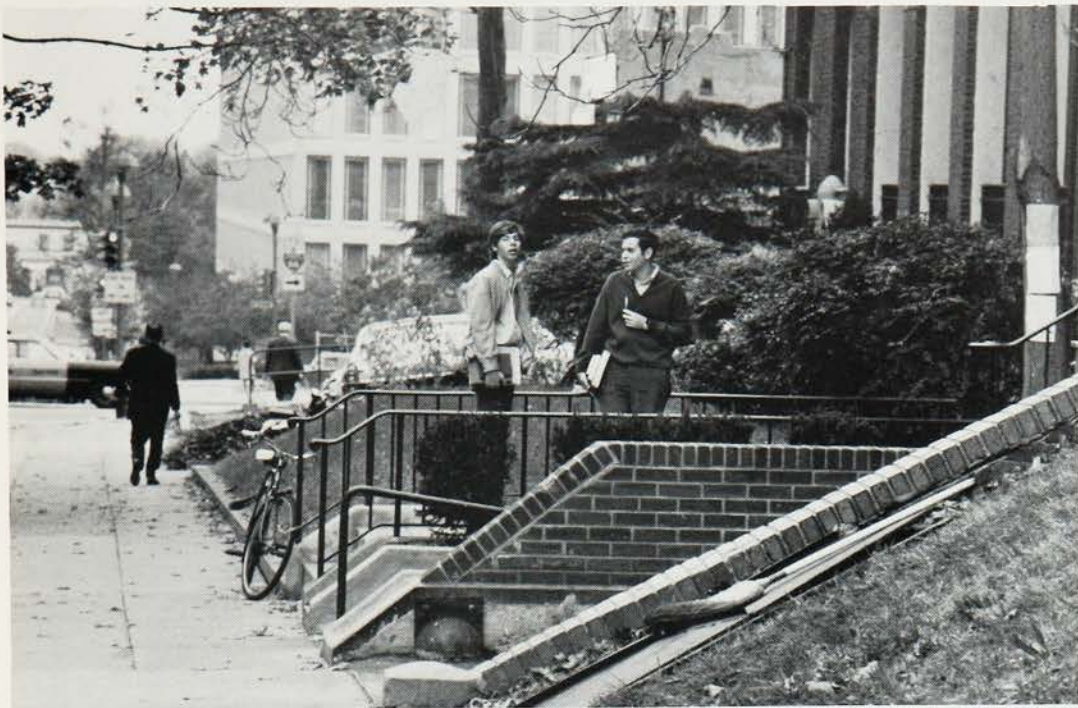




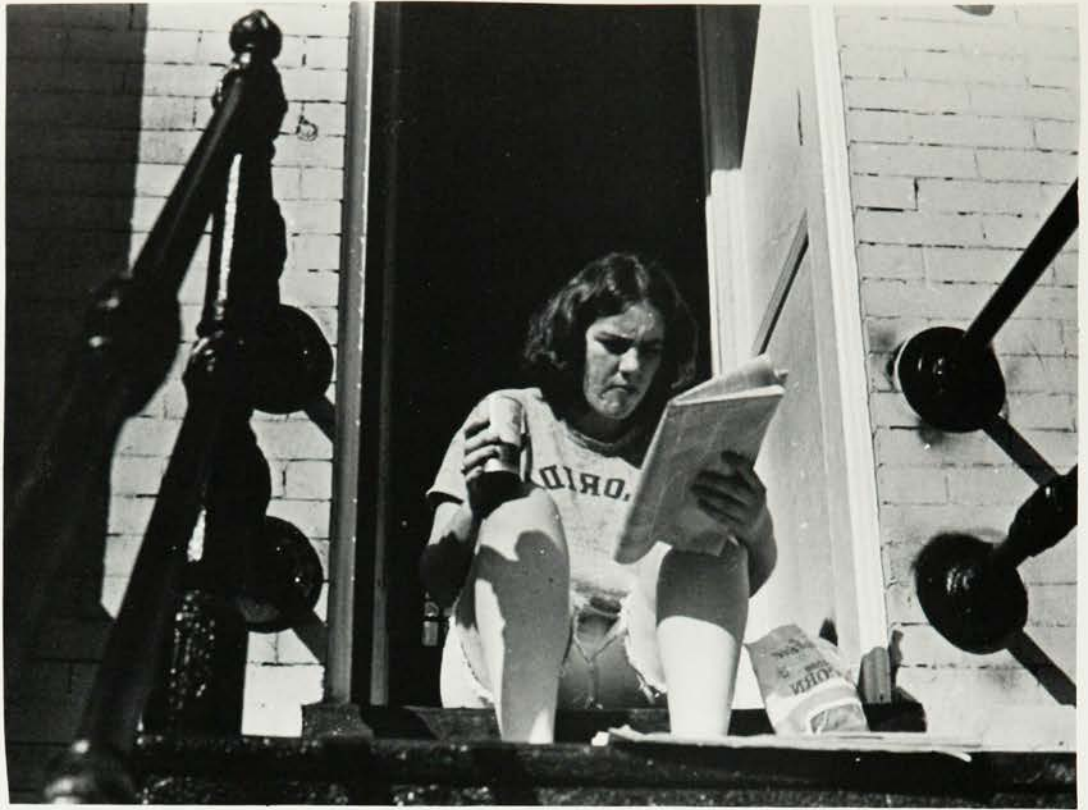
























by Jackie Dowd

GW's Student Assembly quietly abolished itself Friday night, two days before its March 1 deadline, after finalizing plans to create academic councils and lobby for an all-University senate.

The final abolition vote was 15-1-1, with Peter Mikelbank casting the lone dissenting vote, and Roy Chang abstaining.

The abolition vote now places Student Academic Committee Chairman Jim Swartz in the highest student-elected office at GW. The Assembly's offices and resources will be turned over to the Academic Committee.

While the formation of school-wide academic councils has a good chance of early adoption, the second phase of Assembly President Neil Portnow's abolition platform — creation of an all-University senate — has little chance of adoption this year.

According to Portnow, no action on formation of this body will be taken until the fall, when a Board of Trustees commission studying GW's governmental structure presents its recommendations.

The final Assembly meeting climaxed a little after 7:30 p.m., when Portnow read the Assembly's final statement, asking for a day of dialogue similar to the one held last December.

The statement pointed out that the resignations were "not an abrogation of duties, but a step to make student government more effective" and a fulfillment of the members' "constitutional obligation to the student body," which voted overwhelmingly in favor of the abolition referendum.

Portnow then adjourned the meeting—twice, for the benefit of NBC cameras. The Probe team from Channel 4, which handles interpretative reporting, explained that they felt the abolition of the Assembly was a trend-setting move which other universities will follow.





by Jon Higman

Black activist Stokely Carmichael lashed the "settler colony" of Israel Thursday afternoon and challenged 1400 noisy students in Lisner Auditorium to refute his pro-Arab arguments.

Carmichael, surprise star of the "Palestine Week" sponsored by GW's Organization of Arab Students, drew loud expressions of approval — and even louder criticism — as he foretold the eventual destruction of Israel and its "genocidal" policies.

"The land (of Israel) belonged to the Palestinians and they are going to take it," Carmichael declared.

The Black Power advocate admitted that "the fight is not going to be an easy fight." But, he said, "in a war, it is the will of the people, not technology, and the will of the people will always win."

"Long live the will of the Jews!" shouted someone in the audience.

To this, Carmichael retorted that "will" "must go hand in hand with truth and justice" in order to prevail...Israel is "fighting against history, against justice and against truth and you can never beat those."

Personal challenges dotted the dialogue. One student shouted from the back of the auditorium "You'll be up against the wall."

Carmichael, however, was unruffled by this or any other student thrusts. "I fight on two levels, political and military," he remarked. "All you







have to do is just walk down the aisle. Come."

No one came.

Later, Carmichael was challenged to "come up the aisle" by a self-proclaimed "Jewish revolutionary." "All right," replied the black militant calmly, "so the Jewish revolutionaries will fight the Third World revolutionaries."

Carmichael, who recently returned from 14 months of "studying" in Africa, explained that it was incumbent upon him "as an African living in the U.S." to come defend the Arab cause when he heard of Palestine Week.

He said recent protests by American Jews over the sale of French warplanes to Libya were ill-advised, implying that the Jews who put themselves forward as "liberals" will have to contend with blacks aroused by Jewish opposition to arming an African nation.

"When you protest against guns going to Africa," Carmichael cried, "you protest against guns going to me." The roar of mingled outrage and approval drowned him out, although his voice rose to a bellow as he shook his fist at the balconies.

Once, when interrupted by catcalls and shouts, Carmichael remarked that "I always thought that Jewish mothers taught their children to be polite." This only provoked louder jeering.

Carmichael left suddenly after some 40 minutes of verbal dueling. As he went off in his two-tone Cadillac, the "Jewish revolutionary" followed him with his finger, saying, "I'll see you Stokely, I'll see you."





THE VICE PRESIDENT  
WASHINGTON

February 23, 1968

Dear Miss Gray:

Thank you for giving me the opportunity to select the 1968 Cherry Tree Queen. Each of the girls in the pictures submitted to me is pretty enough to be a queen in her own right.

What a happy experience it was to look at the pictures of these lovely young ladies. I enjoyed it even though I experienced considerable difficulty in making the selection.

I simply could not make a decision.

Therefore, I chose the queen in somewhat the same manner as the Cherry Blossom Queen is selected. I asked my secretary to write the name of each girl on a piece of paper and to put the names in a hat. I then drew a name, knowing that my choice had to be a good one.

My congratulations to Miss Mary Helen Markley, the 1968 Cherry Tree Queen. And my very best wishes to the other girls who made my assignment such a challenging one.

Sincerely,

*Hubert H. Humphrey*  
Hubert H. Humphrey

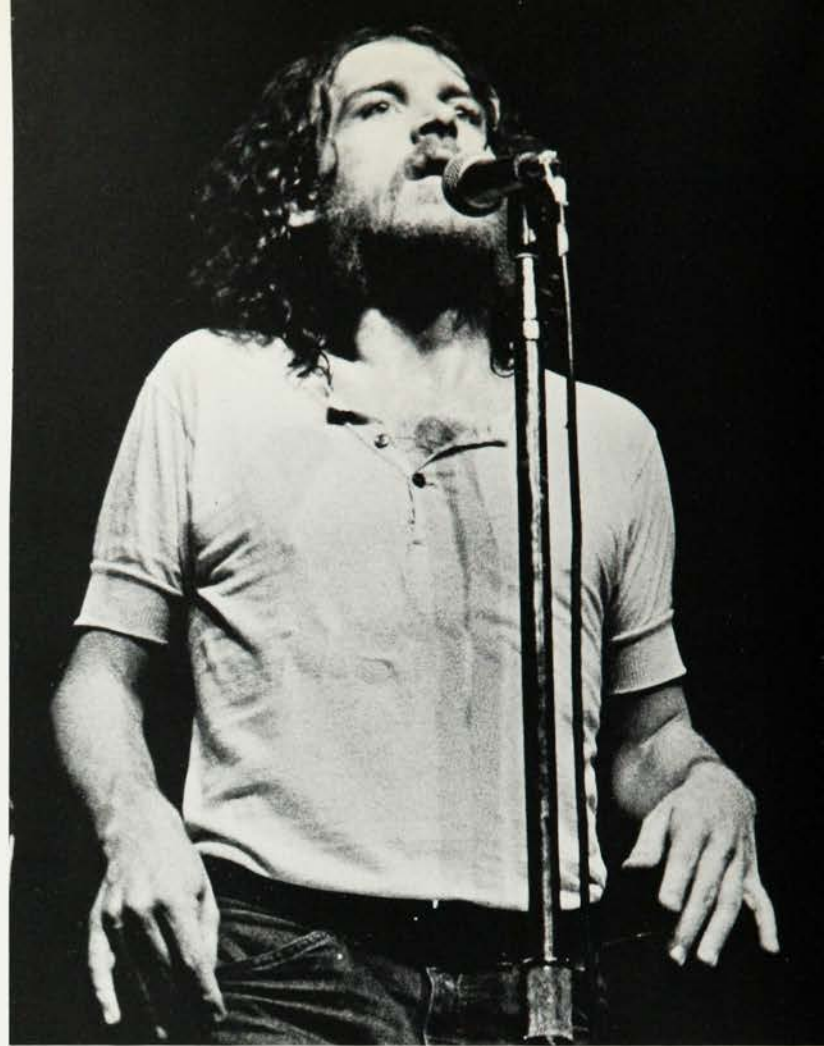
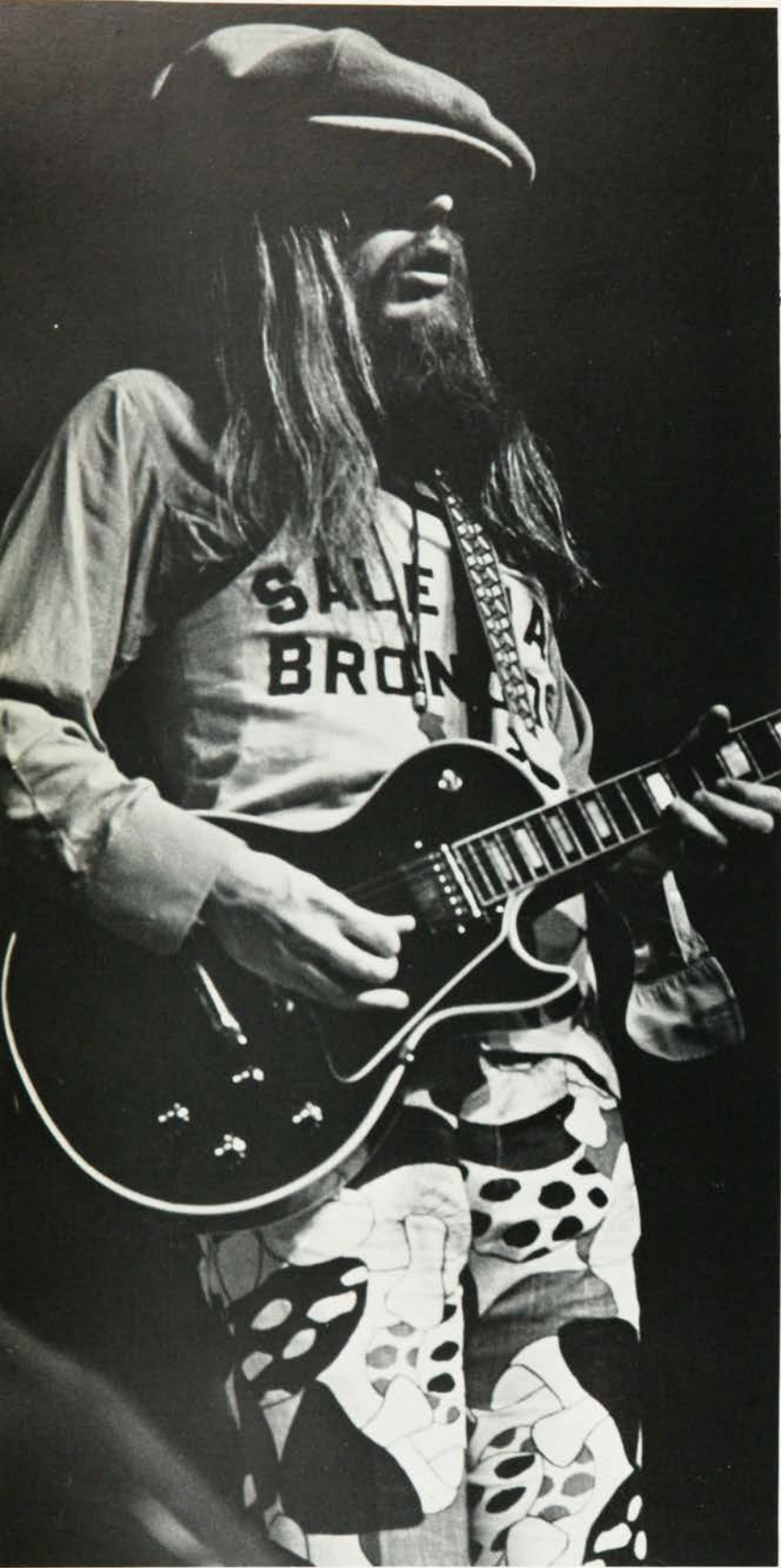
Miss Diane Gray, Editor  
Queens Section  
The Cherry Tree  
The George Washington University  
Washington, D. C.















#### Review by John Feiten

Last Thursday night, a Mr. Joe Cocker came to Lisner Auditorium and put on the most outrageous performance ever seen here at George Washington University. In a magnificent display of raw musical power, Cocker and Company alternately assaulted, caressed, and whimseyed their wildly enthusiastic audience through a carefully and brilliantly paced set.

After seeing such a superb and thoroughly professional group it is hard to know exactly where to begin with one's praise. Perhaps the thing that impressed me the most about the troupe was that they came across as being a real family.

In these times of super-groups and super-hype, Cocker and Company were refreshingly honest and straightforward with their music. There was none of the affected posing that seems to have permeated the rock scene, but rather they seemed to say, "Hey, listen, we're gonna have a good time now, so why don't you let it all hang out and come and join us?"

Musically, one of the main strengths of the troupe is the individual excellence of the performers. Despite the size of the group, there was no dead weight being carried by Cocker.

Each and every member of the band is an assured and competent musician. From the agonizingly soulful vocalists to the powerfully precise rhythm section, Cocker's band know exactly the kind of music they want to play and precisely how to play it.

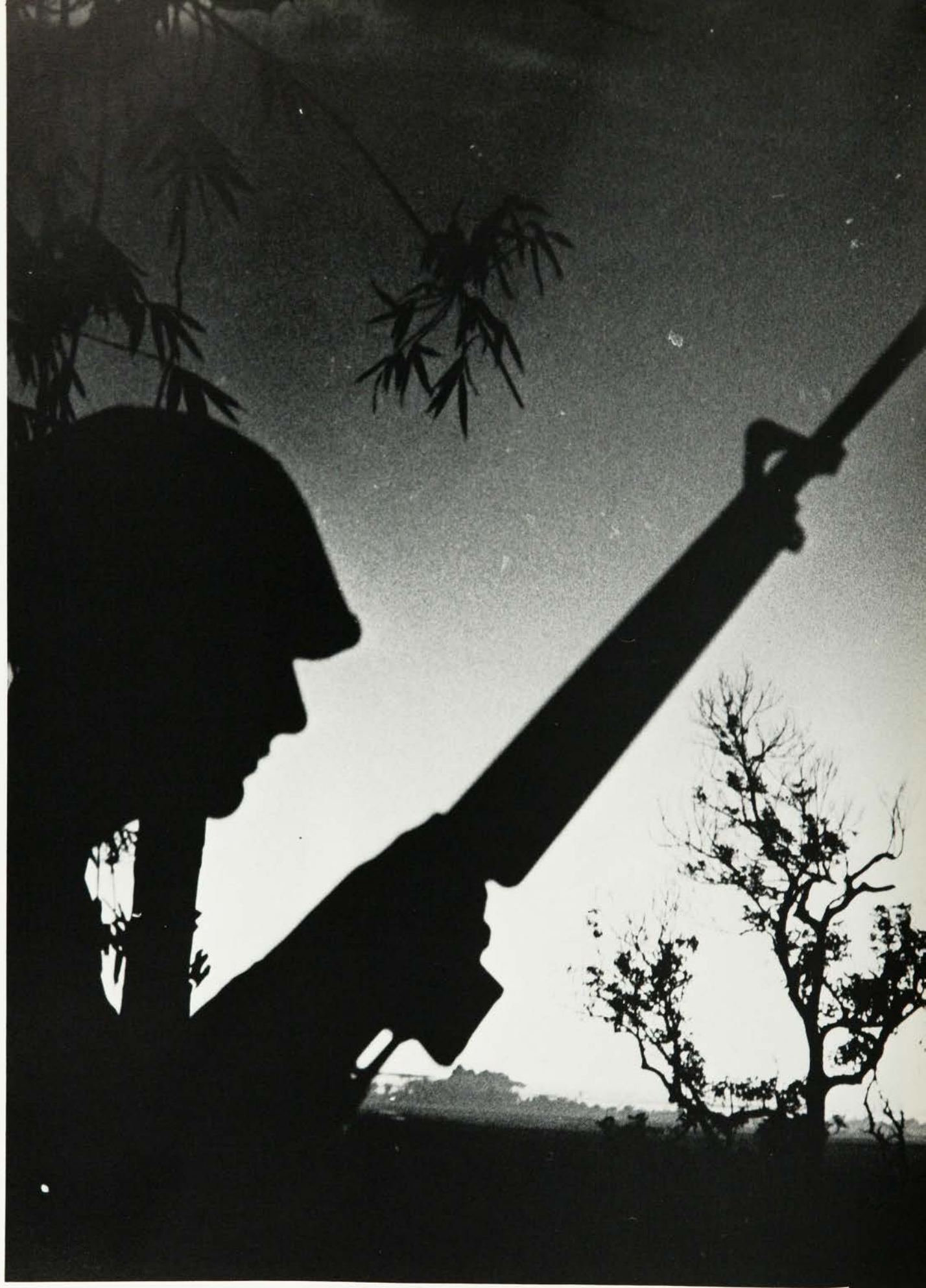
Now to get to the "stars" of the show, Messrs. Cocker and Russell. It is difficult to find enough superlatives to describe this pair. In terms of personality and musical expression they are complete opposites, and yet they complement each other perfectly.

Leon Russell is a persuader with his music. Very cool and contained on stage, he prefers to subtly coax you with his playing and singing. His guitar picking is smooth and silky, but it can also turn into a down-home chicken scratch when the tune calls for it. Despite his low-key delivery, he was never during the entire performance overshadowed by Cocker, but rather came across as a calm, all-pervasive musical force.

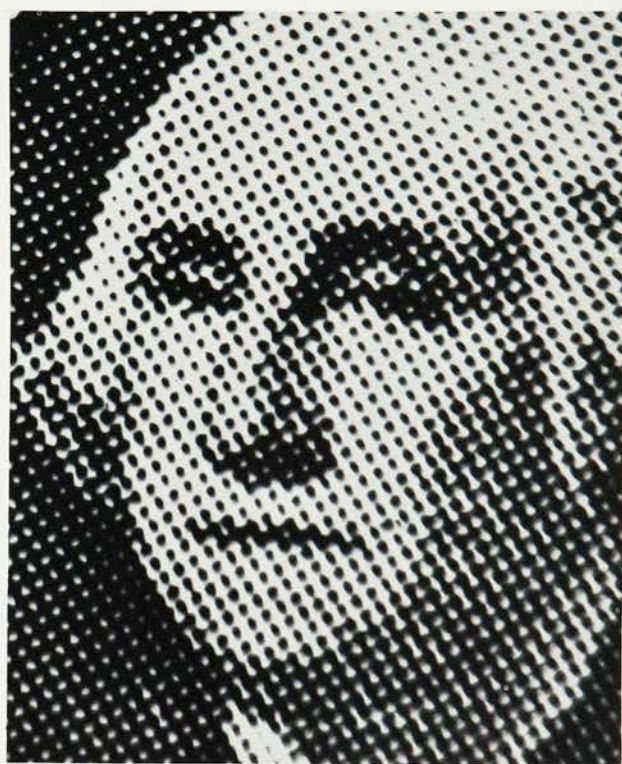
Unlike Russell, Cocker stuns you with his voice. His body vibrates with the intensity of his voice until it seems that he will either go into an orgasmic convulsion or propel himself into the universe. Yet at all times he is in control of his audience. He has that unique ability to turn his listeners into a madly gyrating mass of ecstatic dancers or keep them hushed during an anguish-filled ballad.

If space permitted, I could go on forever, but I can't. Let it suffice to say that Joe Cocker has put together the most exciting band in rock today.

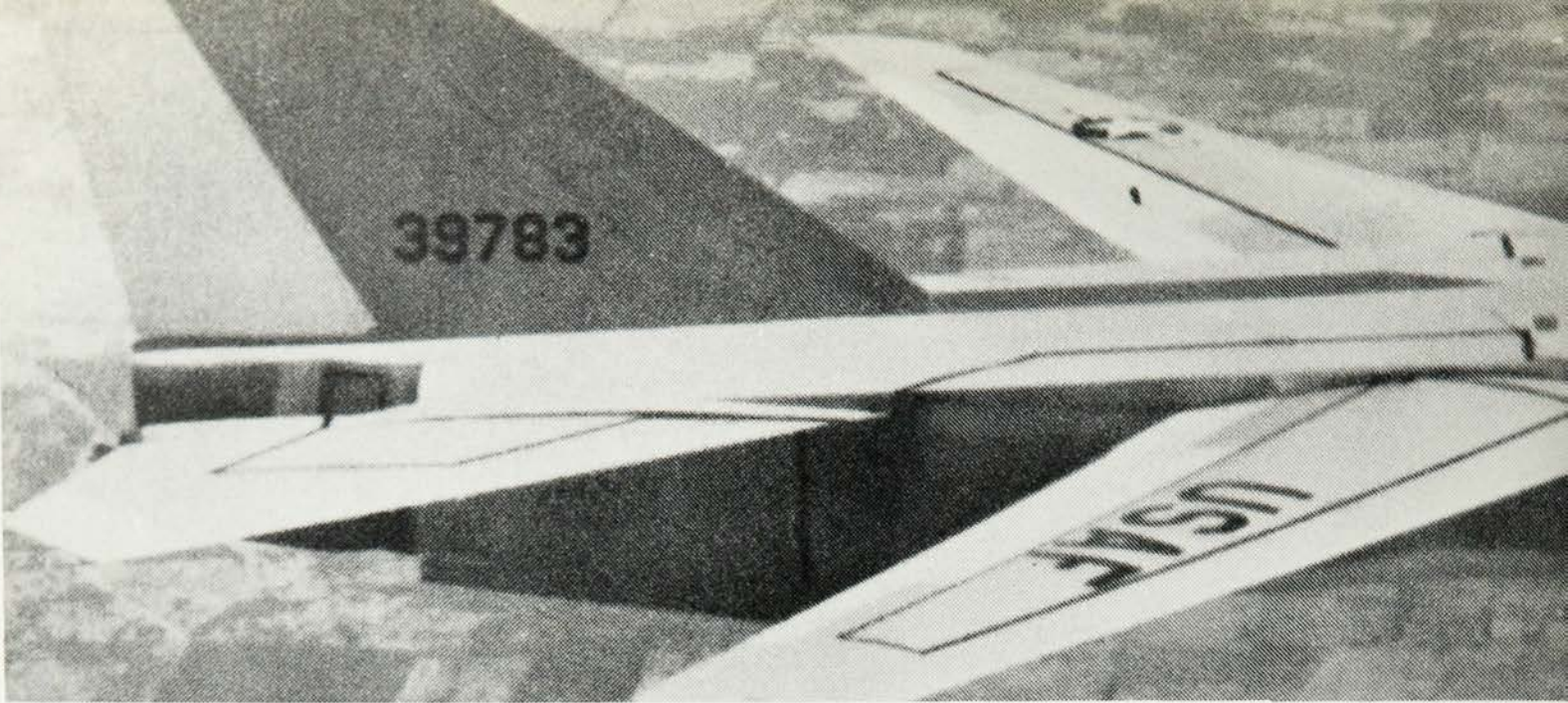












by Jack Levine

The Hatchet has learned that the University is doing research to the efficiency of the Skyhawk bomber, the transportation and resupply of ammunition, and the maintenance of a ballistic missile force.

The research is contracted through GW's Program in Logistics, a branch of the Engineering School.

Dr. W. H. Marlow, who heads the Engineering School's Institute for Management Sciences Engineering, which supervises the military grants, said last week that the research has no application to the war in Vietnam.

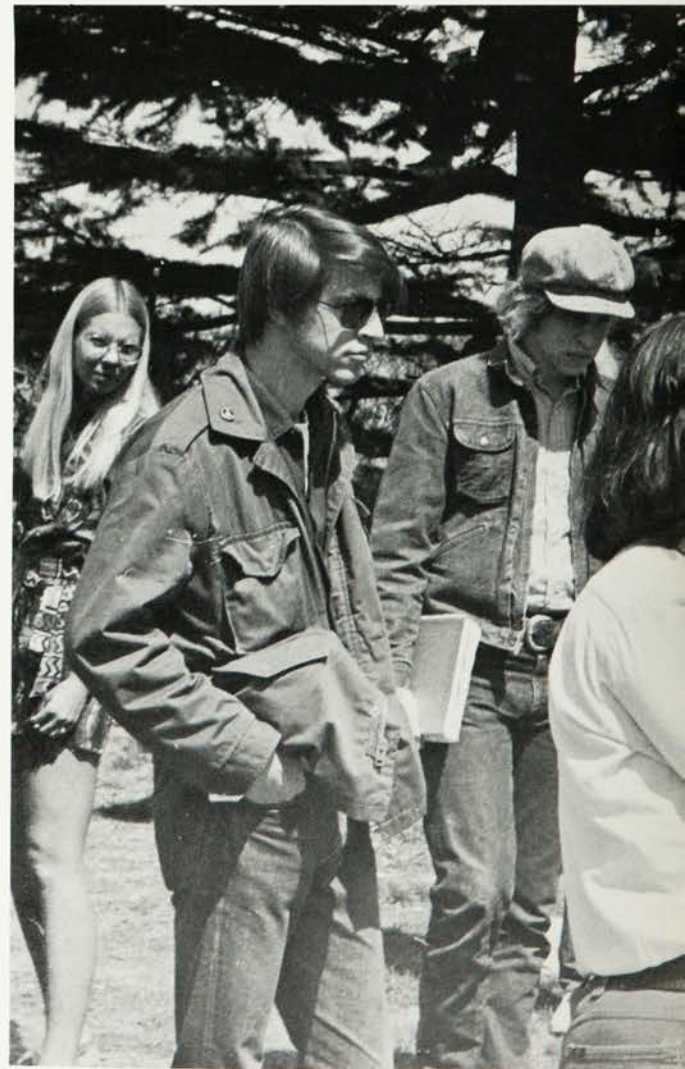
A report written by project members, titled "Program in Logistics - Proposed Research for Fiscal Year 1970," documents the Program's planned efforts, which are funded by the Office of Naval Research.

The highly technical report, dated July 18, 1969, deals with inventory research, transportation and readiness analysis. Under the section "Transportation," is the following:

*Research has continued through most of the past year on developing computational procedures representing the resupply process for ammunition from production point to combat consumers. . . The final report will be a self-contained comprehensive representation of our contribution to the fleet scheduling and feasibility testing problem in ammunition resupply.*

According to Marlow, this research has to do with the efficient transportation of ammunition by ship, in light of its special characteristics, such as "volatility." Marlow claimed that this does not include transport to Vietnam.

Rather, he said, the data are used for "contingency plans," i.e., emergency situations.







The Office of Naval Research, which is in the Department of Defense, funds research activities in many universities through contracts. Most recently, the ONR advanced \$840,000 to the GW project for "Long Range Program of Basic Research in Logistics Planning."

According to Captain A. L. Stapp, the ONR "monitor" on GW's contract, the agreement met ONR's criteria of the competence and merit of the research, as well as its relevance to the Navy.

The research, according to Stapp, qualifies under the Mansfield Amendment of the Military Defense Appropriations Bill requiring that research funded by the Department of Defense must be directly applicable to the needs of the Department.

Another portion of the Program report deals with maintenance research of Navy aircraft:

"There will be a study which will examine maintenance and operational data for nine squadrons of A4D aircraft..."

The A4D, Stapp said, is the Skyhawk Attack Bomber, built by the McDonald-Douglas Aircraft Corporation.

The Program in Logistics at GW is an outgrowth of the Logistics Research Project (LRP) which was abolished last year.

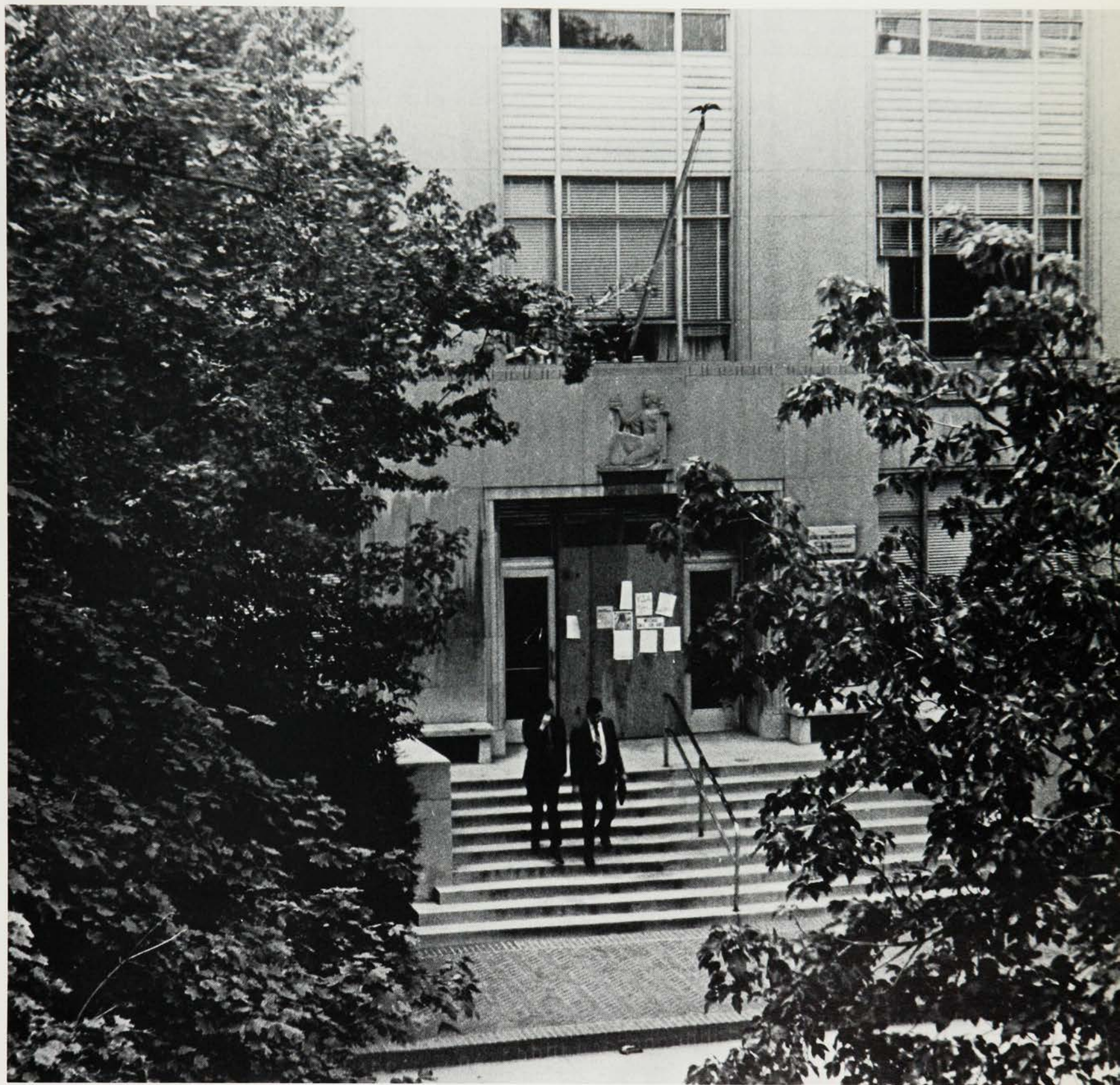
The LRP came under attack by GW's SDS during last April's occupation of Maury Hall. At the time, the campus activists claimed that "through organizations such as LRP, GW plays a significant role in the growing militarization of our society."





**ON STRIKE,**





**SHUT IT DOWN!**



by Kent Ashworth

Over 1,000 student strikers solemnly rededicated the University Center at a "Kent State Memorial Service" on the Center ramp yesterday afternoon.

The dedication followed a procession around campus by 800 silent marchers mourning the four Kent State students who were killed by Ohio National Guardsman. Another student still lies critically injured.

GW's strike committee sponsored the renaming of the building and the march, which grew rapidly during the solemn double-file trek that wound from the Yard behind Monroe, to 20th St., across G to 23rd St.

At the ceremony, the Rev. Mal Davis, advisor to the United Christian Fellowship, read from portions of the special Haggadah used at the Freedom Seder earlier this month, calling on the assembled students to express "solidarity" with oppressed peoples all over the world.

Commenting on the recent student deaths in terms recently used by President Nixon to describe protestors, Davis said: "Today there are five, maybe six, fewer 'bums' for Nixon to deal with."

Davis then read a statement endorsed by GW's Board of Chaplains condemning oppression of blacks, the war in Indochina, the murder of the Kent State Four, and campus complicity with the war. Davis also called for the creation of a society where "the right to dissent and other individual rights will be respected."

After the dedication and memorial ceremonies, students assembled on the steps and halls of several classroom buildings, urged by strike committee member Scott Dareff to "boycott classes, assemble in the halls, and engage in meaningful dialogue for the rest of the day."

Meanwhile, the strike committee, which, Dareff said, consists of "anyone who wants to join," organized plans for a Saturday march. They set up committees to handle the behind-the-scenes work involving the march, created a news bulletin entitled "Common Sense," to be edited by Hatchet Columnist Tom Schade, and began to find housing for the droves of out-of-state demonstrators expected this weekend.

"Our goal is complete shutdown of the university," explained Joe Renfield, a strike committee member. The offices of the committee are on the fourth floor of the newly rededicated Kent State Memorial Center.

Renfield continued: "But the University won't really be closed until either the administration calls off final exams, or the student support is at such a great level that it forces such a shutdown. We hope that the administration will shut down completely as an act of support rather than fear — if they don't — then we will."

Renfield also stated that "the political conscience does not stop with the Cambodia and Kent State situations. Panthers, complicity, racism — Bobby Seale — they are all part of the problem. The issue is repression."

*Hatchet* of May 6, 1970



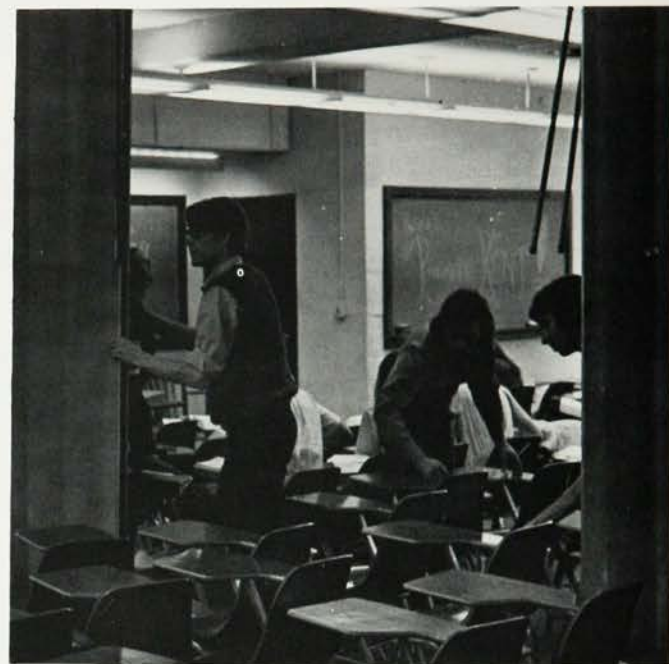


KENT STATE MEMORIAL  
CENTER

THIS BUILDING IS FOR THE USE OF GWU  
STUDENTS, FACULTY, ADMINISTRATORS,  
FAMILY AND THEIR GUESTS











Almost one thousand college-age militants adopted GW as a base for Saturday night forays into northwest Washington and by midnight had hundreds of riot police advancing on their hastily-erected barricades.

Foggy Bottom was blanketed by tear gas after student provocateurs set fire to a Volkswagen and a Hertz panel truck and kept a rain of bricks and bottles crashing around police and firemen.

Several hundred demonstrators were arrested through the city, 125 of them on the GW campus. No serious injuries were reported.

Shortly after an emergency curfew went into effect around GW at 1:30 a.m., the first five floors of Thurston were evacuated because of the tear gas and pepper gas which had drifted into the dorm.

The first mass movement from the campus came at 8:30, when several hundred demonstrators moved north toward Dupont Circle from their informal staging area along GW's fraternity row.

Some 300 moved north on 21st St. As they came to a construction site, the cry went up to "Arm yourselves!", and nearly everyone grabbed a brick. This ammunition was first used at the corner of M St., when several windows were broken in the National Security and Trust Co.

At about the same time another group moved into the area from the east and hit GW's Sino-Soviet Institute. The Institute moved off campus a few months ago; its old offices in Maury Hall were occupied by the GW SDS last year in protest over its teaching policies.

The crowd moved into the Dupont Circle area, splitting up and fading down side streets after strikes. Buildings hit included a liquor store, a High's and the Circle branch of the Riggs National Bank.

Police were slow in coming to the scene. As the first groups of police motorcycles appeared nearby, a large group of the students moved into the Circle proper. One man in a white jacket stood on the cement dividing strip motioning cars to continue around the Circle while others on the grass were throwing bottles into the street.

Any police vehicles seen were stoned. The driver of one paddy

wagon, faced with a bottle-heaving mob, put the van into reverse and shot into the intersection at 21st and P, crumpling the right side of a Volkswagen. Neither of the people in the car was injured.

Eventually a contingent of the Civil Disturbance Unit joined the strengthened police on the scene and all civilians were told that they would be arrested for unlawful assembly if they did not disperse.

The demonstrators splintered after this. A number of arrests were made and a very little gas was used, but there were no major clashes. Clubbing also was not widespread, although one CDU officer swung so hard at a youth he was chasing that he fell to the sidewalk when he struck only air.

Groups of demonstrators headed in various directions, but the word was passed that they should reassemble on the GW campus. An uneasy calm prevailed then at the University, although bands of hardcore extremists roamed along Pennsylvania Avenue and smashed some more windows.

Several probably related incidents of traffic stoppages in the area of the White House occurred throughout this period.

GW student John Light, speaking on the ramp of the Kent State Memorial Center about 10:30, told the loungers that the violence at Dupont Circle "is going to come onto this campus, so break up into small groups, watch out for your brothers and sisters, and be ready."

At 11:05 a group of 12 to 15 radicals moving south towards the University decided to "get the bank" at 20th and Penn. The group, wearing the helmets and gasmasks seen through the night, was very casual about the move. After waiting for the light, they crossed in front of the bank and, after milling around for a minute, fired a barrage of bricks and bottles at the building and ran towards GW.

Action on campus began to get heavy at 11:10 as a small group of radicals not recognized as GW students started ripping down a metal fence in front of a house near 21st and I for use as a barricade. They pushed a green Volkswagen and a Ford Falcon, both with New York plates, into the street and turned the VW on its side. Benches were also hauled into 21st St.



Police standing in the park at the northeast corner of the intersection watched as more extremists gathered trash and set it on fire in the VW's trunk. As soon as reinforcements arrived, however, they fired at least three canisters of gas into the crowd and moved closer to the barricade.

Meanwhile, a much sturdier barricade was being constructed across H St. between 20th and 21st. The wall there included a mailbox, fencing and cement-legged benches. Within a few minutes, both this barricade and a Hertz truck between it and 20th were burning.

In the absence of a strong police response, a number of the milling hundreds moved south on 21st to G St. and began piling benches and wastebaskets along the north edge of the intersection. One well-disciplined group smashed a door in the Hall of Government and pulled out furniture to add to the breastworks.

Police now arrived in force. More canisters were exploded and a group of firemen and helmeted police advanced towards the flaming truck on H. Students yelled "Cops are coming — get your rocks!", and a group of helmeted demonstrators moved to repulse the police with various missiles.

As firemen extinguished the flames shooting from the truck's rear, a number of policemen picked up the rocks and chunks of concrete and threw them back at the demonstrators.

"If they want to play rough, we'll play rough," one officer muttered furiously.

Gassing began in earnest. After saturating the area around 21st and H, where several hundred people had gathered, police began throwing canisters down 20th St., where most of the people were onlookers and newsmen. The medic station at Concordia Church at 20th and G, however, was not yet greatly affected.

Gas filled the street in front of the 21st St. entrance of the Center. Fleeing students and demonstrators using the elevators quickly distributed it through the building. The Center became so gaseous that student marshals eventually moved everyone they could to the fifth floor and then evacuated them down the stairs to an alley exit and the H St. entrance.

Squads of CDU police moved into intersections around the north and west edges of campus. Canisters went off throughout campus, especially along H St., where a massive barrage around midnight broke up the last major concentration of chanting radicals.

Throughout the night demonstrators had ducked between buildings to reappear elsewhere. Now many of them began leaving the area entirely.

By this time, continuation of the Chuck Berry-Bo Diddley concert in Lisner was impossible. The air inside the auditorium was not much clearer than that outside and the crowd streamed out, heading for cover.

Tear gas was promptly lobbed into their midst. According to the Washington Post, this prompted Police Chief Jerry Wilson to shout into his police radio, "Who ordered that gas?"

At 1:30 a.m., the Center was locked and the curfew went into effect. Police and demonstrators were running in all directions. From somewhere on F St. the pepper gas dispenser recently brought on campus opened up, causing massive confusion in Superdorm.

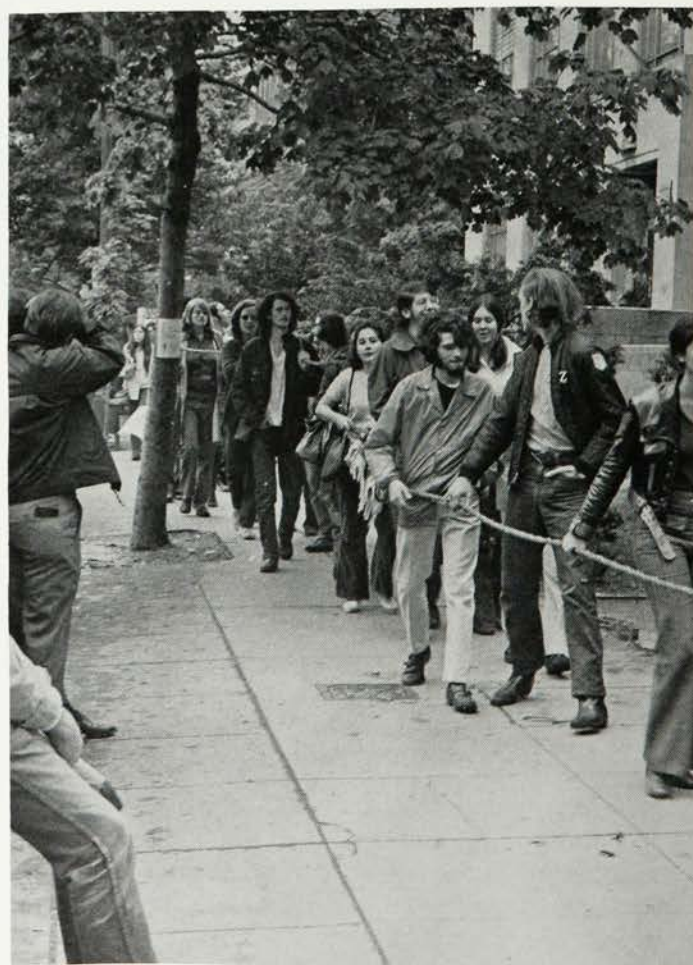
Father John Wintermeyer, Newman Center chaplain, personally persuaded the medics in Thurston to open the dorm to anyone who wanted in. The medics had been refusing to admit demonstrators seeking to avoid arrest, maintaining that the dorm was just a first aid station, and an administrator in Rice Hall had passed the word that all dorms were to be secured.

The last significant incident occurred about 2 a.m., when final rounds of gas were set off in front of the Center, where a group of die-hard jeerers were confronting the police.

At no time during the action did more than a handful of known GW students seem to be involved.

*Written by Jon Higman, incorporating reports from Dick Beer, Robert Boylan, Jackie Dowd, Bob Galano, Jack Levine, Greg Valliere, Dave Vita and Martin Wolf.*

**Hatchet of May 11, 1970**



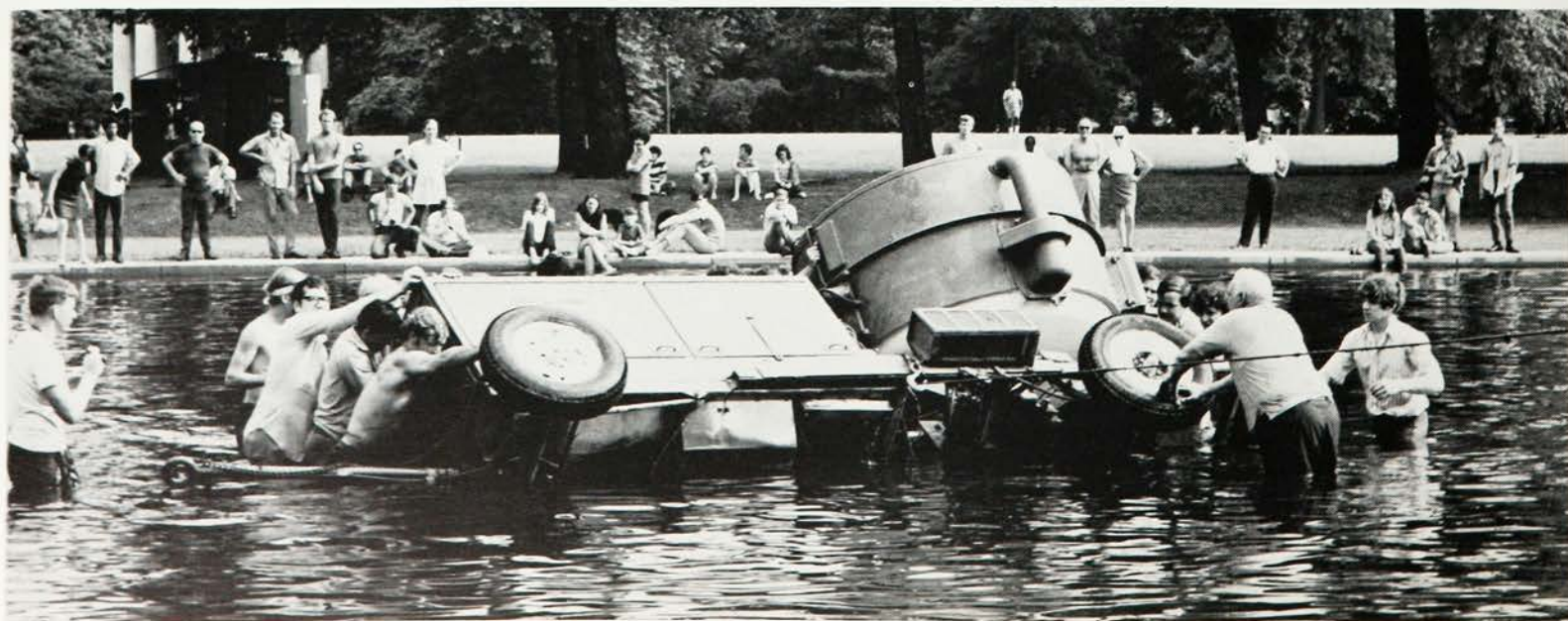








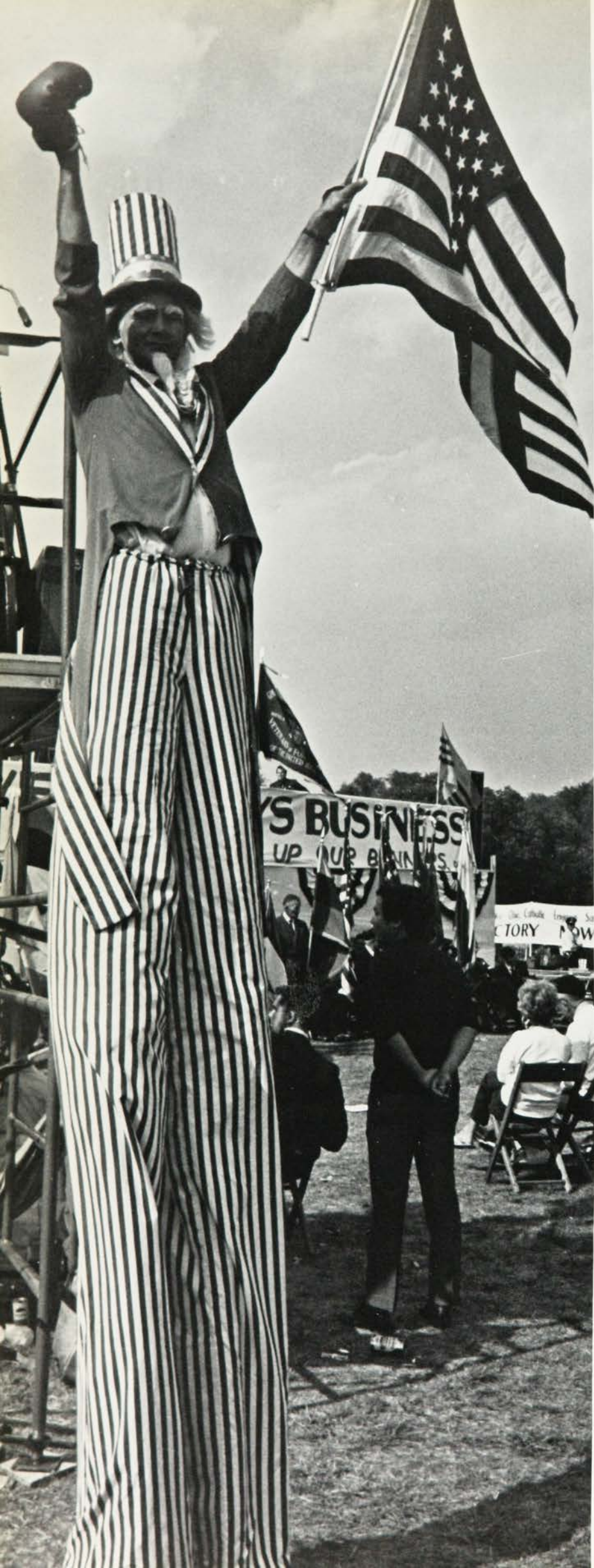
# Honor America Day









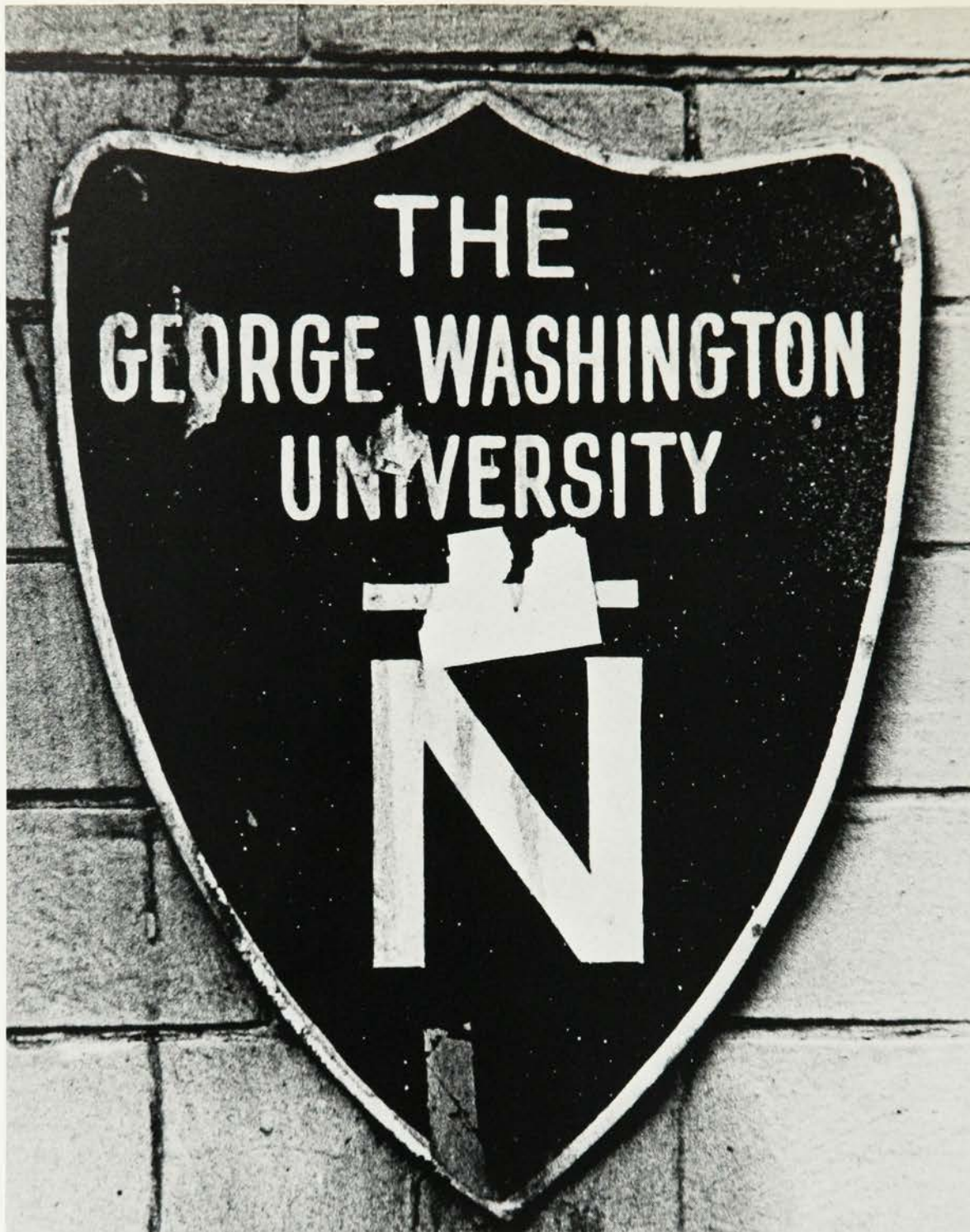








**1970**







Reprinted from Hatchet April 28, 1969 (The Golden Age Of Zippy)















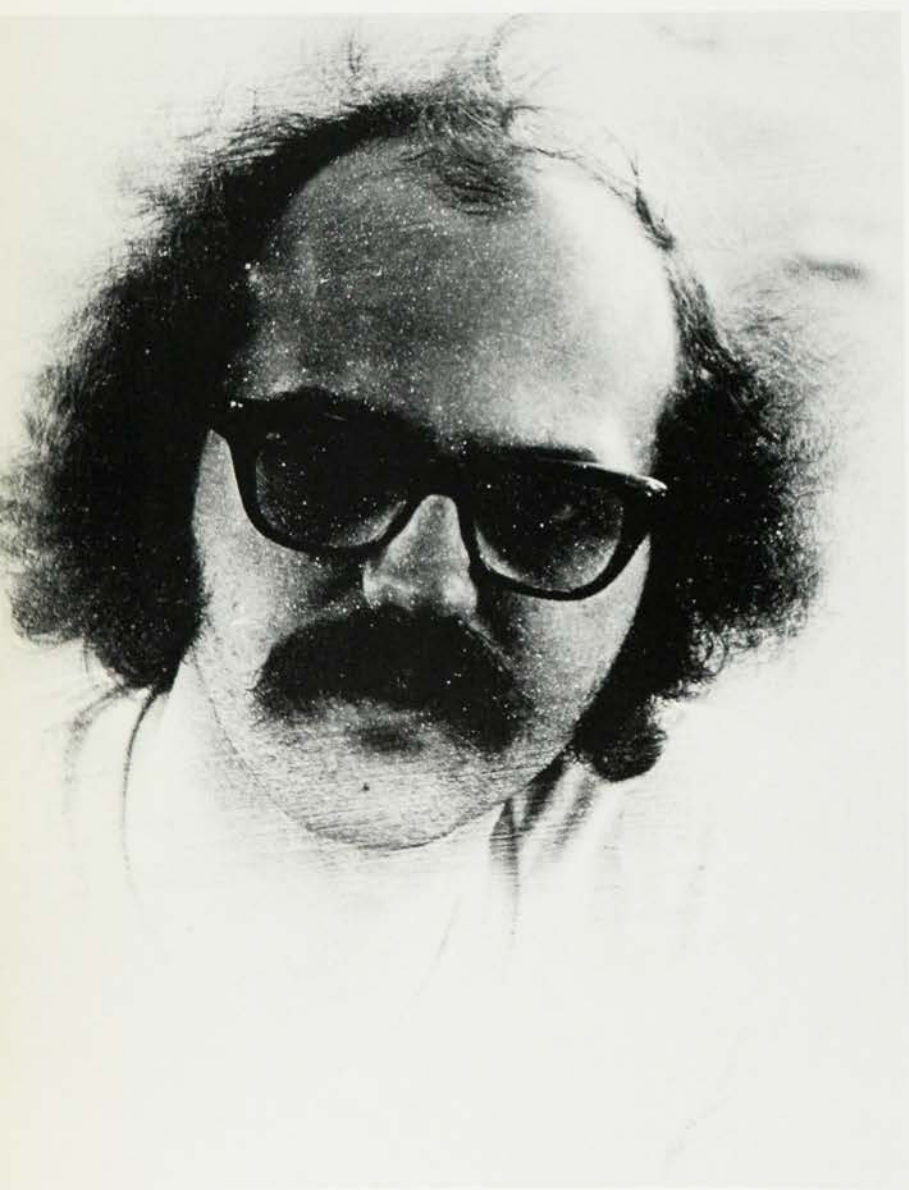
B. B. King





Eric Clapton, Livingston Taylor























# Travelin' Back From Yesterday

by B. D. Colen

Jack and Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King were still alive. Malcolm X was an unknown. And it has been a long ten years since Bob Zimmerman ran away from home for the 8th and final time. He came to New York in that year when Nixon lost and there was hope. Folk music was big, and the wistful, wispy son of the North country made his pilgrimage from Hibbing, Minnesota to the Queens hospital bed where Woody lay dying.

A lot has happened in those ten years. Jack, Bobby, Martin, Malcolm, Woody, and more than 50,000 American young men are dead. Watts and Washington have burned. We've been to the moon and can no longer dream dreams of green cheese and high jumping cows (perhaps, in fact, we've forgotten what it is to dream.) Nixon's finally made it. But through it all, Bob Zimmerman has survived, following the tambourine man.

He followed his tambourine man, "laughing, spinning, swinging madly across the sun." He led us, this musical Huck Finn, "far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow" as he danced from album to album, sometimes bitter, sometimes sweet. But always original, unexpected. First it was pure folk — "See That My Grave Is Kept Clean," "House of the Risin' Sun," "Gospel Plow." It was easy to dislike him then. No, to hate him, this Zimmerman who called himself Dylan and had a voice which scratched, scraped and cracked. But they followed, even then. His material was classic, but Baez picked up "Man of Constant Sorrow," Peter, Paul and Mary did "See That My Grave Is Kept Clean," and the Animals made a killing on "House of the Risin' Sun."

The tambourine man moved on, and "evenin's empire... returned into sand... (with) ancient empty streets too dead for dreaming." He became involved and bitter. And he blossomed. Later he was to slough off his involvement, his musical attacks of "Oxford Town" and his deification of "Hattie Carroll," but it was important then, as it still is.

He was still playing the club and concert circuit then, corduroy cap perched on his head, hair just a shade too long for our parents to take. He was ahead of us then, warning the men we came to Washington to exorcise on that sunny autumn afternoon in 1967:

*Come you masters of war  
You that build the big guns  
You that build the death planes  
You that build all the bombs  
You that hide behind walls  
You that hide behind desks  
I just want you to know  
I can see through your mask.*

He could see through the mask, or at least he knew there was a mask. We wouldn't for several years. For that was in an age when the notice came and we went. And the few who didn't were cowards and criminals, the ones who failed to "ask not what (their) country could do for (them), but ask instead what (they) could do for (their) country."

He sang of his home then, for the first time, of his home and one of the many lost loves he was later to eulogize. She was "The Girl of The North Country," and the song spoke of what was to come, of the turmoil and talent within his small frame.

Who knows what he really thought then? All we can be sure of is that he'll never tell us. He just kept playing, and in the "jingle, jangle mornin'" we came following. We followed from record counter to record counter, from "Bob Dylan" to "The Free Wheelin' Bob Dylan," to "The Times They Are A-Changin'." We made music as we followed. We kept the cash registers jingling, and perhaps that was music to his ears, perhaps we gave him a "jingle, jangle mornin'."

The song was "My Back Pages." The album, "Another Side of Bob Dylan." Both were barometers, indicating that the man was beginning to dominate the child-man who had cut his fourth album. "Equality, I spoke the word, as if a wedding vow. Ah, but I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now." Even the

eyes staring out from his portrait on the album cover were different. It was as if he was thinking, "my senses have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip, my toes too numb to step wait only for my bootheels to be wandering." So our tambourine man wandered on, just on the verge of producing albums filled with visions of God only knows what kind of acid faced dreams.

The fans massed at Newport in '65 expecting to hear him tell them that the times were a-changing. He didn't tell them. He screamed it out to the pounding beat of the "Subterranean Homesick Blues." Dylan had gone rock. The folk boom had ended and some of the former fans went home crushed, but that first rock album, "Bringing It All Back Home," contained what, six albums later, must still stand as his greatest song, "Love Minus Zero/No Limit," an evocative tale of a love (Dylan's love?) who "knows there's no success like failure, and failure's no success at all." It was a song, and an album, peopled with the mystical, ethereal creatures of his inner world. There were some attempts at hard rock on those albums, but they didn't take. They lack something — the essential combination of humor and nostalgia which marks his work.

He made "Highway 61 Revisited," the double-disc "Blonde on Blonde," and then cracked up on his bike and disappeared from sight.

The hard rock sound died in that motorcycle accident, and when he returned he had left The Hawks (now the Band) behind — or was left behind by them — and moved on to Nashville where he recorded the John Wesley Harding album with Charlie McCoy on bass, Kenny Buttrey on drums and Pete Drake on steel guitar. The album was not one of his best. It contained some good songs, like "All Along The Watchtower," which the late Jimi Hendrix recorded, and "I Pity the Poor Immigrant," which Joan Baez did a beautiful job with. But it just wasn't Dylan. Something was lacking.

"Nashville Skyline," the next album, wasn't Dylan either. The raspy voice had "improved" to the point where, if it wasn't "good," at least it wasn't "bad." But again, it wasn't Dylan. And "Self-Portrait," though it had a pleasant sound, wasn't Dylan either. There were one or two excellent cuts, like "Days of '49," and the back-up group was tremendous — Buttrey, Fred Carter, Jr., McCoy, The Band, Al Kooper, Doug Kershaw and a cast of thousands. But a Dylan singing "Blue Moon" just wasn't a Dylan.

"Blue Moon" is a thing of the past now. And it's a safe bet that Nashville is a thing of Dylan's past as well. For a few weeks ago, Robert Zimmerman-Dylan, boy-man from Hibbing, Minnesota reappeared on the musical scene with an album entitled "New Morning," and the album's release indeed marks a new morning for the followers of the tambourine man, who "dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free, silhouetted by the sea."

The voice is scratchy and wistful. It takes us back as it sings, "If not for you babe I couldn't find the door, I couldn't even see the floor, I'd be sad and blue, if not for you." He's back. Harmonica. stiff guitar strum and choppy honky tonk piano. The music is refined, polished — the back-up guitar group includes Al Kooper on organ, piano, electric guitar and french horn — and the songs are charming. It's a nostalgic album, both for Dylan and for us. He sings of the locusts "singing" as he "stepped to the stage, to pick up" his honorary Ph.D. at Princeton last June. He sings of the locusts and we lie on our backs dreaming of summers spent in country fields, when the 60's were the future.

"I put down my robe, picked up my diploma, took a hold of my sweetheart and away we did ride, straight for the hills, the black hills of Dakota."

Back to the north country. Back to the North Country, not leaving a girl this time, but taking her along, "with all memory and fate, driven deep beneath the waves," thinking about today until tomorrow. Thomas Wolfe was wrong, he seems to be telling us...you can go home again.





Hey Kids! Here's some  
fun things to do in the  
middle of your yearbook!

BILL SMITH REMEMBERS YOUR NAME AHEAD 10	MISPRONUNCE SZCZEBIAK TOMOR TANTRUM AHEAD 1	GO TO LIZZ'S	BOUNCE 1st CHECK AHEAD 1
STOP TO BLOW DOPE LOSE 1 TURN	VISIT THE UPSTAIRS AT THE "SILVER SLIPPER" SAT. NIGHT SHOW SLIDE AHEAD 4		
Find FBI Sci 5 held in D.C. STADIUM TRANSFER TO B.U. You LOSE	ROAD TO CO- OPTION		
IF you'RE FROM N.Y. NJ OR PA go home for weekend - IF NOT - AHEAD 3	STRIKE GOOGL		
TAKE SHOWER IN MITCHELL - 6th FLOOR OF THURSTON APPLAUDS	MEET BOB WILSON - BACK ONE OR JOIN WOMEN'S LIB		
STOP TO BLOW DOPE LOSE 1 TURN	GO TO BUR-B- CRICK		
WAIT FOR Center Elevator LOSE 2 TURNS	IDENTITY CRISIS	IF male: date a girl living in a six in Thurston if female: get put into a Thurston six	LO TO M G An

Illustrations on the right side of the page include a large Star of David with the letters 'I' and 'C' and a dot in the center, a cartoon face with glasses, a drawing of a house with a chimney, and a drawing of a house with the letters 'LIZZ'S' on it.



SON  
 LOSE YOUTH FARE CARD CUT OUT PUERTO RICO weekends  
 GO BACK 3 YEARS  
 IDENTITY CRISIS  
 SIT IN Thurston Lobby 3 hours... REACH RUBERTY  
 ATTEMPT INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION WITH BYRON MATHAI - go to \$100's  
 ROAD TO CO-OPTION VOLUNTEER TO REPLACE KEN JOHNSON  
 LOOK at Mary Werbin become AROUSED AHEAD 1  
 LISTEN TO HER poetry BACK 2  
 STOP TO BLOW DOPE LOSE TURN  
 IDENTITY CRISIS  
 The Capt. Blows Ahead = 1  
 The N.Y. State Throughway is closed. CAN TA DIS  
 meet Dean Liebow 'Super Dean' AHEAD 2  
 JOIN HATCHER BACK 7  
 ROAD TO CO-OPTION  
 LUNCH AT HILL (if Arab 2 turns lost while at G.W. hospital)  
 STOP TO BLOW DOPE LOSE TURN  
 DISCOVER Philip S. BARNBAUM REAL job: DISAPPEAR FROM game  
 STRIKE  
 IDENTITY CRISIS  
 SPEED THRU middle AHEAD 10  
 buy DOPE from a Campus Cap at the Galler AHEAD 4  
 Boys: you're 19 + your DRAFT is 4 BACK 16  
 GIRLS: you're 18 + your DRAFT is 4 AHEAD 1  
 BECOME A RATTILL WAITRESS GO BACK 3



**FLUNK**  
You Lose! START AGAIN!

Close! But short 1 Gym credit  
take Recreation DANCE

**STOP TO BLOW DOPE LOSE TURN**

Discover G.W. LIBRARY BACK 8

**SENIORITY** sets in - Pick your PIT OF PARANOIA

**ROAD TO CO-OPTION**

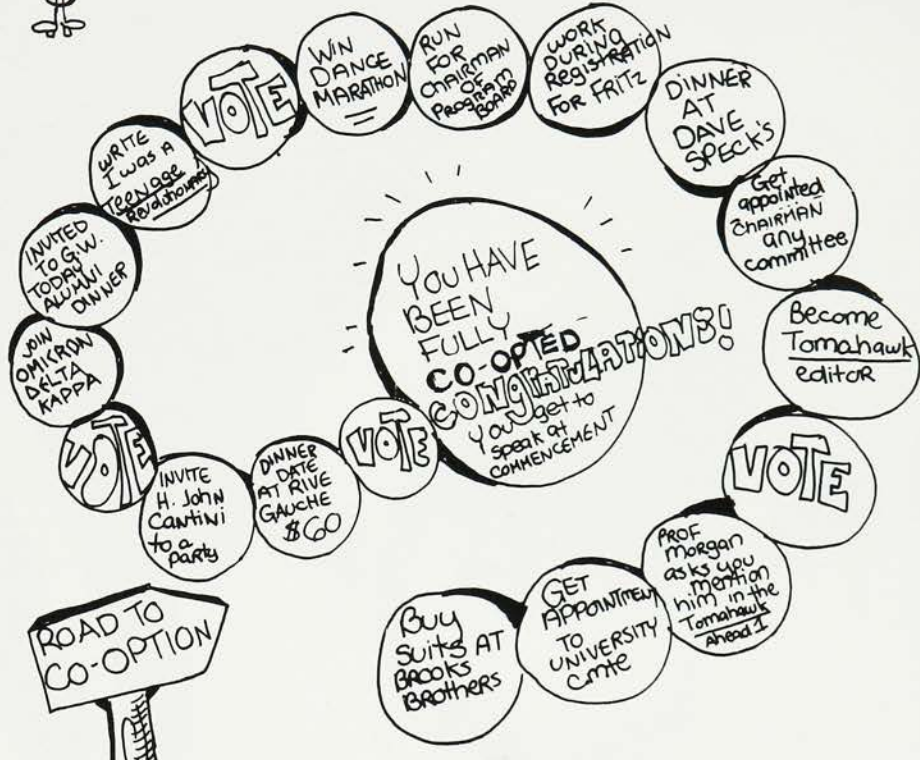
Decide to change major in year of service year... BACK - 26 spaces

**STRIKE**

Become chairman of Engineer's Council - **WHO CARES?!**

**STOP TO BLOW DOPE LOSE DOPE I TURN**

**MARVIN GARDENS** \$1.5 million



**ROAD TO CO-OPTION**

**IDENTITY CRISIS**

Get an outside Line ON the Centrex - 3: CALL HANOI

**ROAD TO CO-OPTION**

Get a Townhouse in your senior year BACK 12

**STEAL A DRUM with Fred -** Ahead 6

**EXAMS CANCELED HAIHAI!** Go home early 4 Ahead

**FIND OUT PROF. Kim's POLI Sci 5 CLASS IS NOT TONIGHT IN TRANSLATION**

**Strike**

**THE GROUND YOU'RE STANDING ON IS A LIBERATED ZONE - DEFEND IT!**

**GET SUSPENDED REPRIMAND FROM TRAFFIC COURT - AHEAD 3**

**SURPRISE DINNER** go to Bur-B Chick

**STOP TO BLOW DOPE LOSE TURN**

**BECOME A RATTILL WAITRESS** Go BACK 3

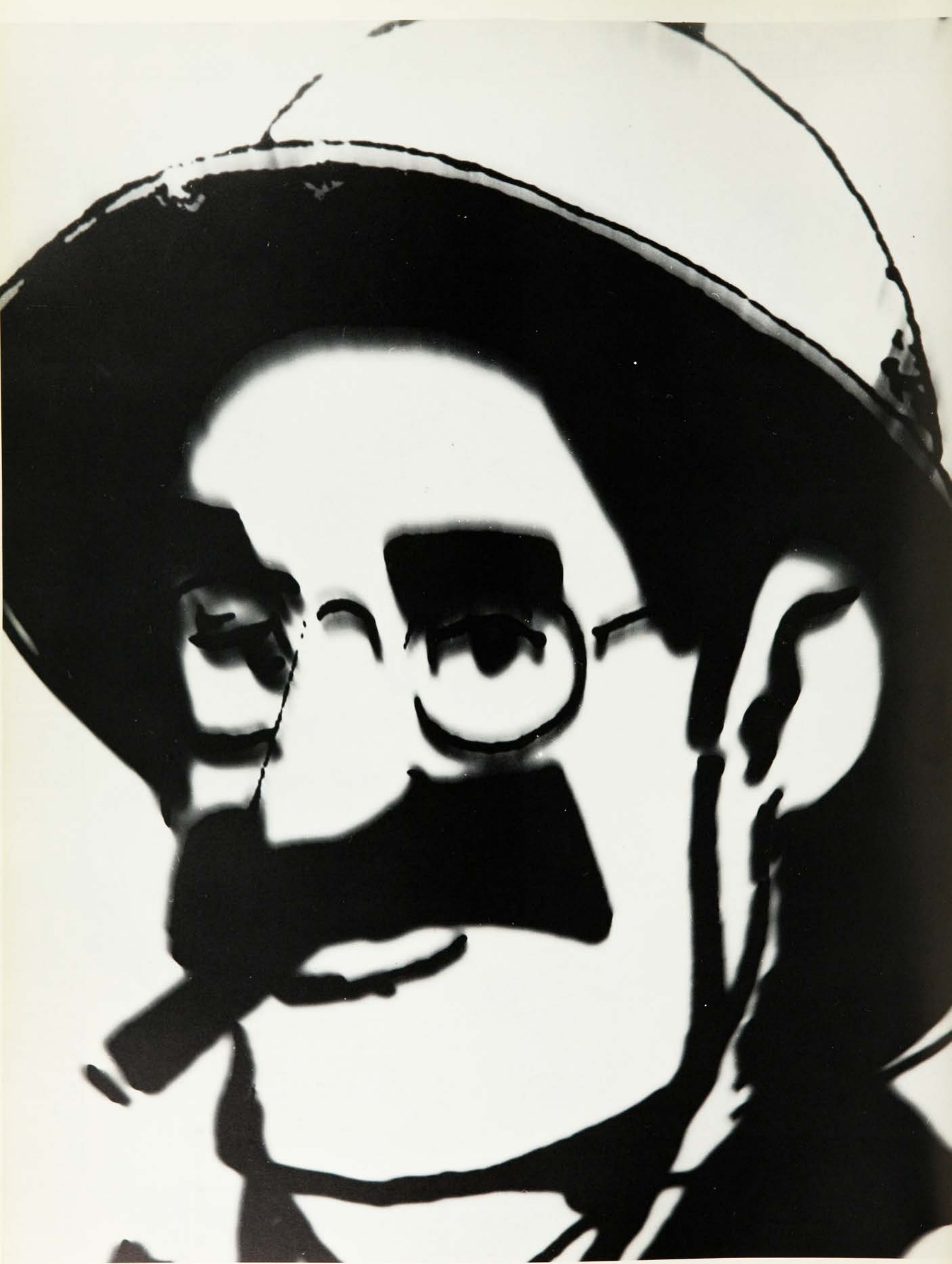
# **RULES**

1. Rules and regulations will be strictly observed, violators will be prosecuted severely and punished even severely. No one is to participate in the game unless he/she/it can produce \$20,000 and two legs. Rules of all previous GW games are hereby null and void
2. Follow the directions on each carefully drawn space to the letter. DO NOT CHEAT. Cheating will not be tolerated - if anyone sees his best friend cheating, he is hereby authorized to make a citizens arrest
3. If you are lucky enough to be sent to a pit of paranoia square, rectangle or whatever, you must stay there until you have reached you chronological age, mentally and emotionally. The pick your own pit box allows you to choose which pit you wish to stay in for the rest of you emotional years.
4. If instructed by divine decree that you land on three strike boxes, YOU ARE OUT OF THE GAME, just like the light, Casey and Mighty Joe Young.



FATHER DROPS You off at Georgetown University BACK 1  
 PAY \$2000.00  
 LOSE YOUR ID. BACK 2  
 FLOOR CAFETERIA







***RULES***

Simply follow the directions below and draw Sludgepot on the next page. Then tear it out, fold the page in half, put a stamp on it and mail it.

*Deadline is midnight, March 13*

Simply follow the directions below and draw Sludgepot on the next page. Then tear it out, fold the page in half, put a stamp on it and mail it.

*Deadline is midnight, March 13*

## ENTER THE I CAN DRAW SLUDGE POT CONTEST



1. Draw a large circle



### 3. Add eyes and brows



2. Add two smaller circles



4. Add sideburns and hair



### 5. Add a collar

**fold here**

place  
stamp  
here

**Peter Mikelbank**  
c/o Bob London  
30-C Abbey Street  
San Francisco, California



*I THINK SLUDGEPOT LOOKS LIKE THIS . . .*









# On Campus The Night Before...

by Jackie Dowd

GW campus police, enforcing what they called "the attitude of the University," broke up an informal planning meeting in the basement of Government Tuesday night, threatening to arrest anyone who refused to leave, and taking pictures that Vice President for Administration H. John Cantini later admitted might be used for court action.

About 70 people remained in the room after Security Director Harry Geiglein issued his initial warning. "I want you to know that this is an illegal entry," he said. "This room was locked and the lock was broken. I'm asking you to vacate the premises and if you don't you may subject yourself to arrest for breaking and entering and unlawful assembly."

The Metropolitan Police were called by Cantini and several D.C. officers watched the proceedings at Government from GW's security office across the street in Woodhull House. Cantini said that if the meeting had not broken up when it did, he would have asked "within ten minutes" the D.C. police to clear the building.

The picture-taking infuriated the group, and although about 30 of the original participants left after Geiglein's warning, the others insisted on finishing their meeting. Campus police blocked off the building, and refused to let anyone in or out the front doors of Government.

When the meeting concluded shortly before 11 o'clock, a "delegation" — actually most of the participants at the meeting — went to Rice Hall to talk to Cantini. They were met by the guard on duty there who refused to open the door. Reinforcements, led by Capt. Byron Matthai, arrived quickly, and lined up across the top steps of Rice.

Matthai insisted that he didn't know where Cantini was. At that time Cantini was meeting with campus security people, D.C. police and Vice Presidents William Smith and Harold Bright in Woodhull. "I don't really know what's going on. I just take my orders from Mr. Geiglein."

Cantini later admitted that he was the one who ordered the meeting broken up. Geiglein, Matthai and a third campus policeman who took the pictures entered the meeting of 100 just before 10. Matthai attempted to explain how the meeting was "illegal," but he was drowned out by shouts of "It's our University."

Geiglein responded that by making such an "unauthorized and illegal entry you are trespassing on University property and subject to arrest."

*Hatchet* of February 11, 1971







# *It's All in The Game (or) Taking It UnGreased*

Homecoming came late this year.

What with midterm exams and semester breaks on one hand, and with elections to worry about and a kewpie-doll daughter to marry off, on the other, neither side had much time to think about it—one way or the other.

But with fall semester finals behind and spring exams still far in the future (on the one hand) a "successful" election out of the way and a daughter finally engaged (on the other), both of the hardened teams felt those familiar visceral twitches uninitiated participants could easily confuse with the onset of orgasm. In fact, some did. On both sides.

The first half opened with a beautiful quarterback sneak — a neatly executed lob into Laos by the Administrators. It was so well executed, in fact, that time was called while both sides spent the next day or two looking for the ball as the press corps searched vainly for the quarterback. (Eventually located at his Camp David hideaway, he deferred comment though he did make a brief statement: "I am the quarterback.")

At any rate, time ran out on the first half as the Administrators took sporadic blasts at whatever was foolish enough to move along Highway 9 on the Laos-Cambodia border. Despite innumerable and blatant disregard for the rules — B-52s in motion, illegal use of tax revenue and intentional international double-talk — the Administrators held the ball for most of the first half, amassing four first downs (Tricia included) and 67 charred bodies.

The Student/Fag Coalition, playing their usual "But-I'll-Be-Late-For-Poli-Sci" game, gave a totally unimaginative showing. They were forced to play defensively for most of the half and were held to a scant '77 dirty words and 14 obscene photographs.

In other words, the Administrators had all the Vaseline and the Coalition was forced to take it—all of it—ungreased. The score at the end of the first half: Administrators 7, Coalition 0.

Following a halftime retreat and rally on GW's so-called quad, the Coalition began its second-half drive down Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House—lovingly but again unimaginatively referred to as the "Shit House."

Unfortunately, though, after completing a beautiful four-block drive, the Coalition wandered aimlessly along the sidewalk, seemingly confused by the plethora of neatly uniformed referees who lined the sideline. "Pig," yelled a gangly Coalition split end as he placed both parts on the ground. "Penalty," retorted the ref who calmly informed the players that they had violated the 100-in-a-single-line clause of the rule book.

Undaunted by this technicality, the Coalition employed a strategic bit of lateral motion, maneuvering themselves from bad position into worse as they moved across the centerline into Lafayette Park. "Pig," yelled a female Coalition halfback who quickly fell back into the fullback position. "Penalty," said the ref quietly, then quickly added, "Get out of here, snatch!"

The Coalition's discipline broke down at this point as the players ran hysterically from corner to corner, each time only to be outrun by the sure-footed troop of arbiters. Sometime between the maniacal shouts of "Pig, pig," the clock ran out. Somewhere on the third floor of the Shit House someone yelled, "Touchdown! Break out the chianti."

And somewhere on 21st Street, with sweat and orgasmic perspiration frozen to his maybe 15-year-old face, a previously uninitiated Coalitionist looked thoughtfully at his girl friend and whispered: "Really right on."

"Outa sight," she answered softly.

*Hatchet* of February 11, 1971







The major reason the Hatchet is printing an extra edition today is to explain to you and the community why many of us are angered at today's Center dedication.

The ceremony was originally scheduled for the Center theatre, with but a few token students invited. Only under intense student pressure — demanding that the dedication of OUR Center be in OUR presence — did administrators agree to switch to Lisner.

However, the disenchantment that may surface before you today is older and deeper. Those who were not in this area last spring should be reminded that the largest student rally in the school's memory was held to name the Center after the four students murdered at Kent State. But what is most significant is not the name itself, but the way in which it was chosen.

For once, a sizable portion of the student body was united in its desires — desires which were not for one second considered when it came time for contributions to the University. Only money, we were told, can name a building.

You also may hear today some criticism of the man the Center is to be named for. We have been subjected to arguments defending the man for being less bigoted than most during an era of bigotry. We find this argument weak and have to conclude that the name Cloyd Heck Marvin will insult many users of the Center, especially the black students whose parents were not allowed to attend GW.

The exclusion of students' feelings about the Center is part of a larger problem. While students at other colleges obtain seats on their Boards of Trustees or in all-University governments, those here remain so thoroughly outside established governing structures that they must exclusively resort to temporary pressure groups such as the one which may try to disrupt the dedication today.

When we say that "exclusionary" policies offend us, you may shrug and reply that we are spoiled. Rather than expound the moral and philosophical arguments concerning the indefensibility of exclusion, we will try to reach you with a purely financial argument.

Tuition is now \$1900 a year, and rising. Room and board ranges from \$1200 to \$2000 a year. We feel students should have a decision-making role solely for the pragmatic reason that the basic costs guarantee something in return.

Yet our Board of Trustees will not even open its meetings to the public or the press: the Faculty Senate has on numerous recent occasions moved to strengthen its power at the expense of the all-University government which many of them supposedly support and the administration moving at a time when little student opposition was expected, has intensified its "hard line" attitude which may please the school's backers but has created an oppressive, uneasy atmosphere on campus. Plainclothes police with cameras hardly "bring us together."

So you can't blame the general discontent entirely on the war. We, as you once did, are devoting most of our energies to this University; we want to participate, we want to make things better. If this is denied, we will not acquiesce. We can either plead to those of you who can exert some pressure or attempt more direct action.

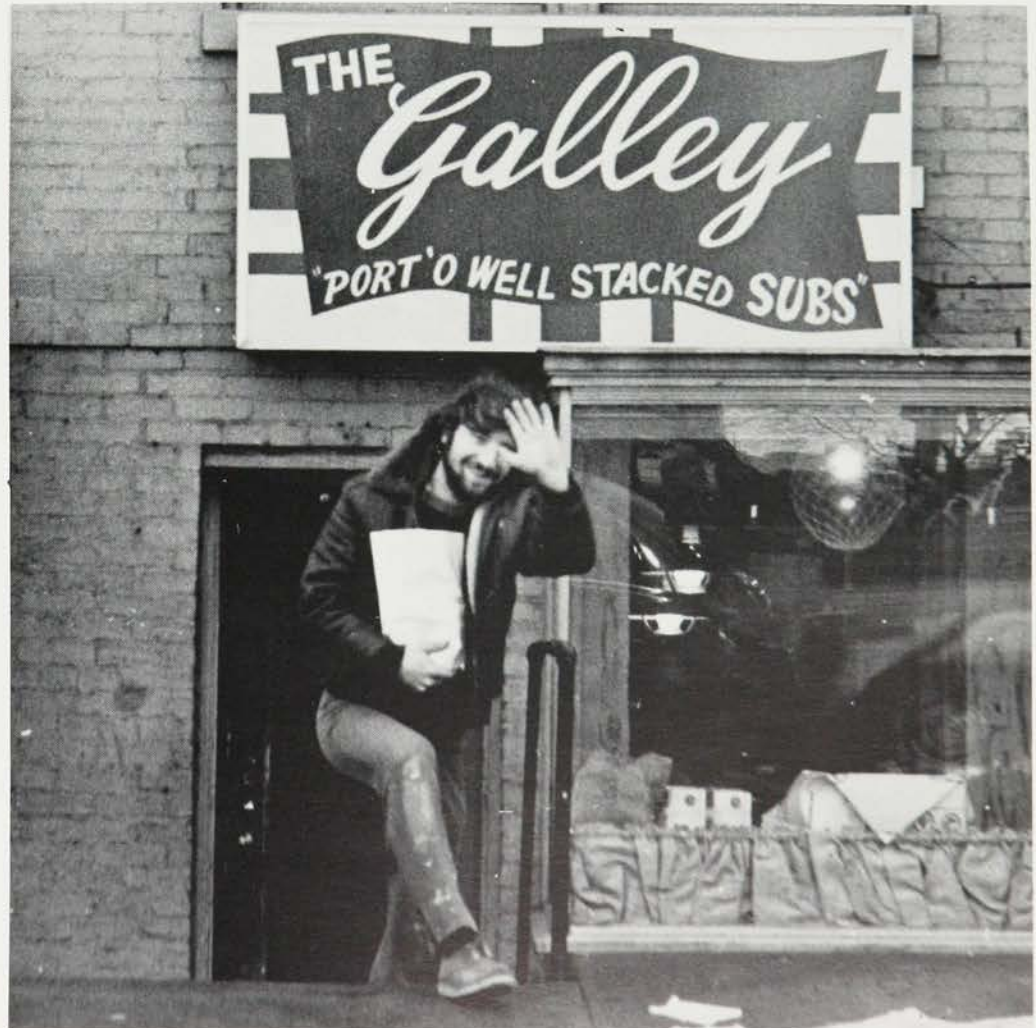
Ask Trustees why they refuse to allow students to their meetings. Ask faculty members why they reject an all-university government. Ask the planners of today's ceremonies why they had to be forced to include more students. Ask vice-presidents why they were willing to bring District police on campus last week because a meeting was held without a room permit.

There is, as GW officials doubtless have pointed out to you, communication on campus. People do talk to each other occasionally, but the gut issues are never touched. Students feel powerless, and therefore they feel frustrated and angry. You have money, and naturally, instant credibility with GW's decisionmakers. We ask you to exert that power positively. The George Washington University can become a school we can all be proud of, but we need your help.

















**April 24**









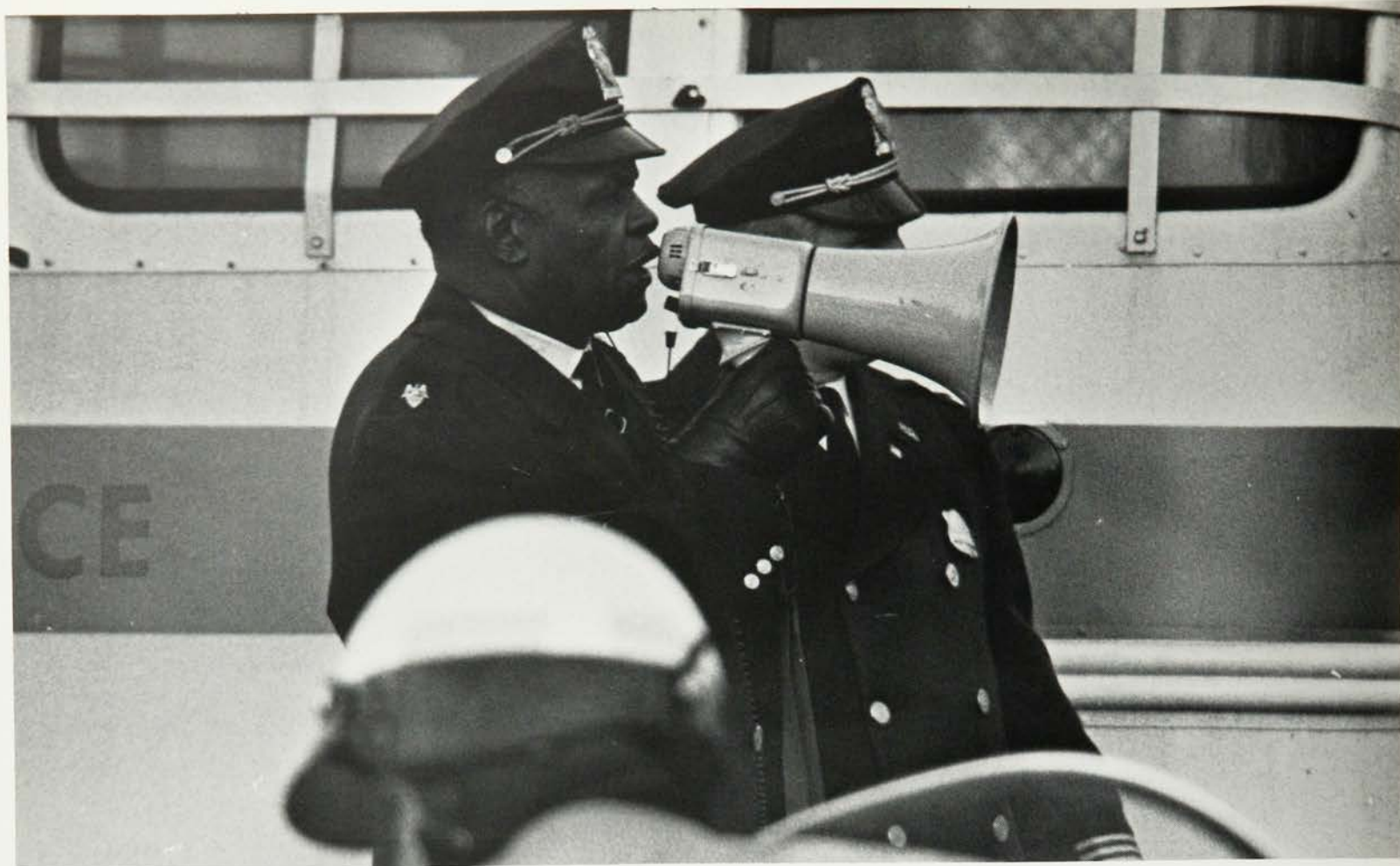












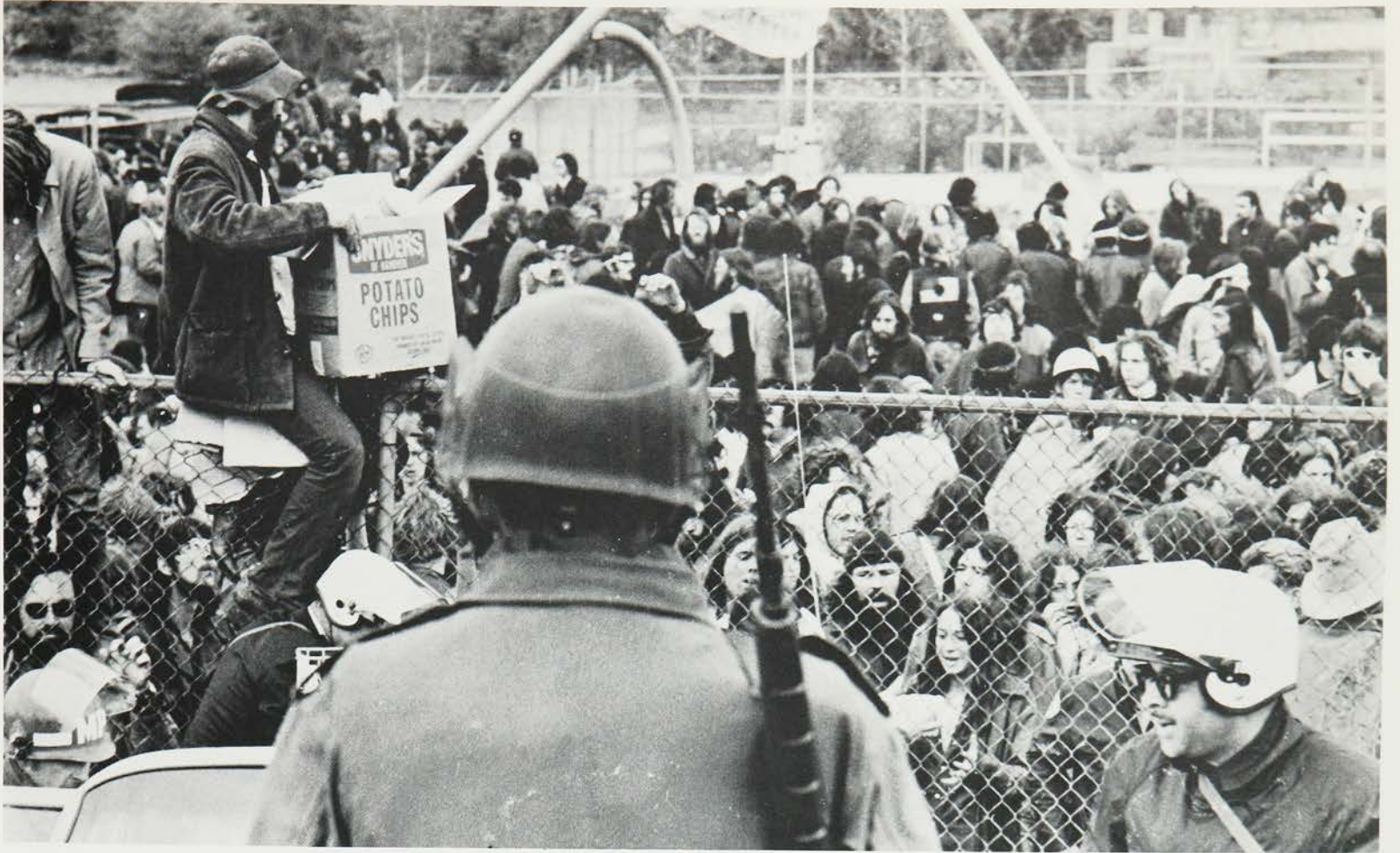
















Several thousand MayDay demonstrators made a final stand at GW yesterday, before Metropolitan Police cordoned off the campus and arrested anyone who couldn't produce a GW ID.

Foggy Bottom was blanketed by tear gas, after survivors of the mass arrests at traffic-blocking sites throughout the city dragged cars into campus streets and dumped garbage in the intersections.

Despite the disruption, most classes were held as scheduled and the University's normal operations appeared only slightly disturbed.

Arrest figures are still uncertain, but police estimate that 1500 people were busted in the campus area.

Demonstrators began regrouping on campus before 7 a.m. and the crowd swelled as traffic blocking attempts at the scattered sites were broken up by police until CDUs and Army troops arrived a little after 10.

By then, most of the campus streets had been blocked with

garbage and small cars and police had to pick their way through the debris as they swept the streets and sidewalks.

The cobblestone sidewalks at 20th and F Streets were torn up and the bricks dumped into the intersection. A VW with Pennsylvania plates was dragged out on top of the bricks, totally tying up traffic on 20th Street.

Another car was pushed into the intersection of 21st and G but Campus Security Captain Byron Matthai and another campus policeman got it back to the curb before all the air leaked out of the tires.

Demonstrators blocked 21st Street with several cars and the contents of the Center garbage cans, but the only traffic on that street was police vehicles.

The traditional policeline announcement came at 10:45, with boundaries set on 19th and 23rd Streets and Pennsylvania Avenue and E Street. Pedestrian traffic within the boundaries was banned, but after the streets were cleared police allowed students with GW ID cards to cross their lines.





The appearance of the U.S. Army on campus lasted only a few minutes, as the troops made a quick circuit of the Center and then departed.

The action centered on 21st Street between G and I Streets, although large groups of demonstrators were also encircled by police on 22nd Street between H and I Streets and on F Street between 19th and 21st. A large group also gathered on the Center ramp, which was considered relatively safe after Police Chief Jerry Wilson berated a group of his men who had chased a few demonstrators up the ramp.

"They're inside the building line and we can't touch them," Wilson said. The ramp received more than its share of gas, however, as demonstrators continued to taunt police from their vantage point.

"Fuck Wilson! Fuck Wilson!" they shouted as he directed policemen who were lobbing tear gas canisters onto the ramp.

A police lieutenant across the street instructed the officers

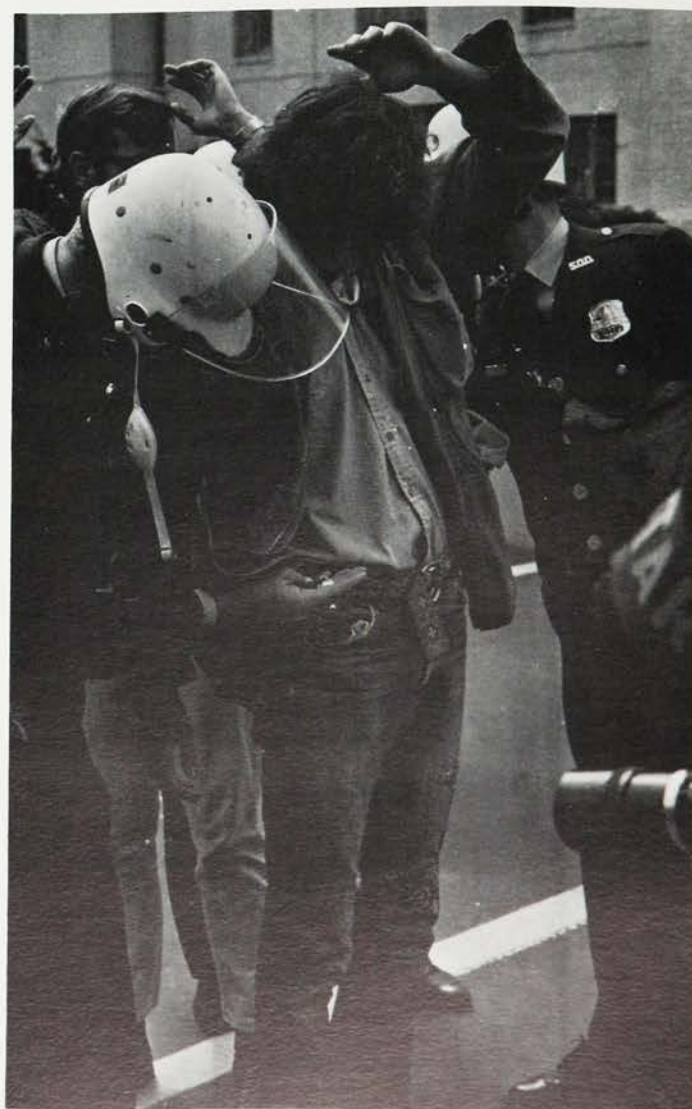
closest to him to "keep an eye on the agitators so when you get your chance you'll know who to get." A group of policemen arresting a cyclist on the sidewalk got close enough to the ramp to swing at the demonstrators hanging over the railing but no one was seriously injured. Several policemen sprayed Mace into the faces of demonstrators, driving most of them back up the ramp.

Before the police began their final sweep of 21st Street, Professor Jon Quitslund and a group of GW marshals managed to herd most of the people on the ramp into the Center lobby.

The Information Center farther down the street also sheltered a number of people during the final sweep. The only building on campus that was entered by police was the Joseph Henry Building at 21st and Pennsylvania.

*Written by Jackie Dowd, incorporating reports from Dick Beer, Mark Nadler, Steve Stein and Charles Venin.*

**Hatchet of May 4, 1971**













# 1972



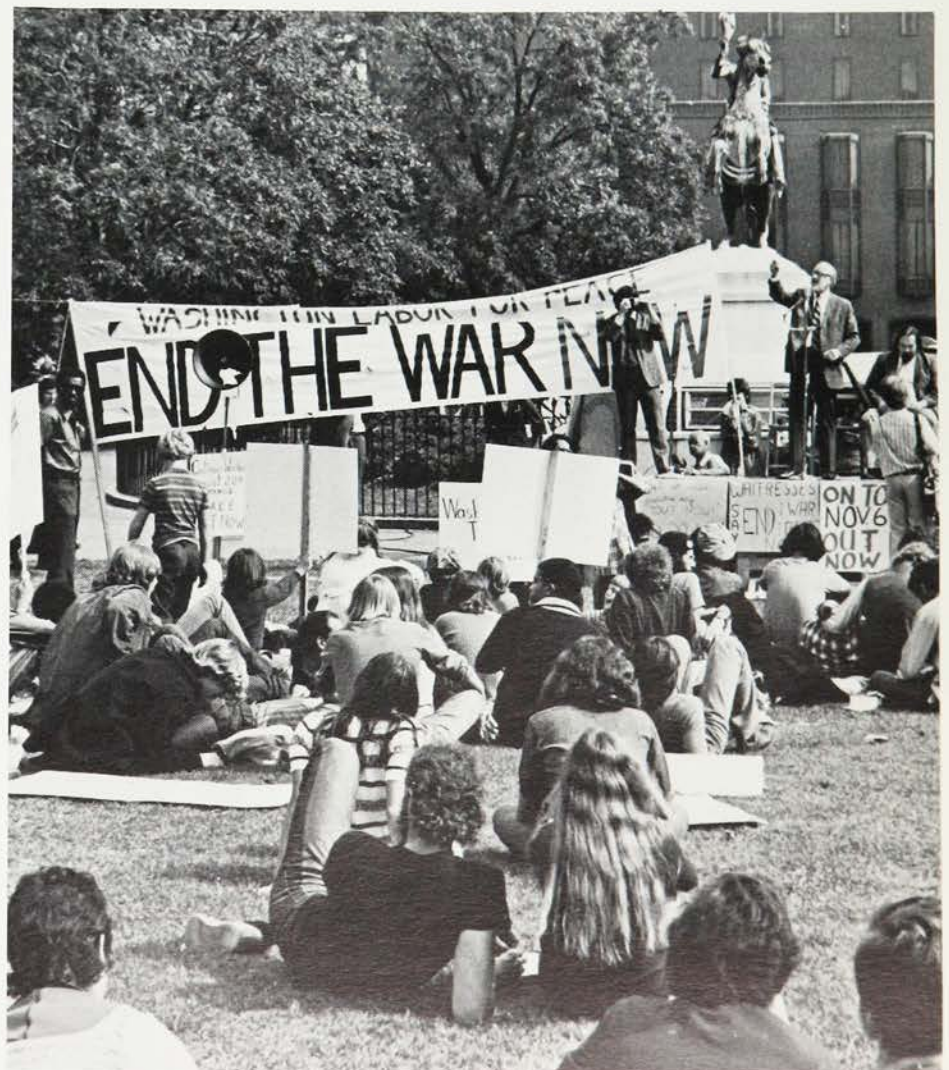
Michael Alan Wald



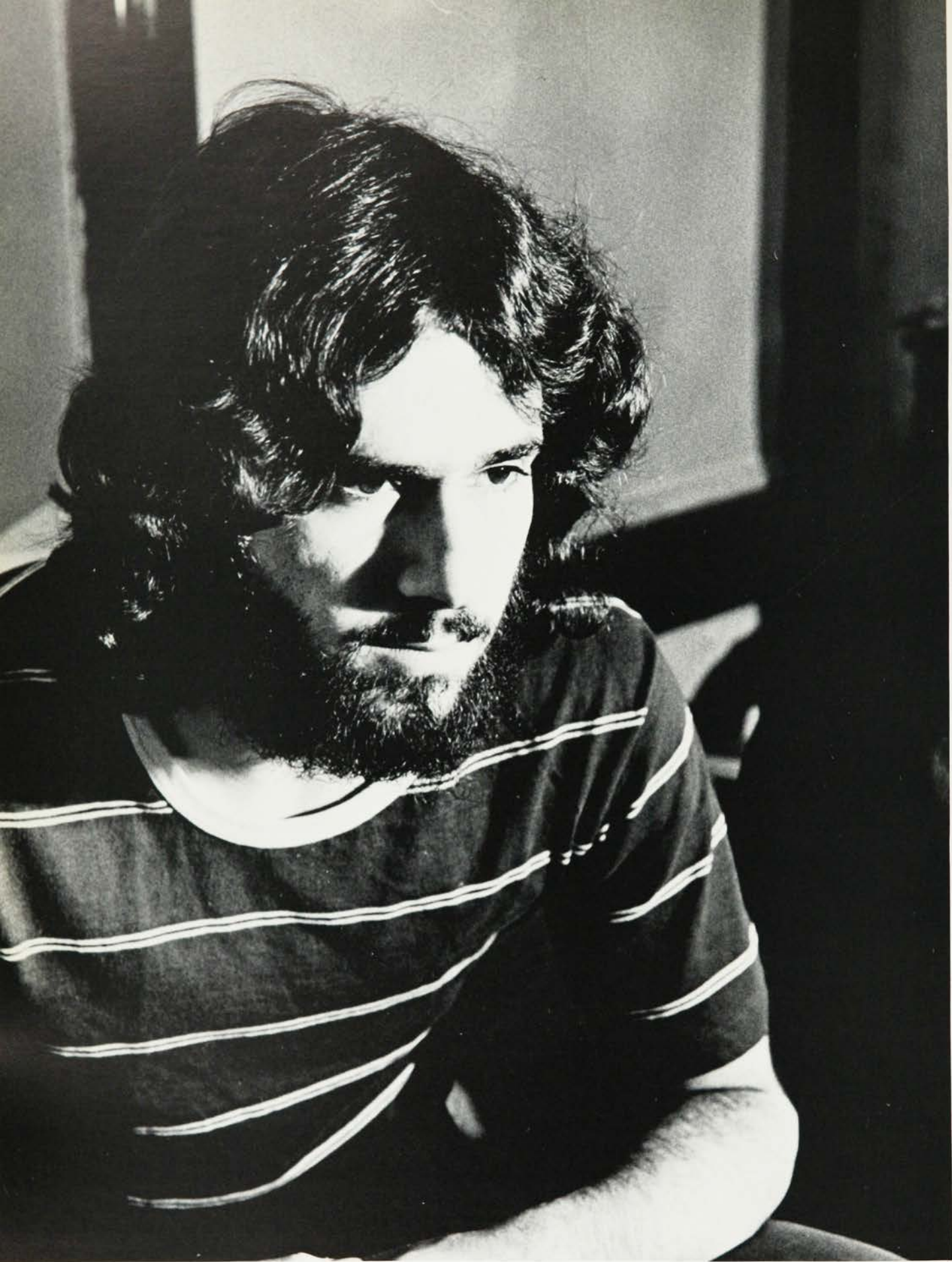




Amy B. Leader



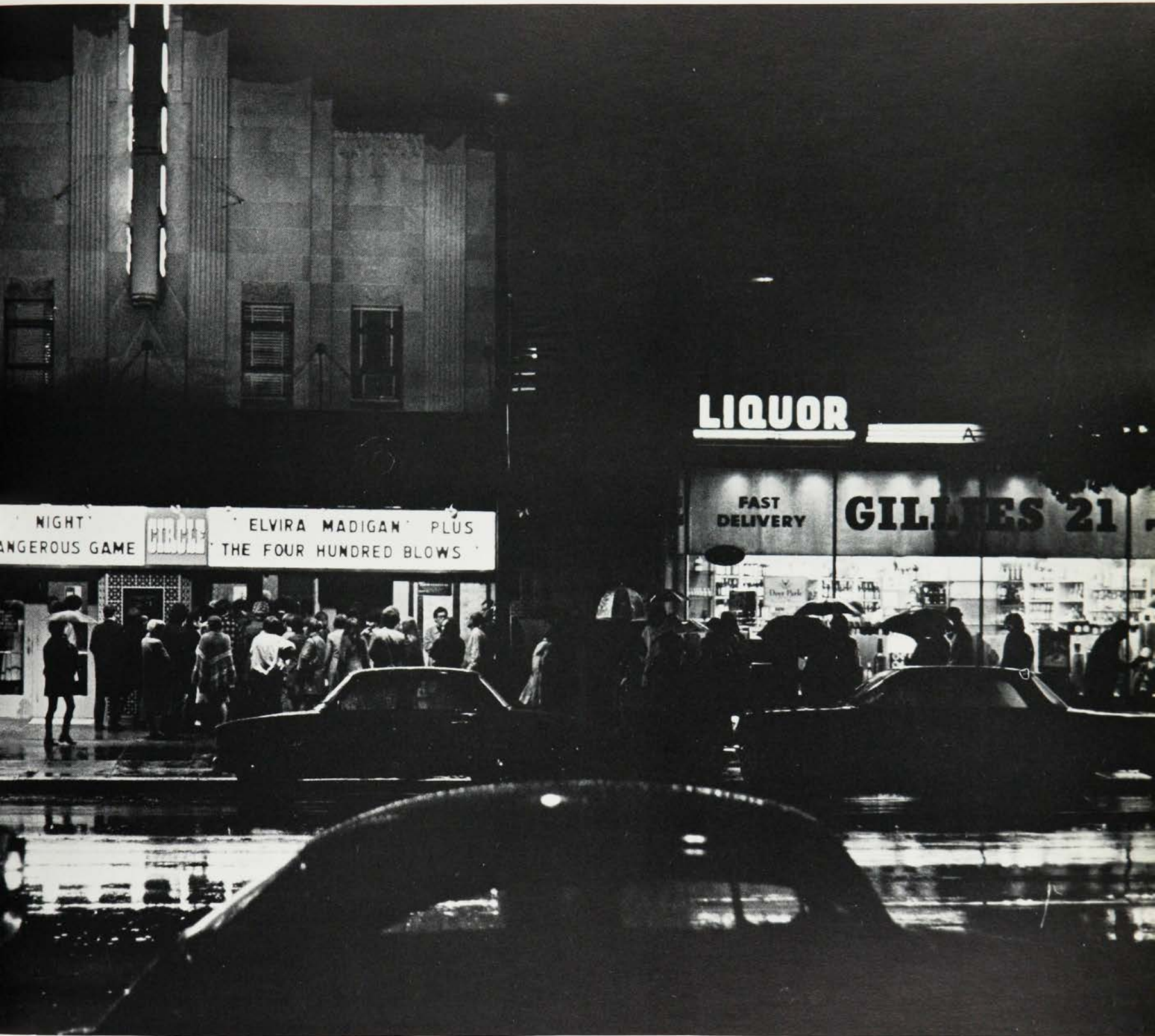




Marc Danzis





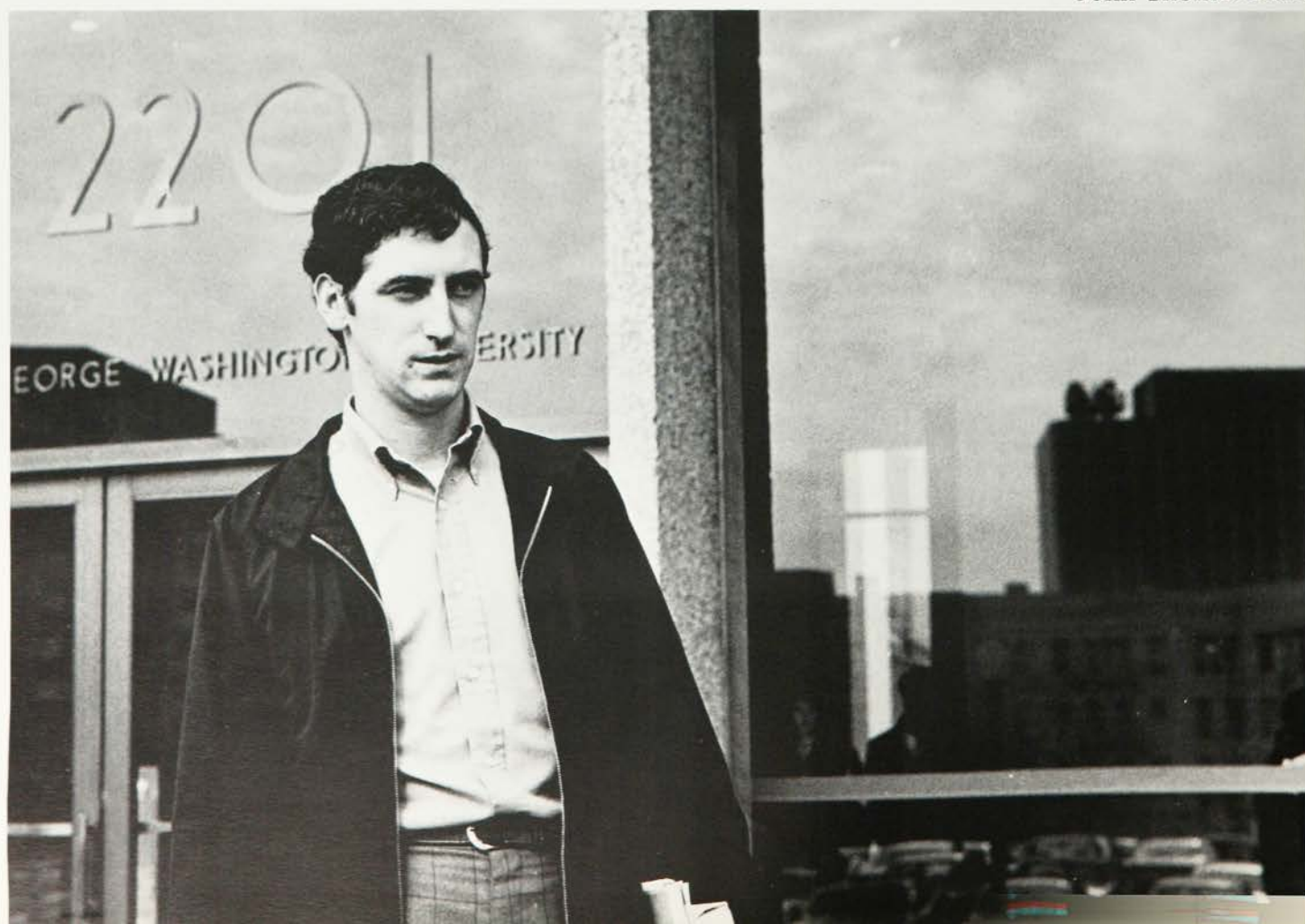




Barbara Bock



John Thomas Duke







Mitchell R. Schrage



Diane Richmond



Louann Debra Glickman



Patricia Sarah Maloof



Stephen Horowitz



Howard N. Leighton



Merrill Blatt



Steven Furman



Patricia Beer



Joel & Sylvia Taub









Front Row: Shayne (dog)

Second Row: Hesh, Packy, "Unidentified Woman," Jacques, Mark Focus

Third Row: Fred, Jean - Guy Dude

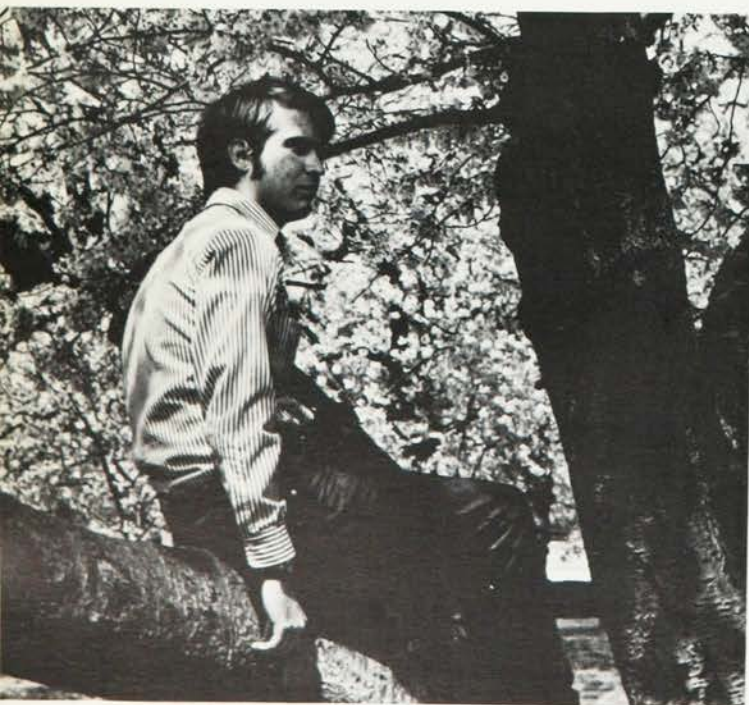
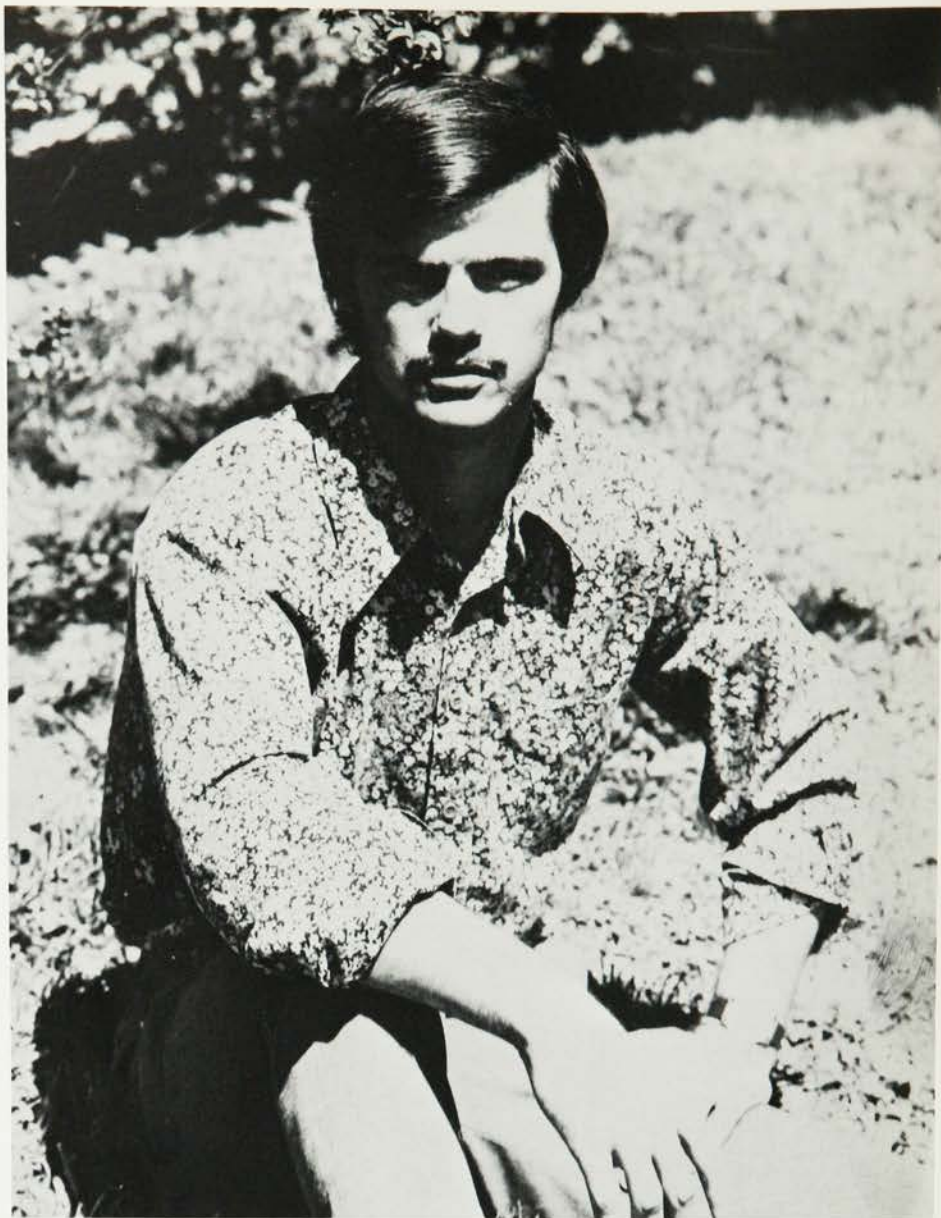
Absent: Fester R. Magoodie, Steve "Guitar" Miller



Bill Mordwin



Charles Mc Clenon



Andrew Piech



Edmond M. Kalter



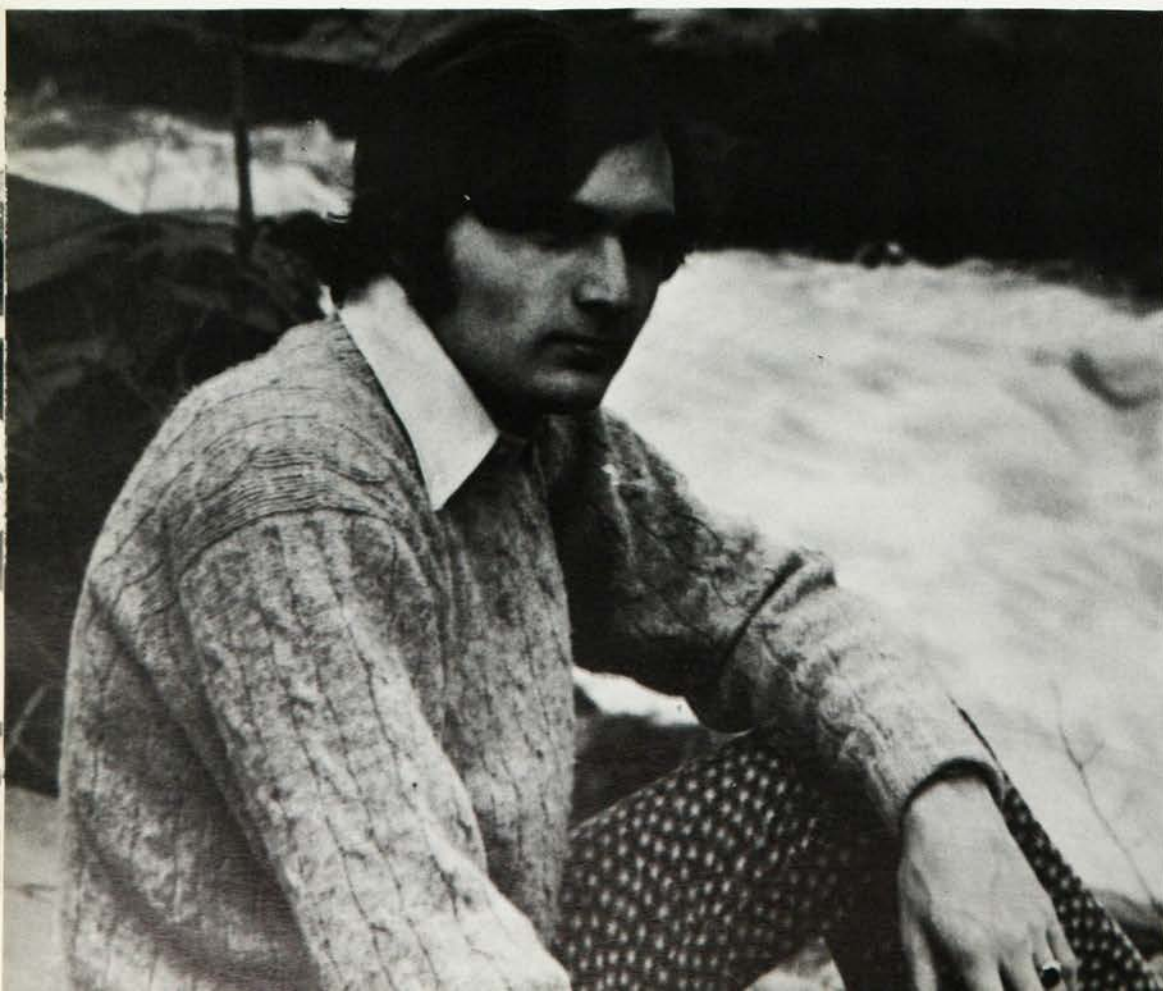
Jane Sunderland







**Leslie Burka**

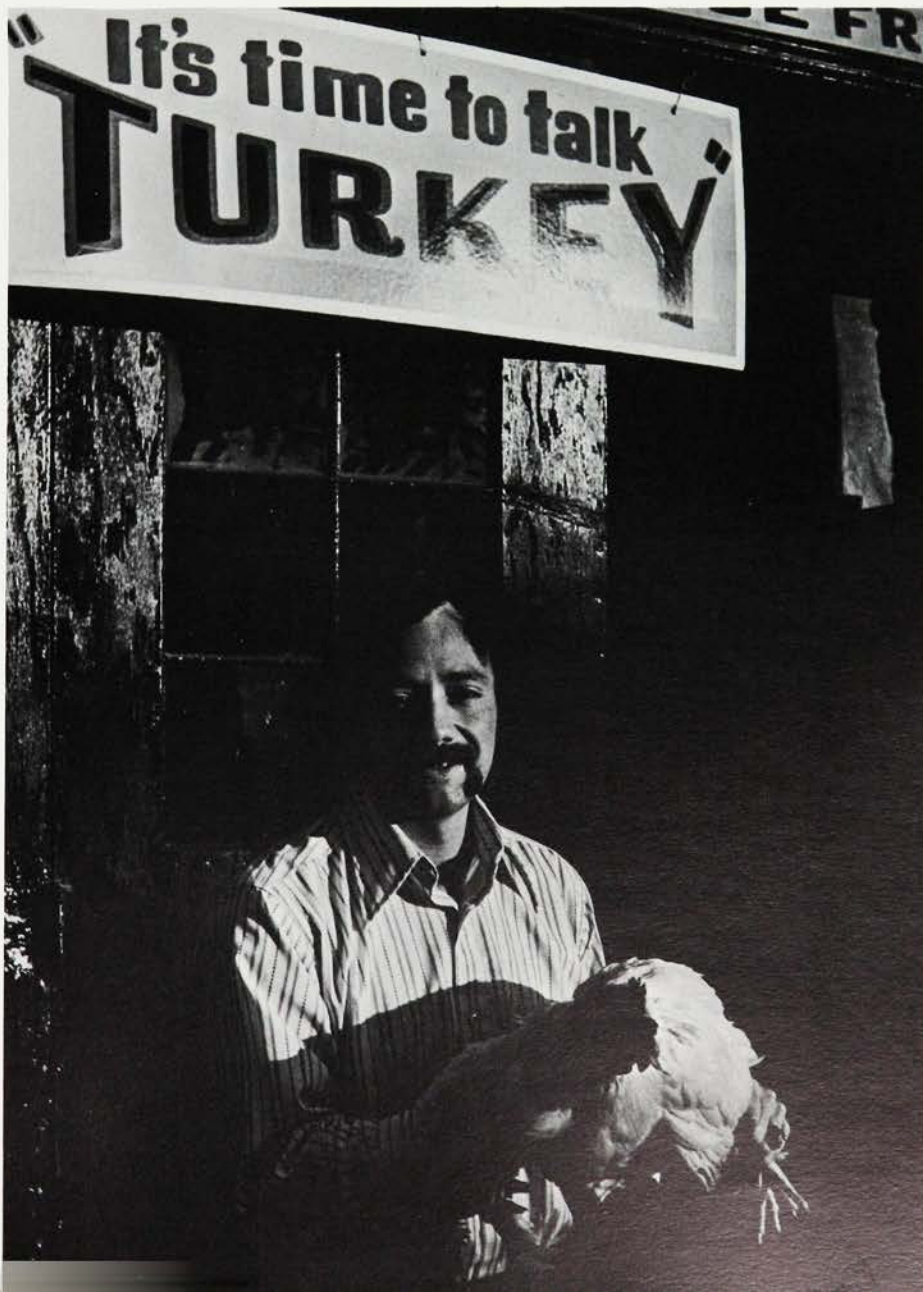


**James D. Watson**



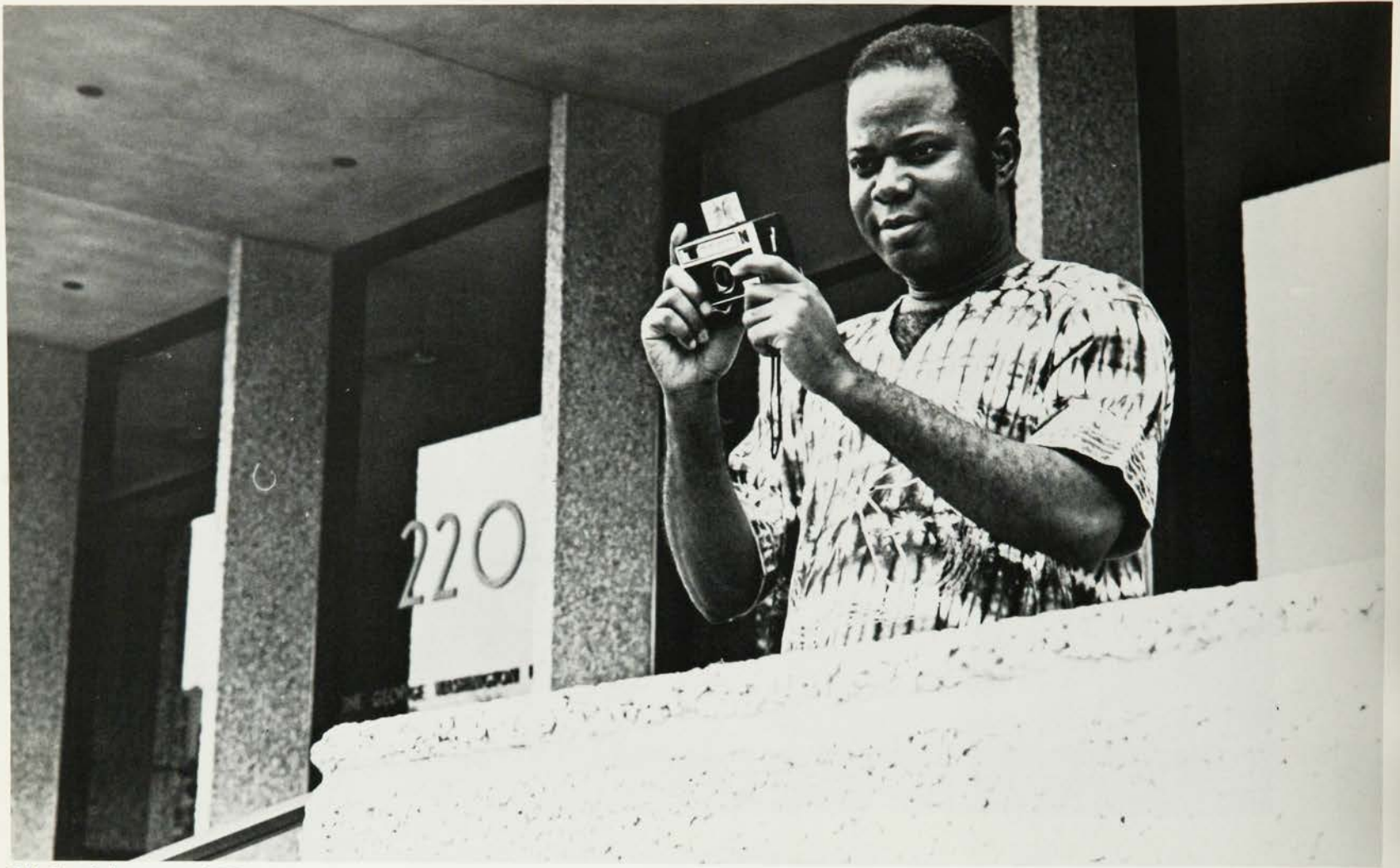


Paula Schuchman

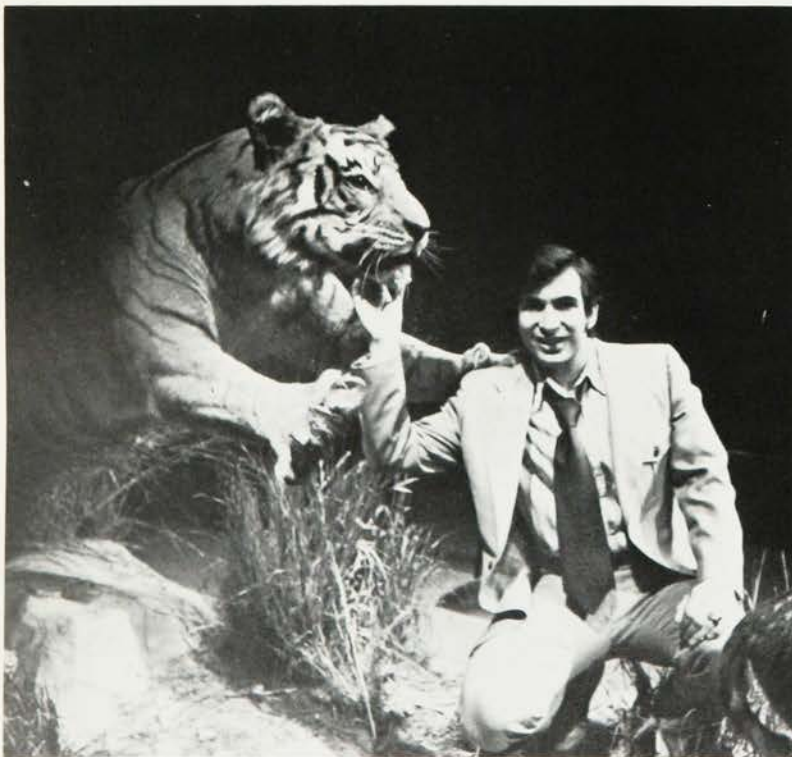


Jerry Kaminsky





Michael Agomuoh Ubochi



Charles J. Mysak



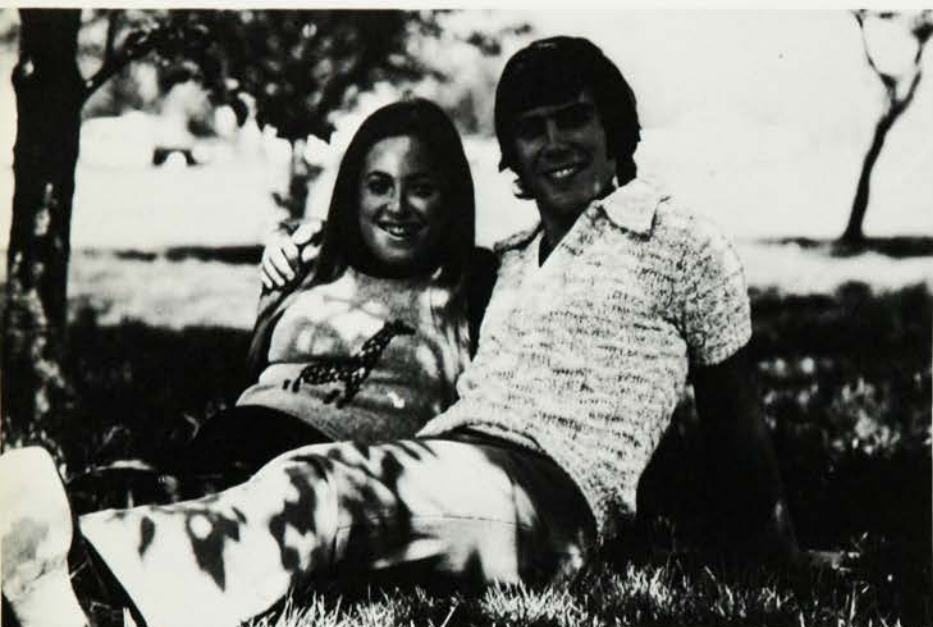
Jill Tepper





W. John Wicker





Maddy Domenitz



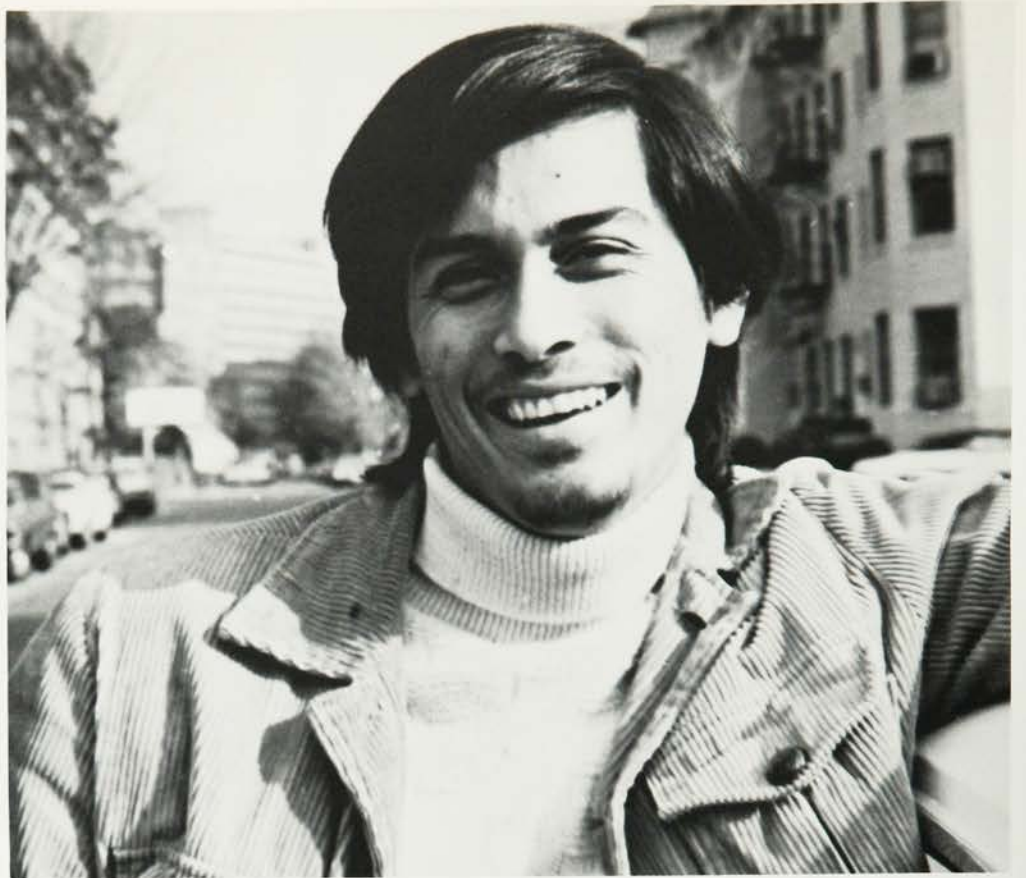
Carol L. Rich







Tony Walker



Jerry & Carol Cooper



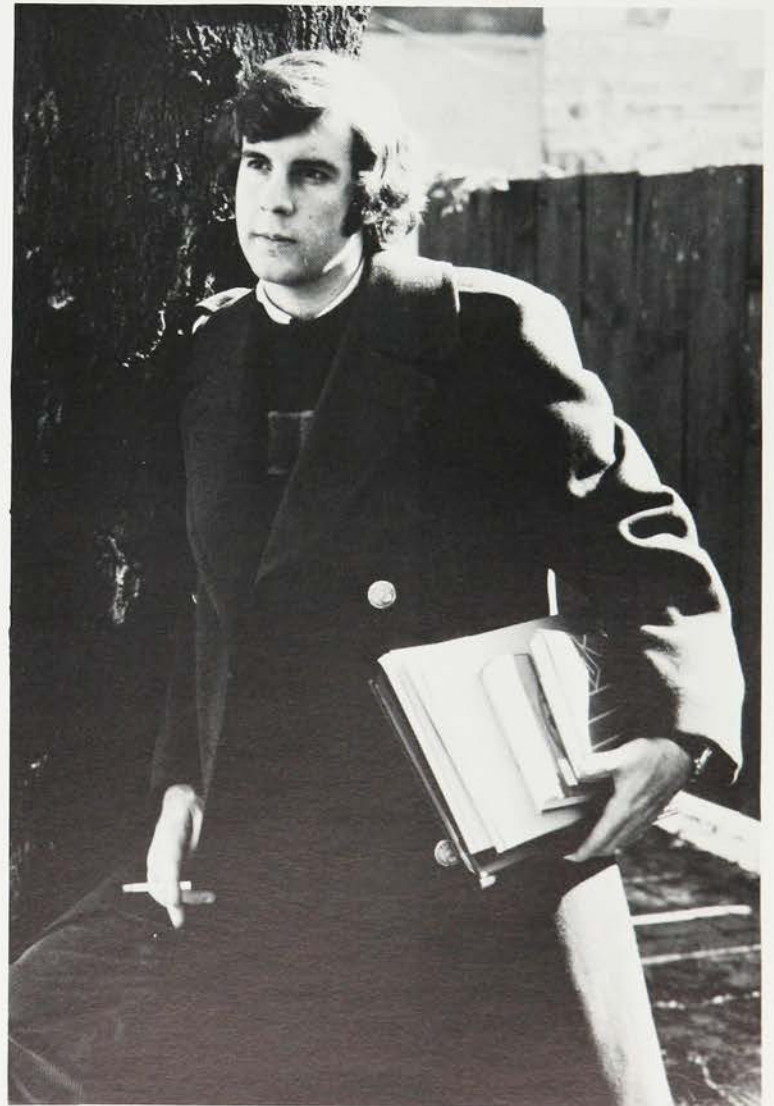


Ralph W. Kalish, Jr.



Ira Brenner

Ronni Finkel



Perry David Smith



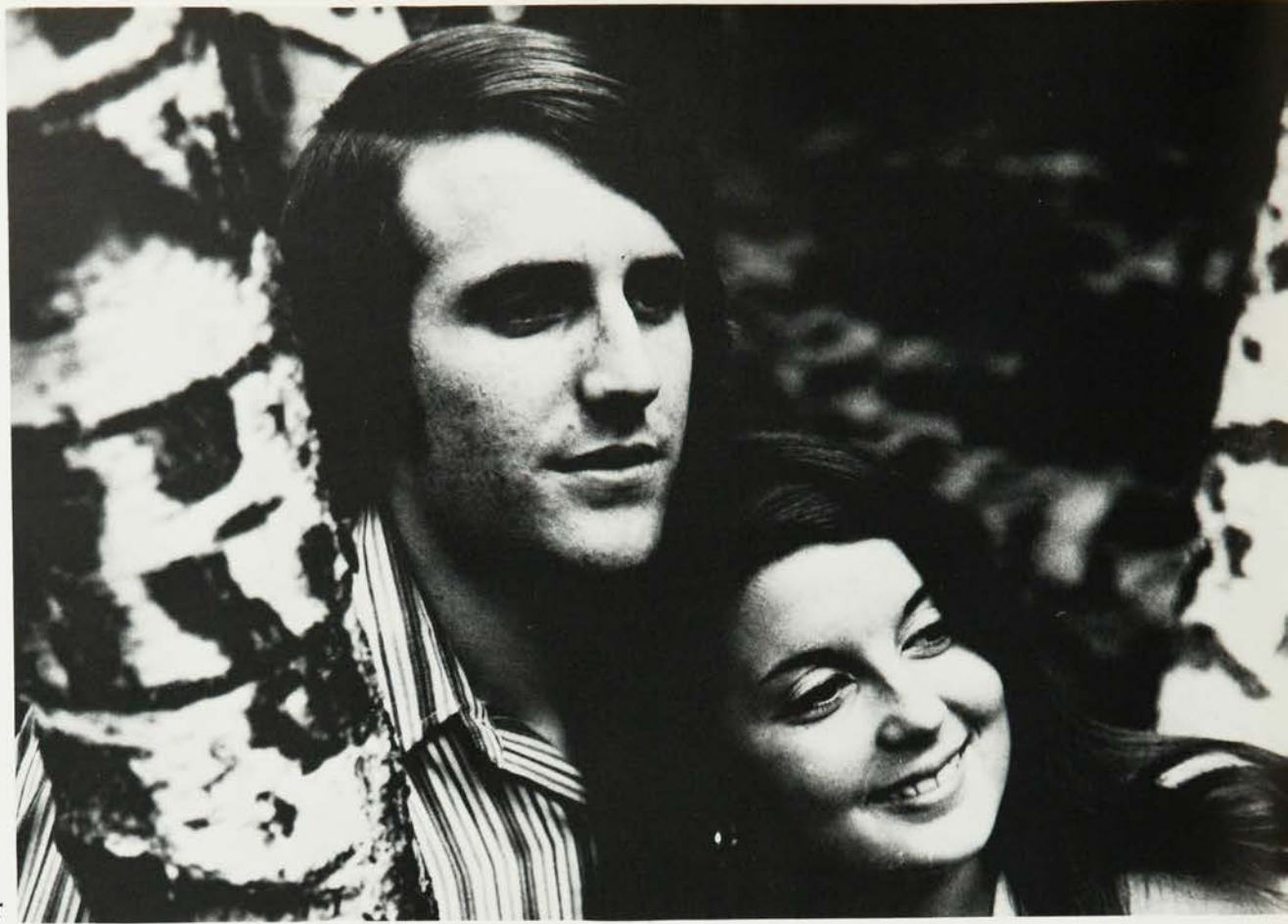


Jim Ciarrocki









Rand & Lindsay Kruger



Paul Nemiroff





Linda Schoener

Hilda Shamash





Gloria Ivey

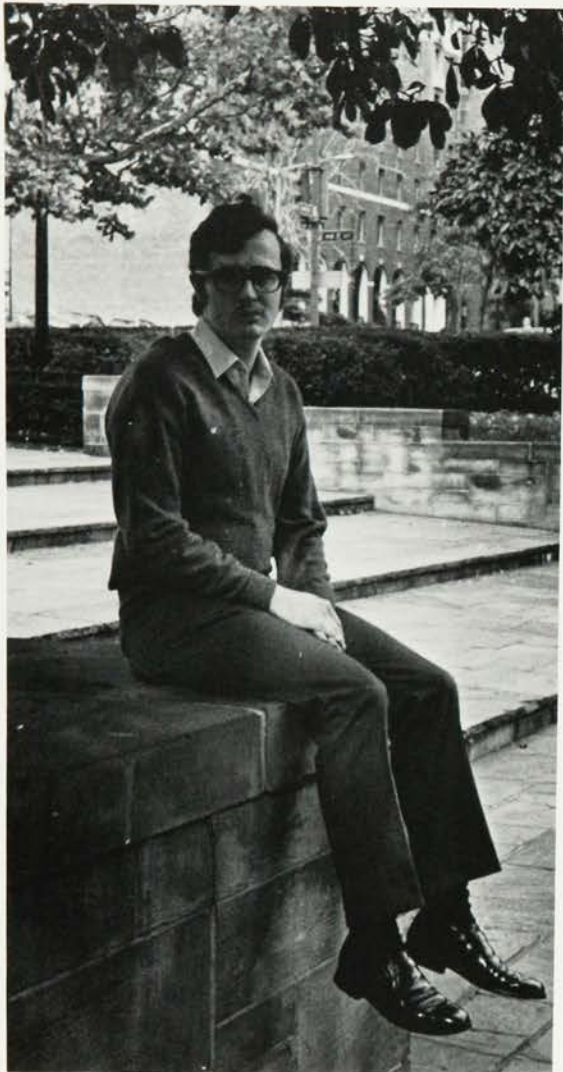


Judy Markman





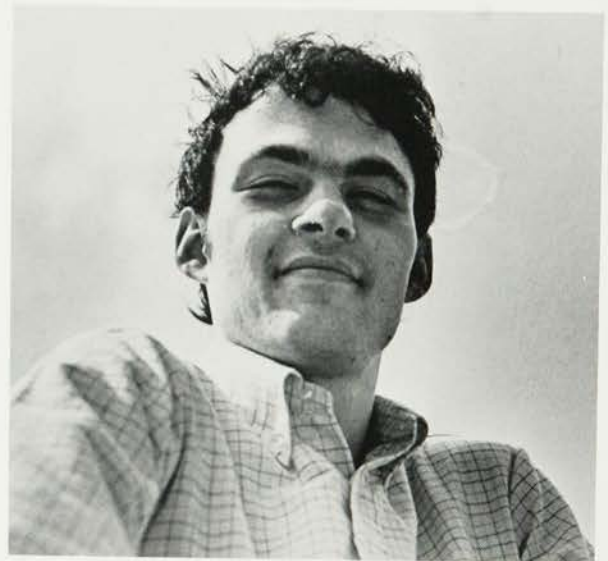




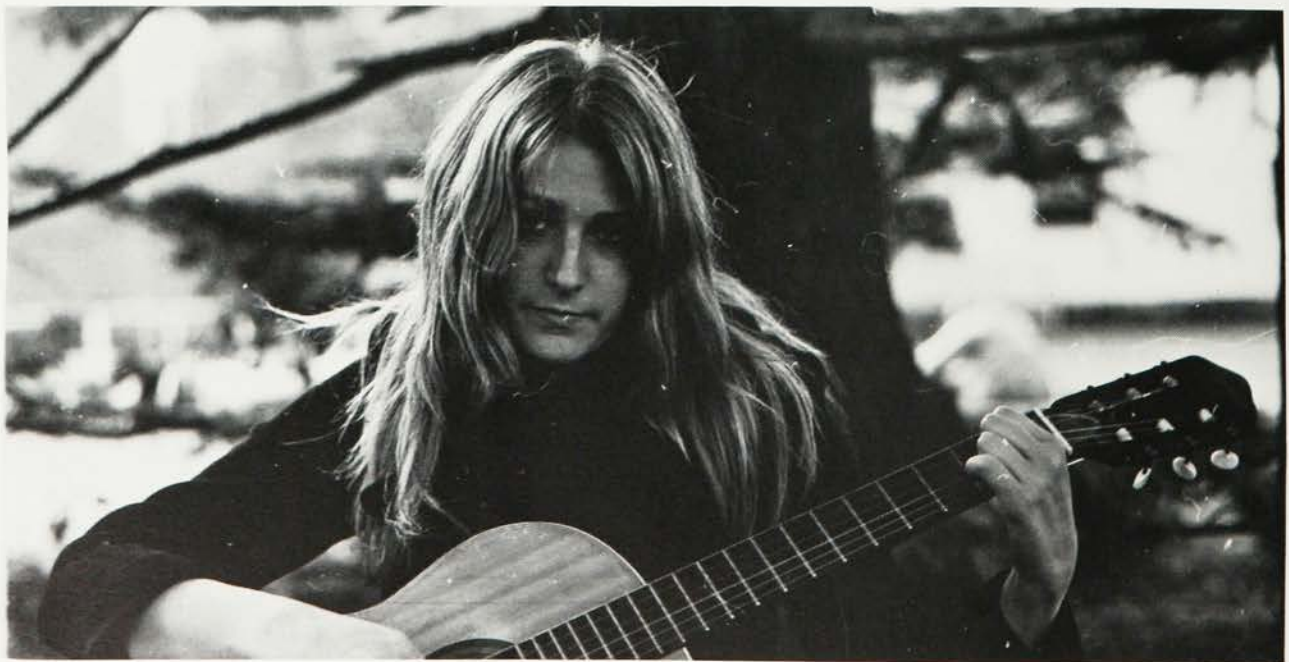
Alan K. Jeeves



Norma Gonnella



Jerrold Marans

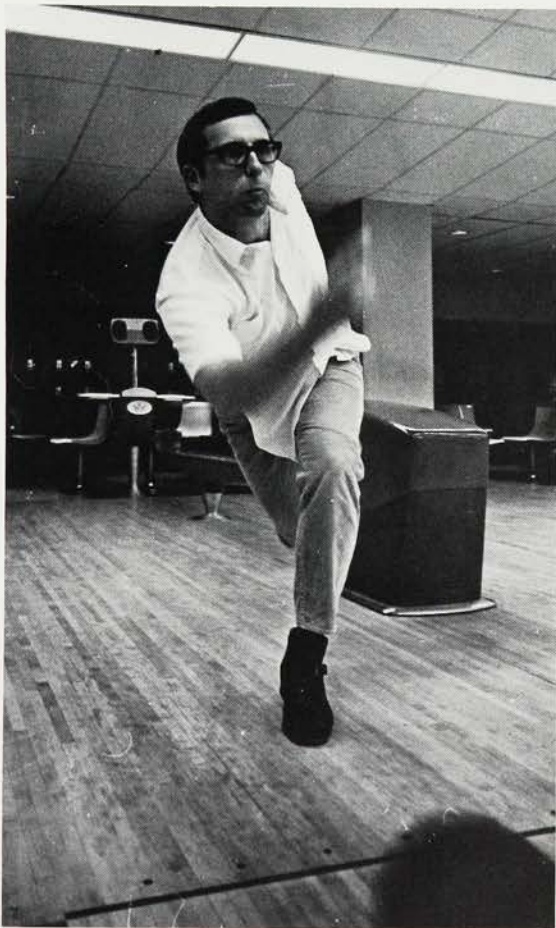


Denise Shindel





Jeffrey Cohn



Richard Malcolm

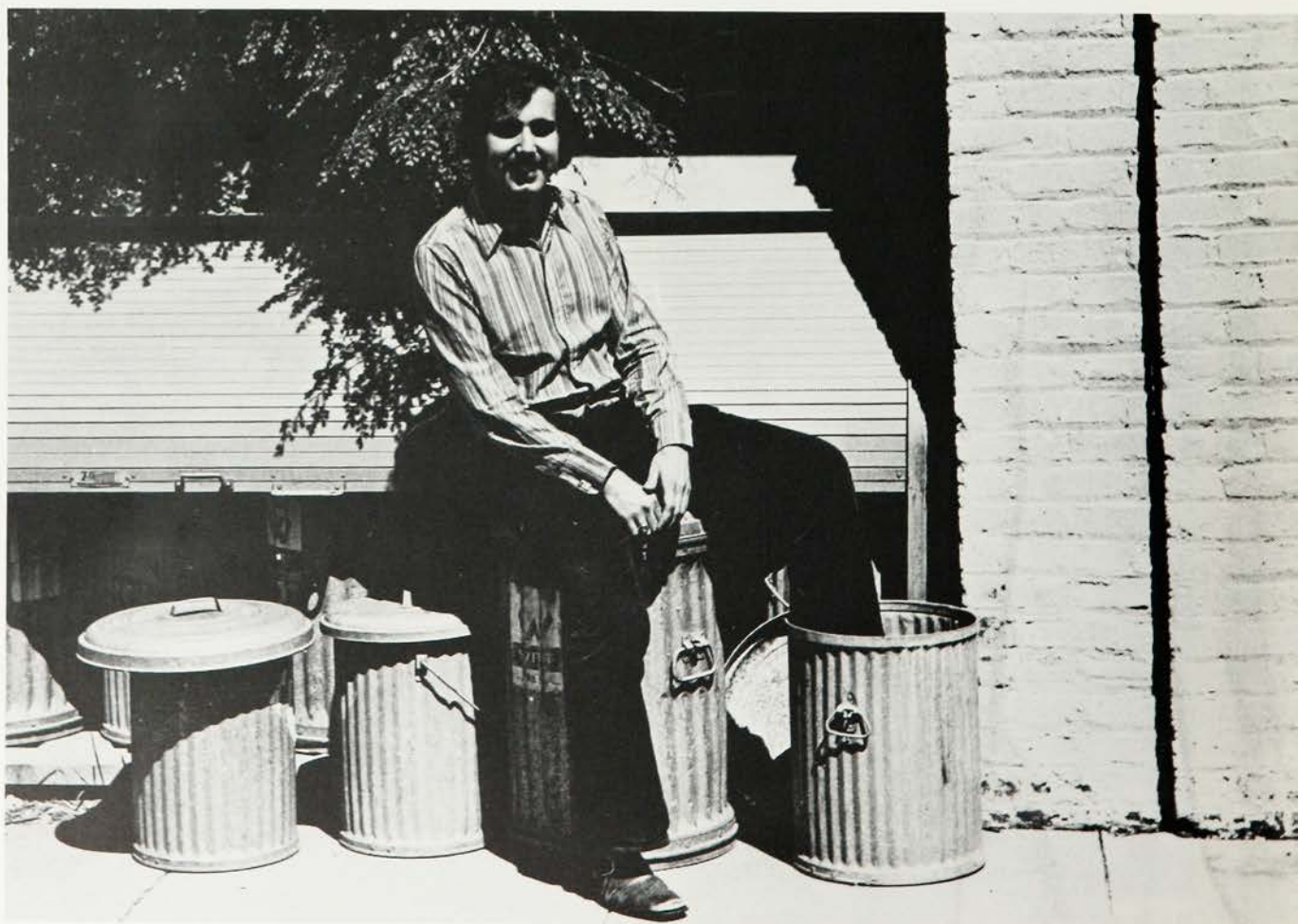


Ronnie Ragoff





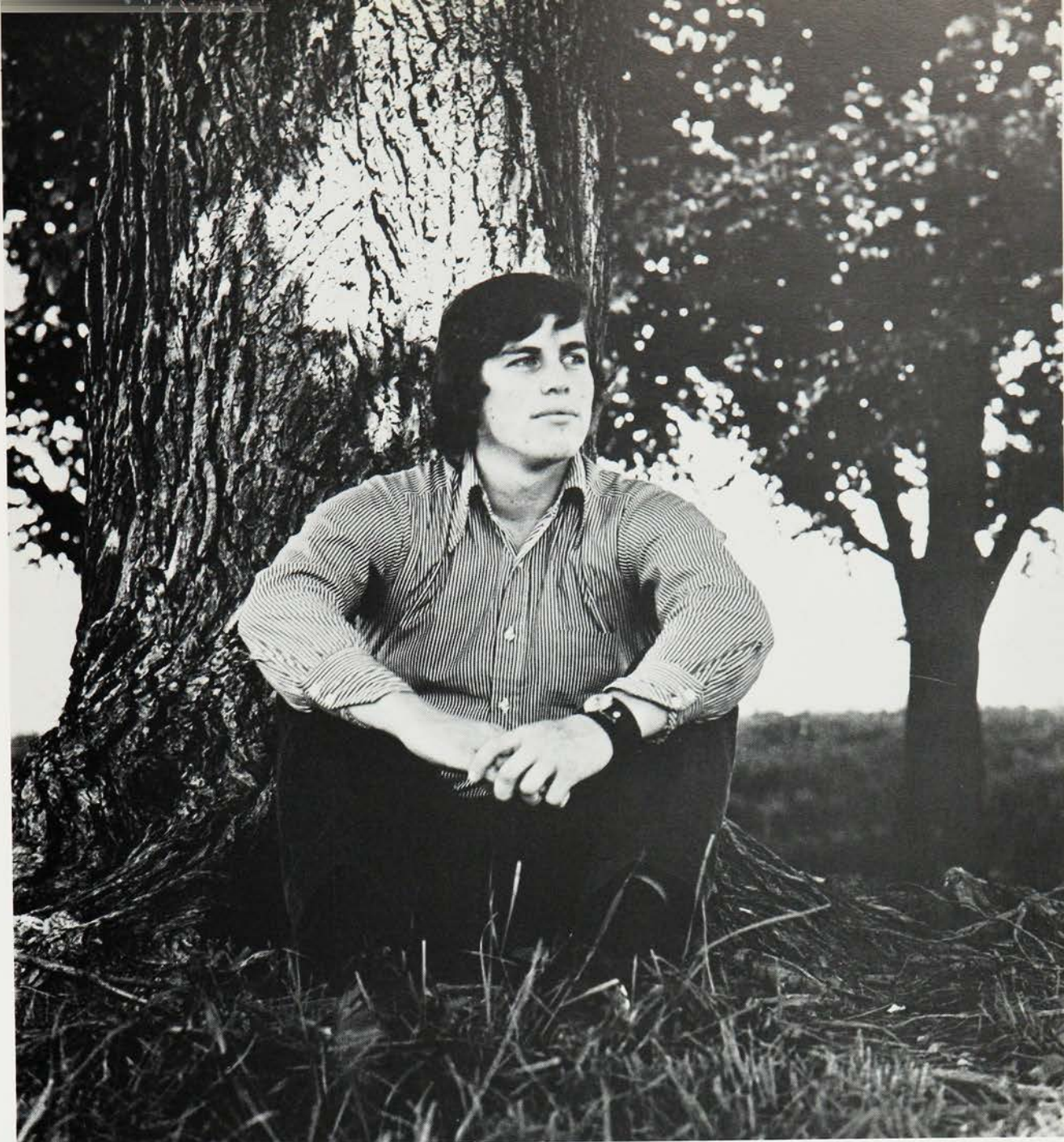
Dorothy Werner



Neil Zolkind



Glenn Sobel



Carol Dorfman







Stephen Meyerhardt



Jane Graham





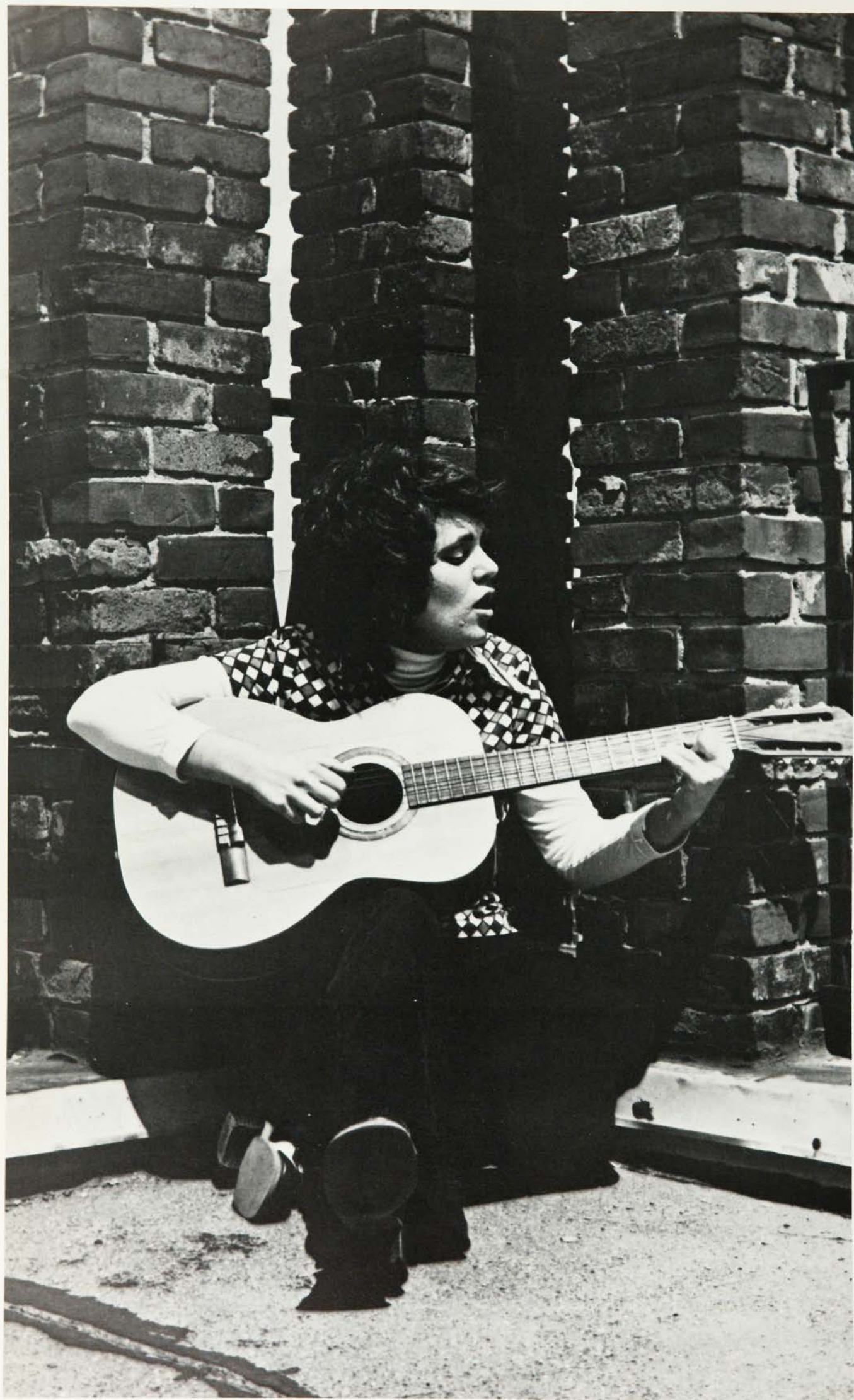
Robert Warren



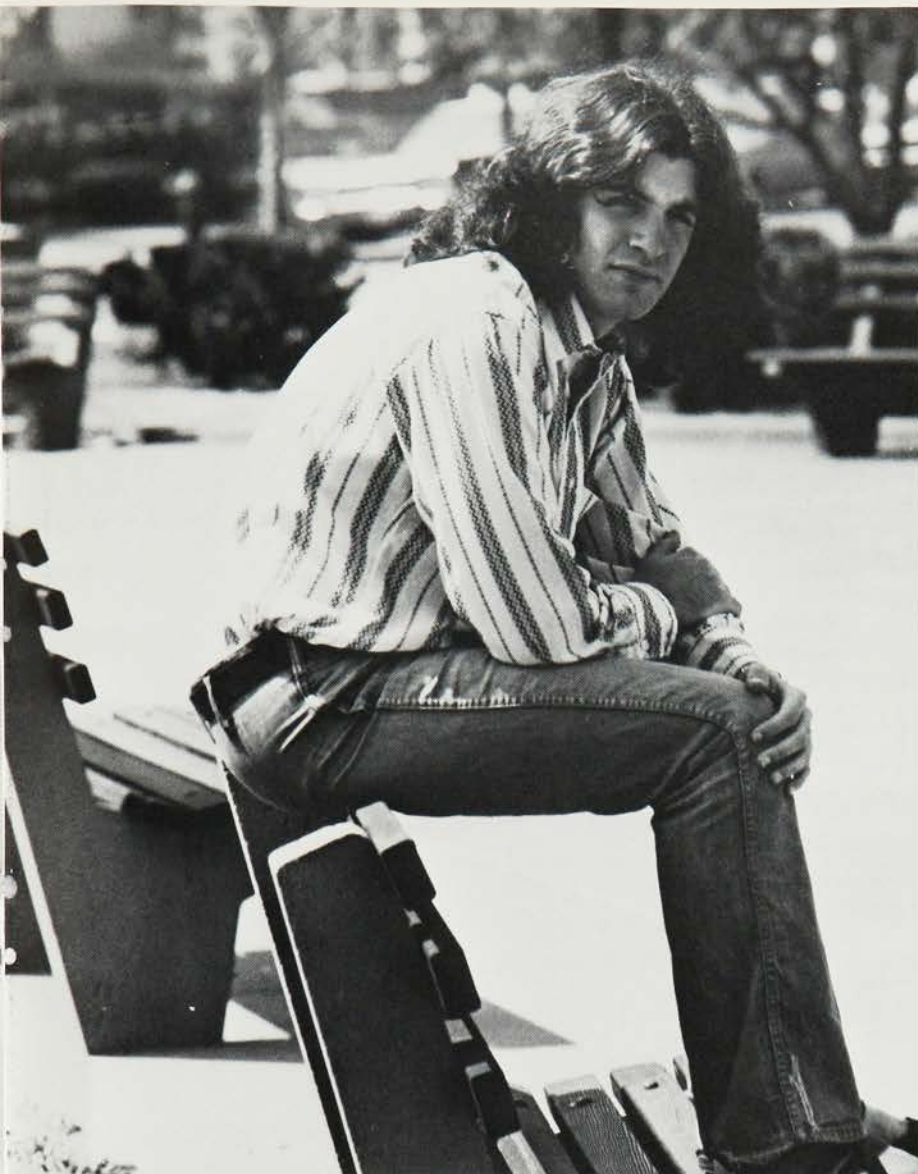
Karen Neuman



Laurie E. Buchalter

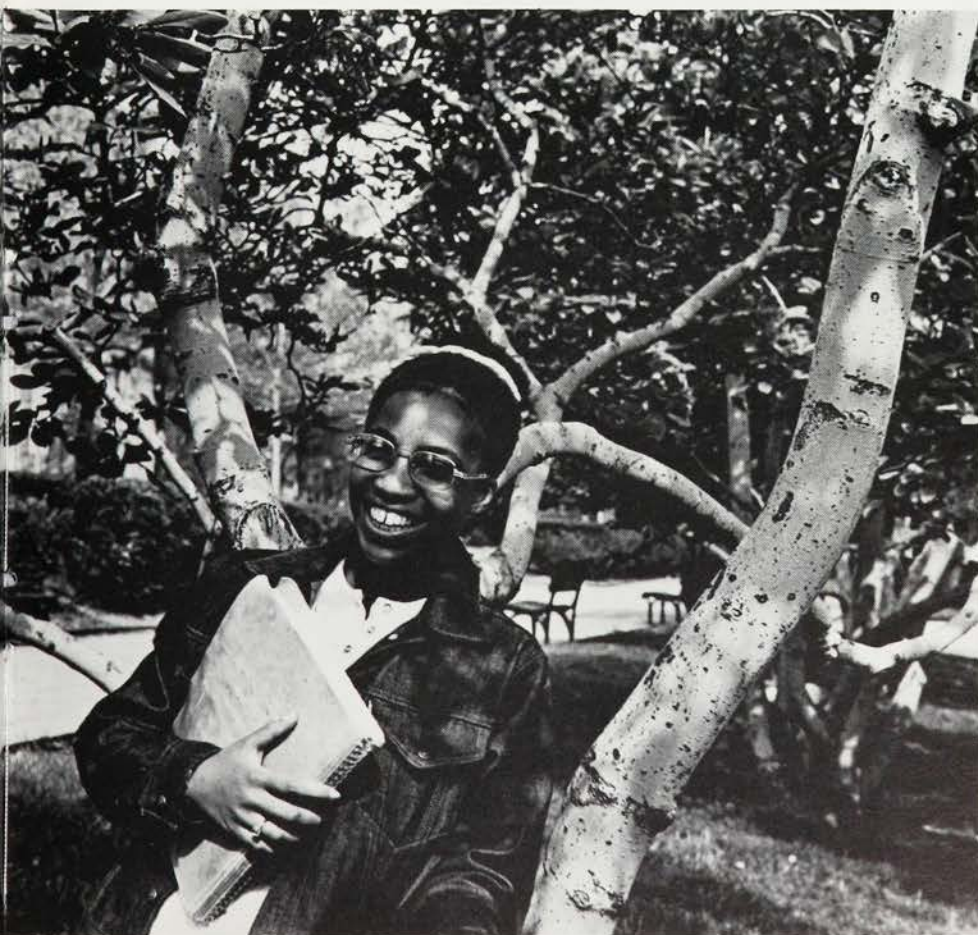






Neil Bomberg

Arlene Gutwillig



Jacqueline Worthy



Frank Kase





Linda Church



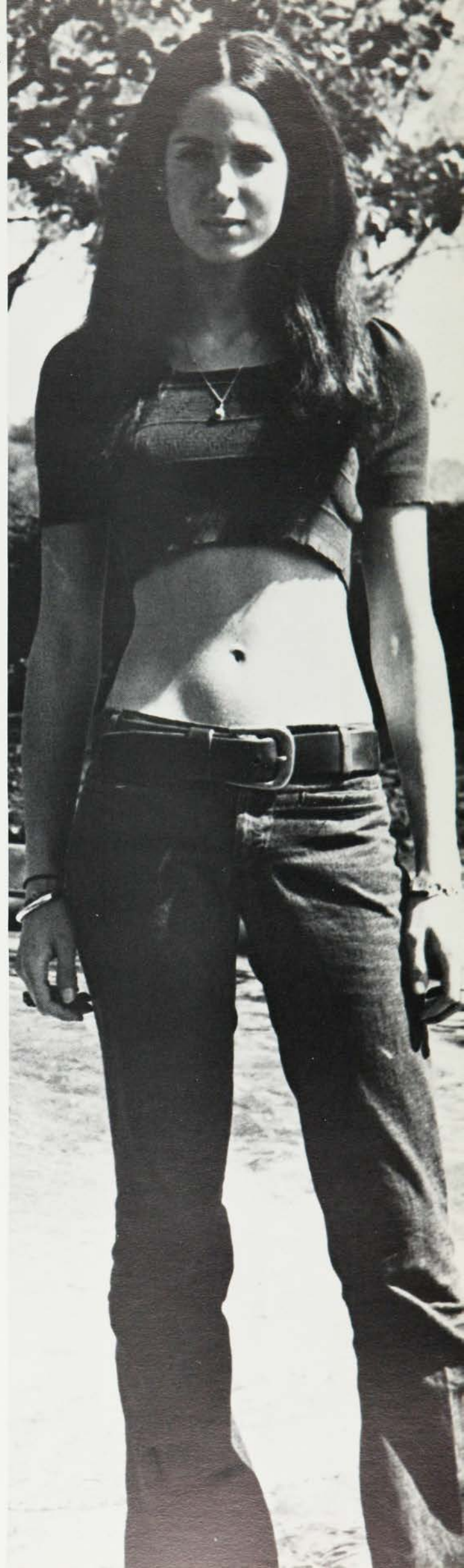
David Barrows



Irene Baron



Ron Harris



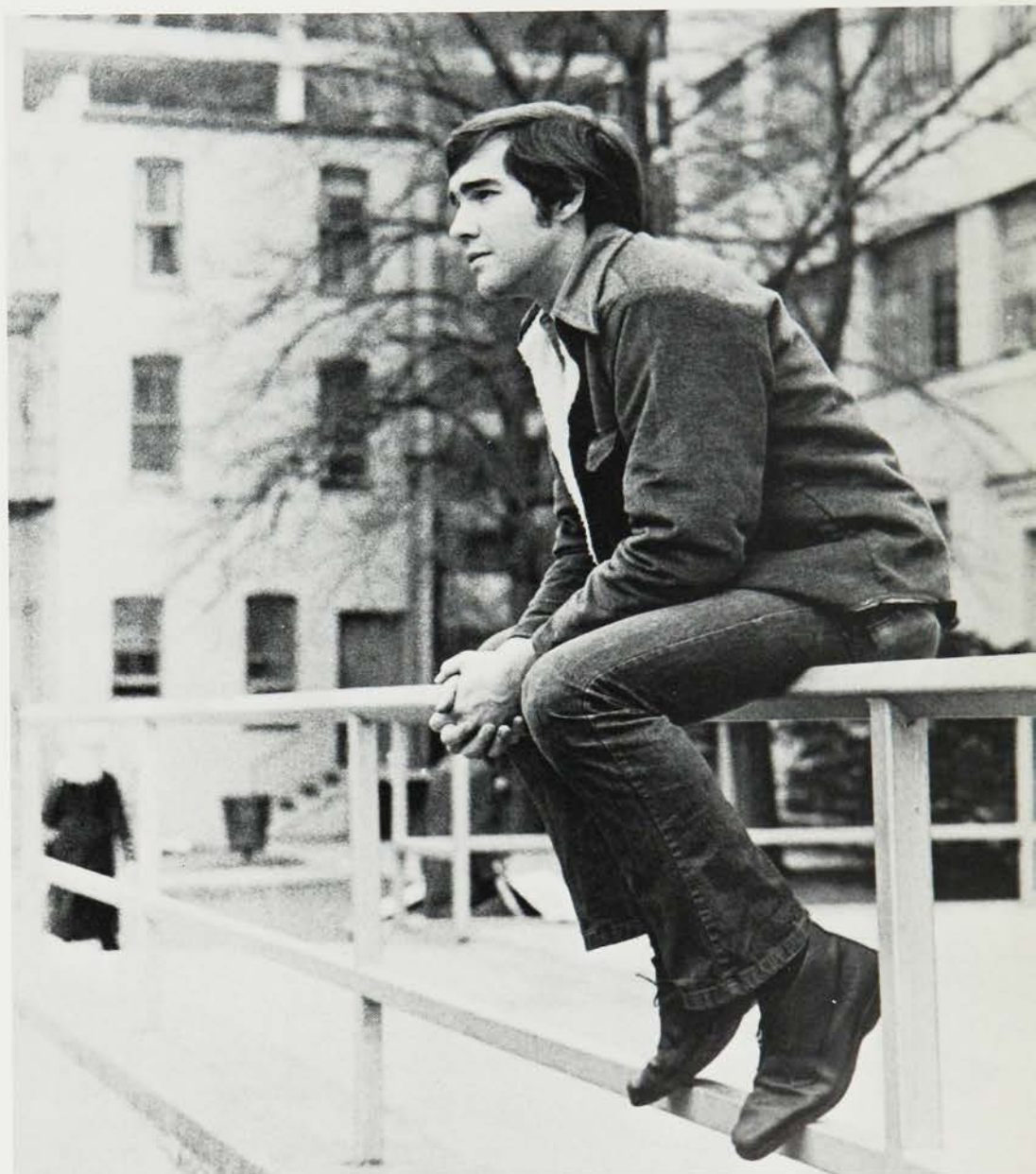








Arlene R. Brickner



Elton Watkins

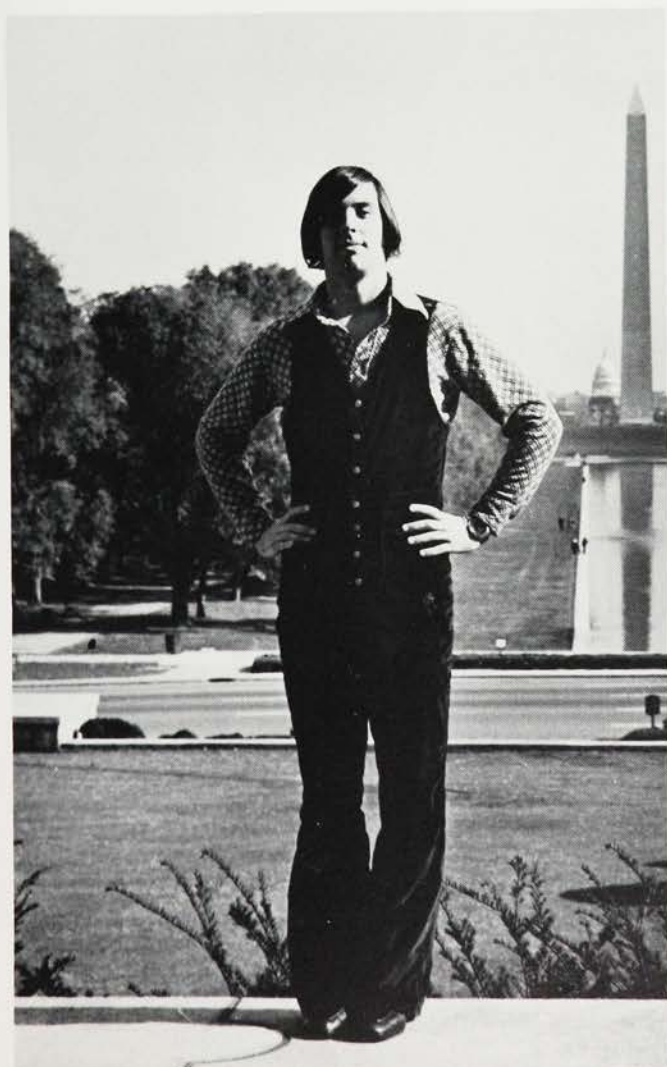








Virginia Hedden

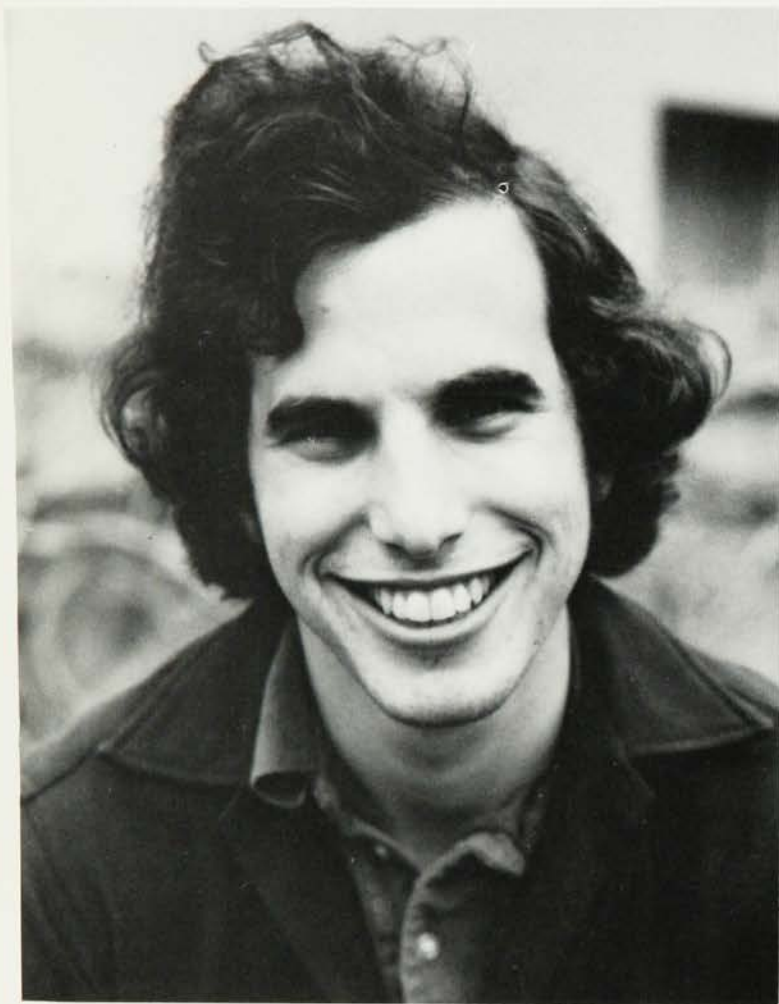


Jonathon Lippman



Stephen Alan Lechter





Bob Cooper



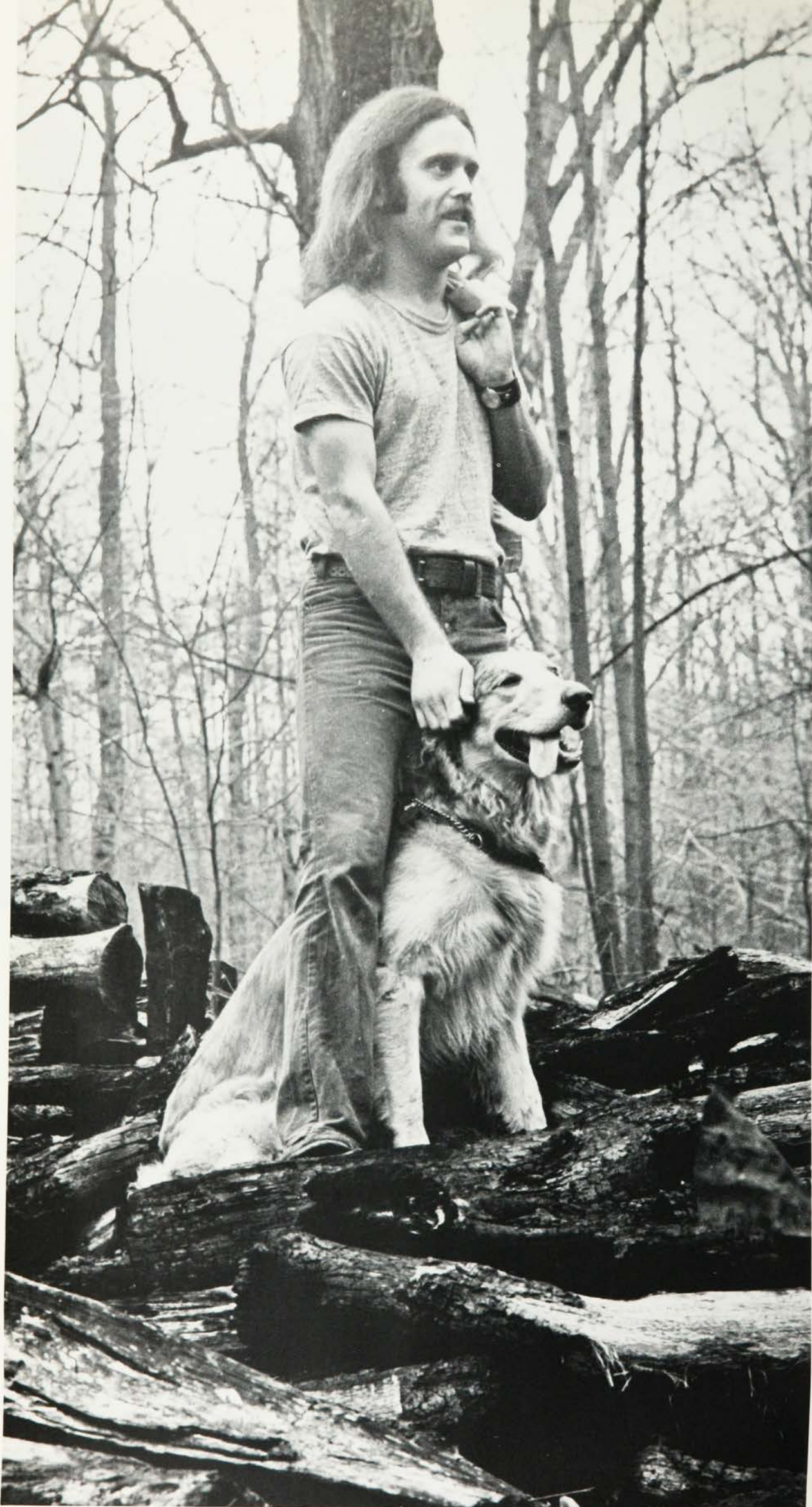
Maria Brice





Timothy Rock Cullen



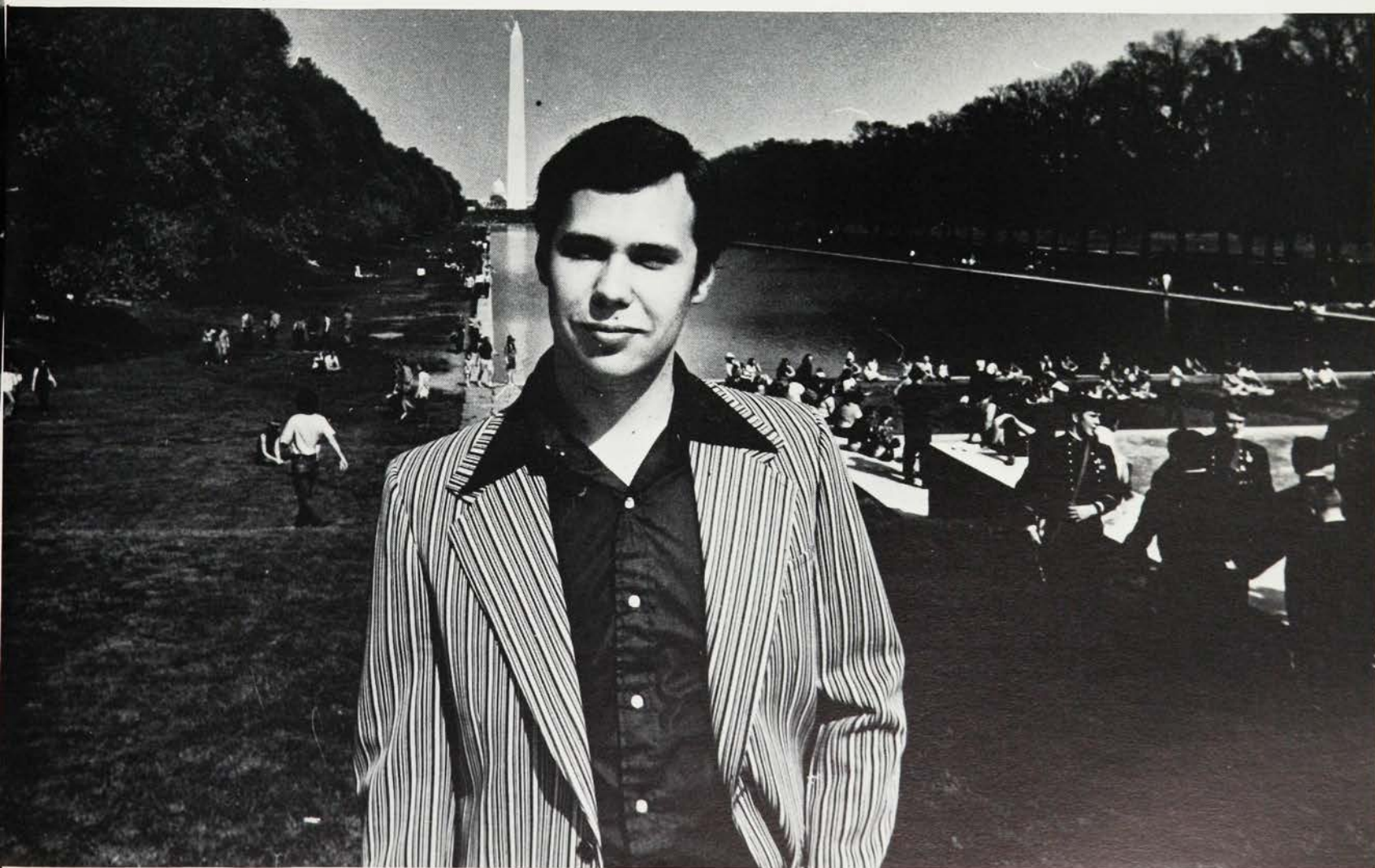






Beverly Zerwitz

Howard Haby





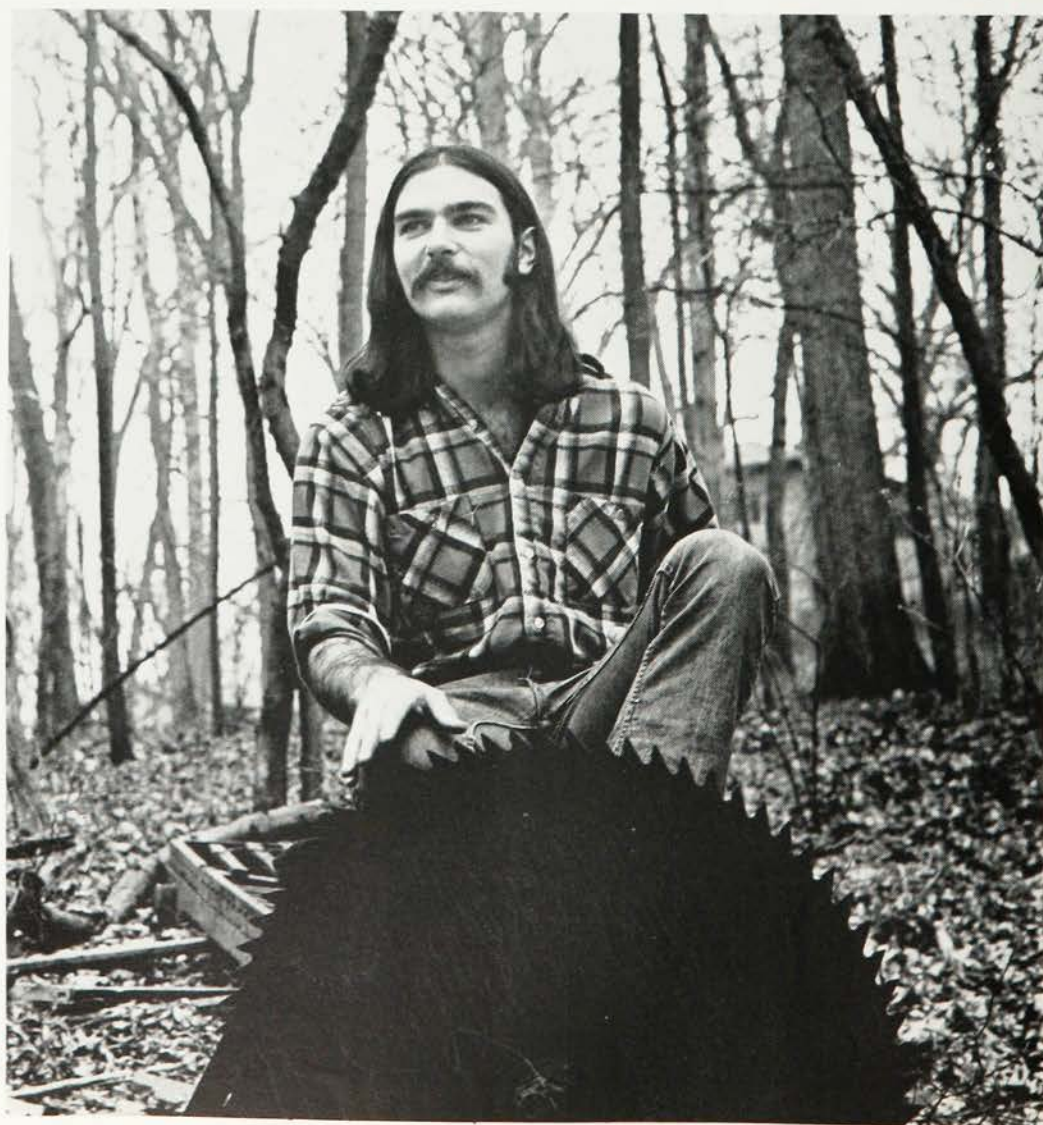


Ellen Levy

Steven Pesak

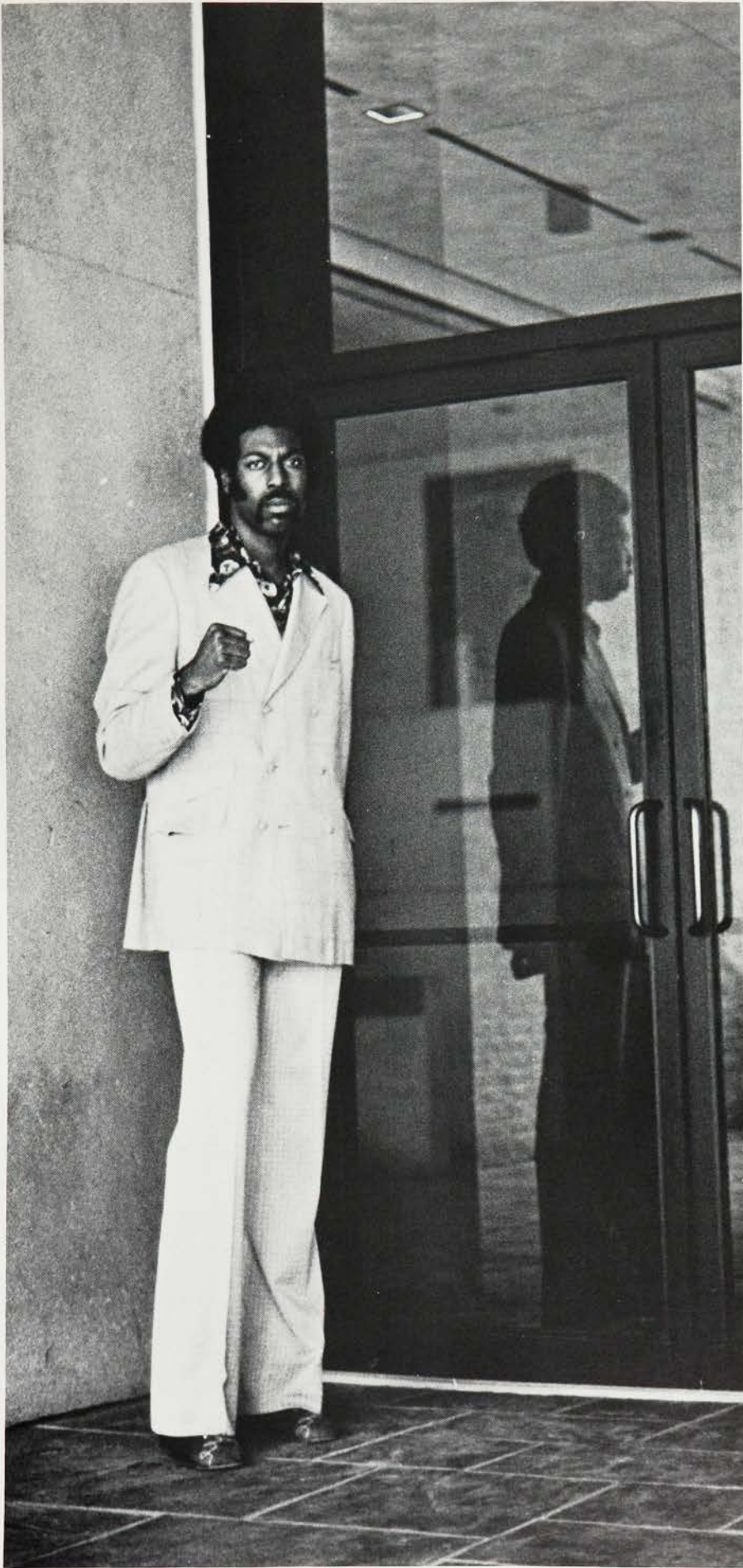


Jonathan Doe the Cusher (Wait)



Gary Marmon





Maurice (Gus) Johnson



Candace Williams



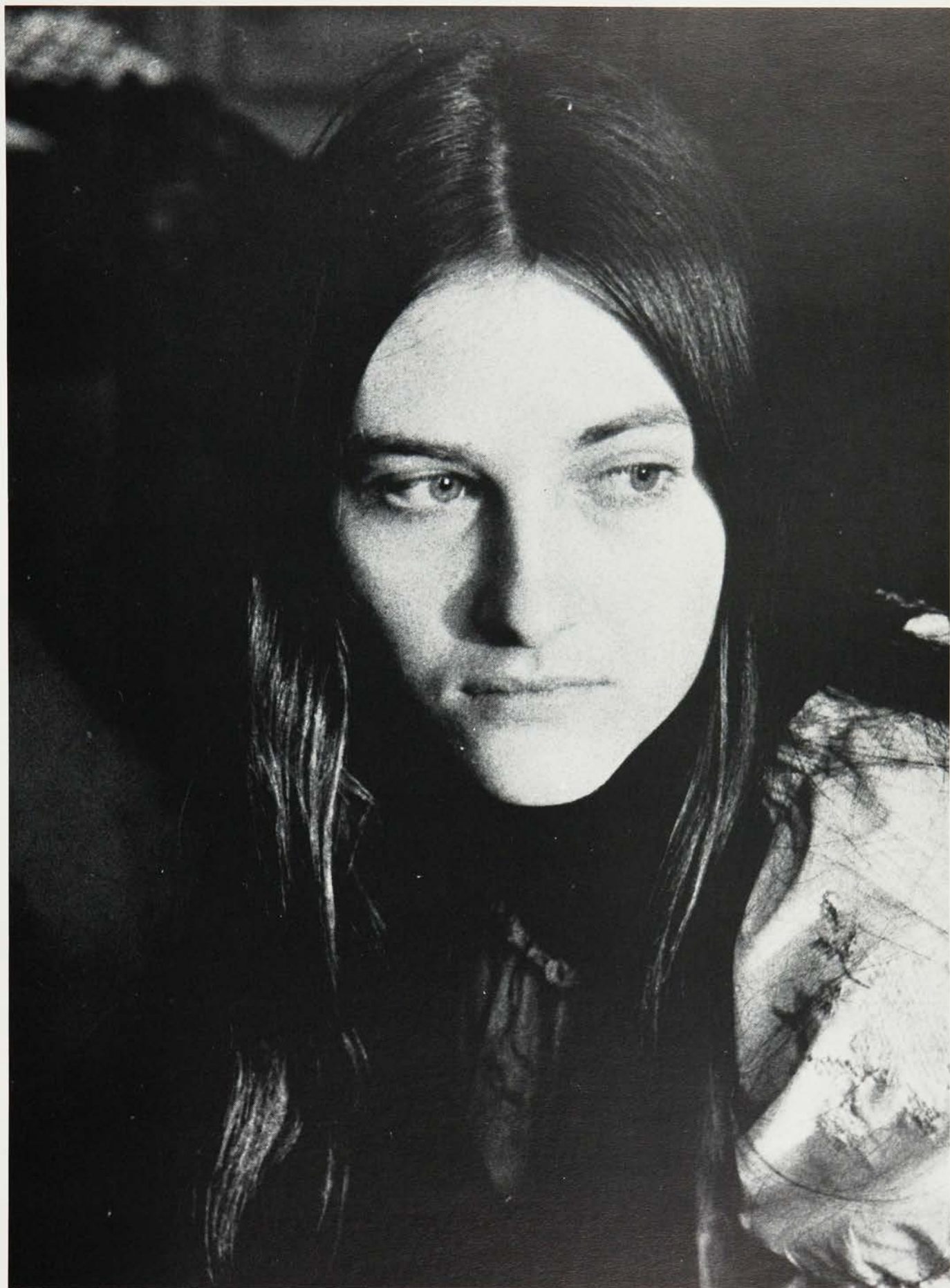


Richard Teitell



Glenn Harris





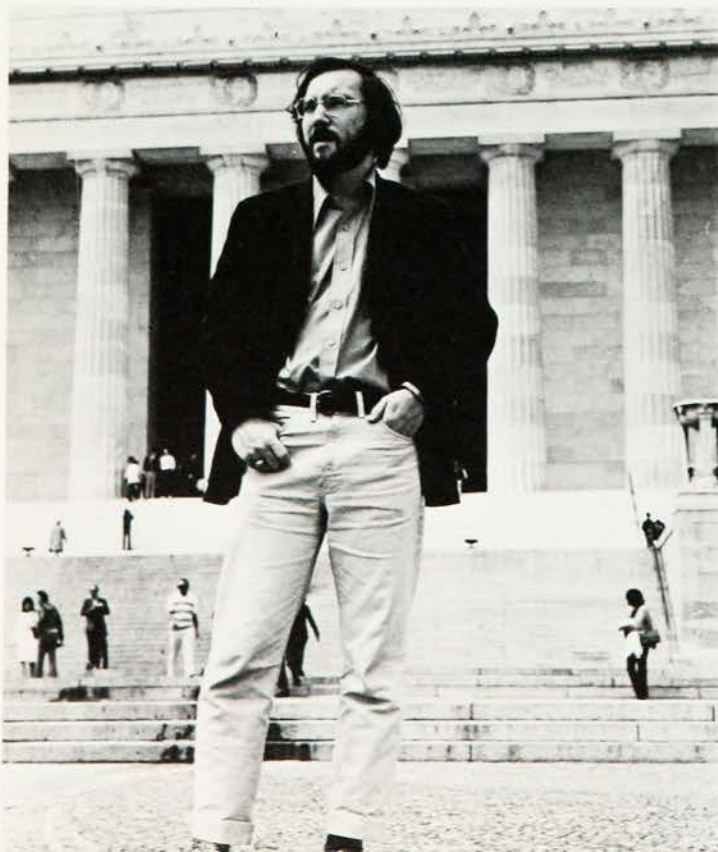
Suzanne McMenamin



Sally Sanford



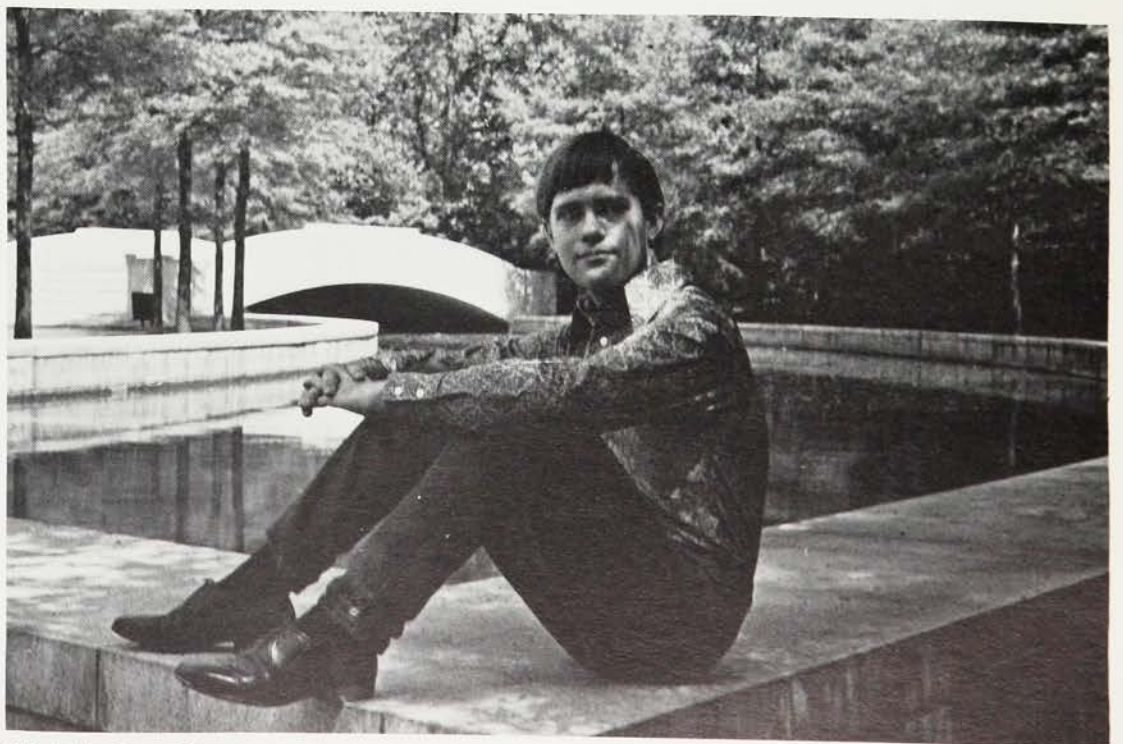
Jerry J. Yuknauage



Pam Cohen

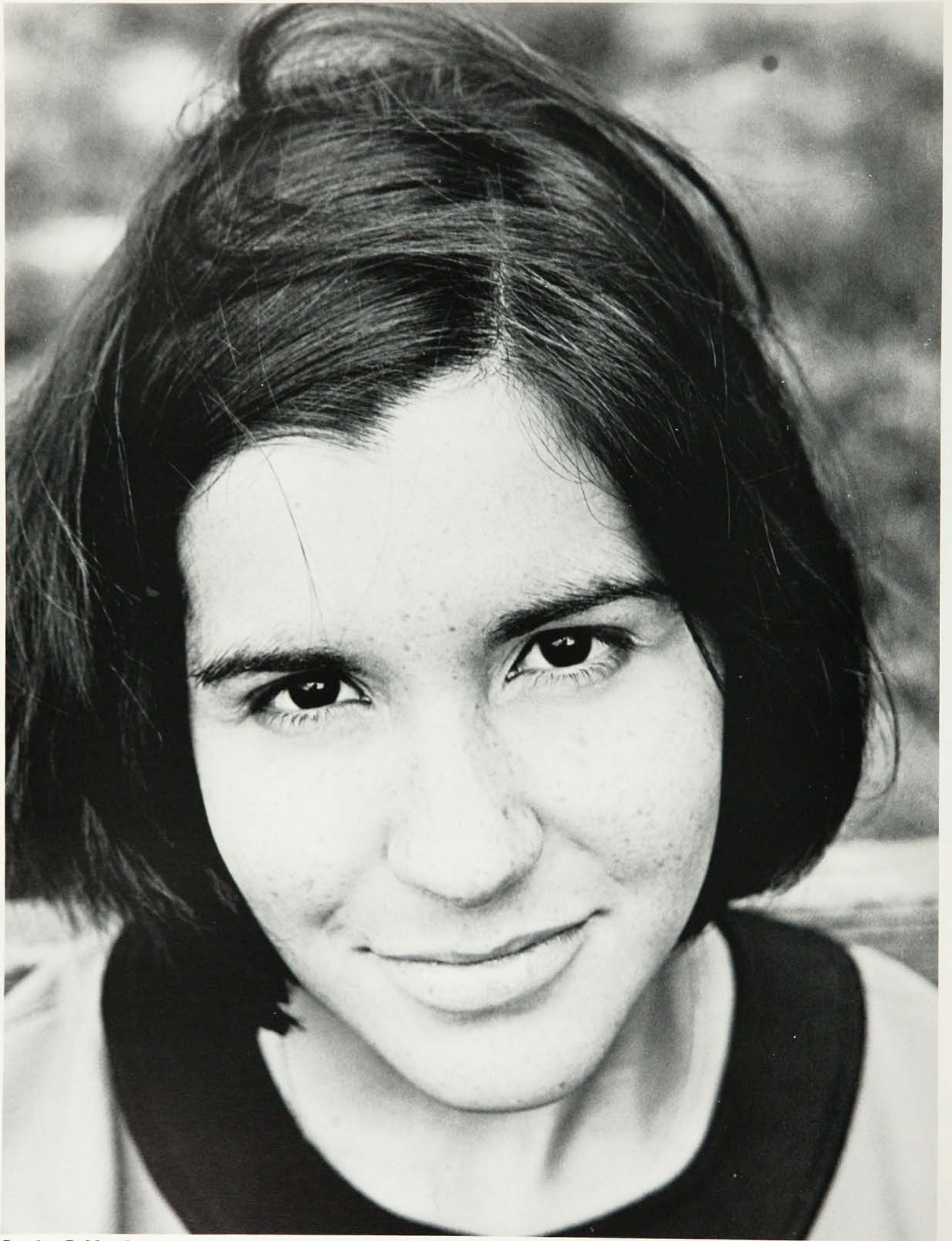


Robert Eric Fishbein



Christopher Elder





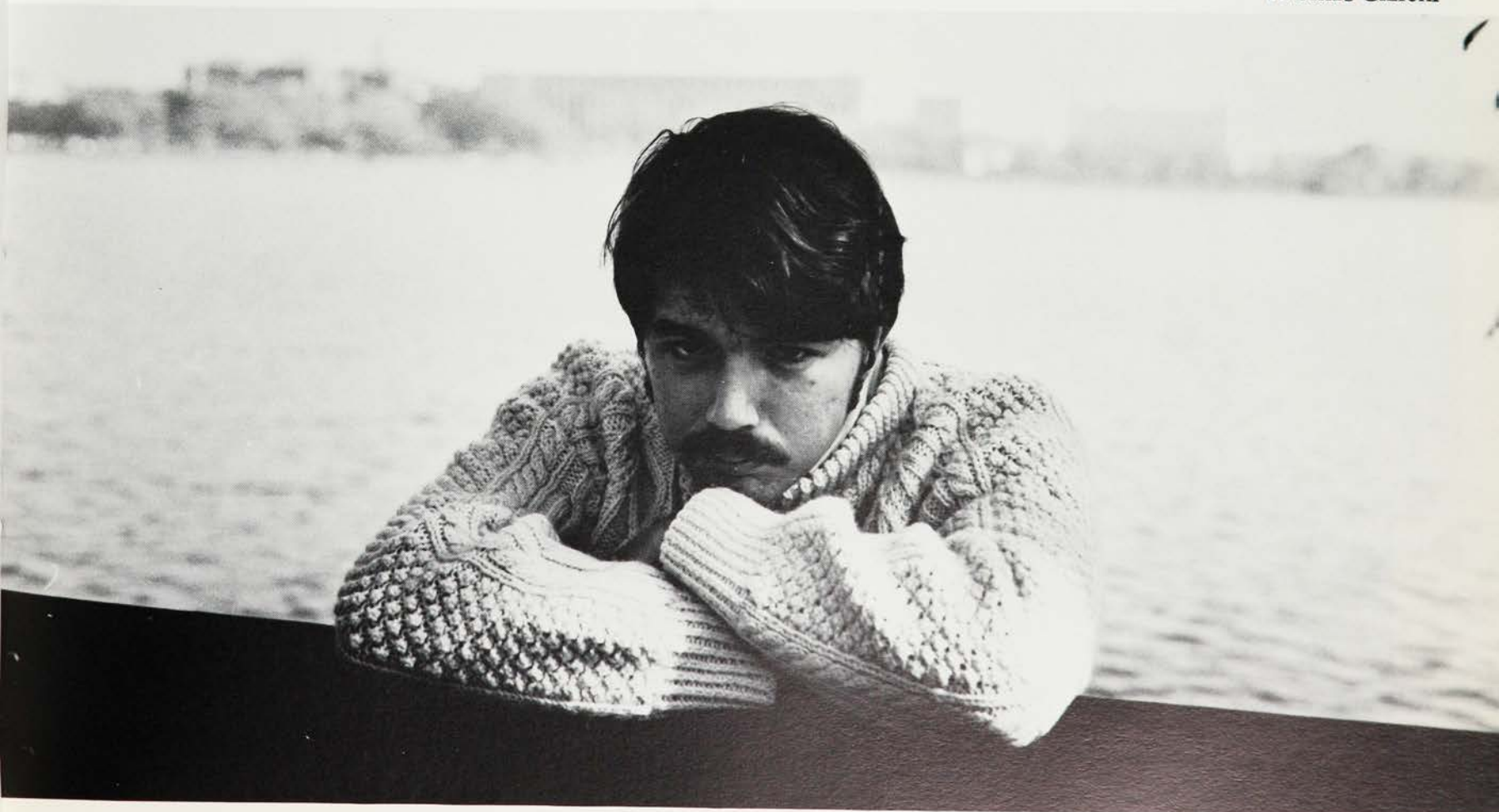
Sandra C. Mendez





Helen Nadine Denton

Thomas Gizicki

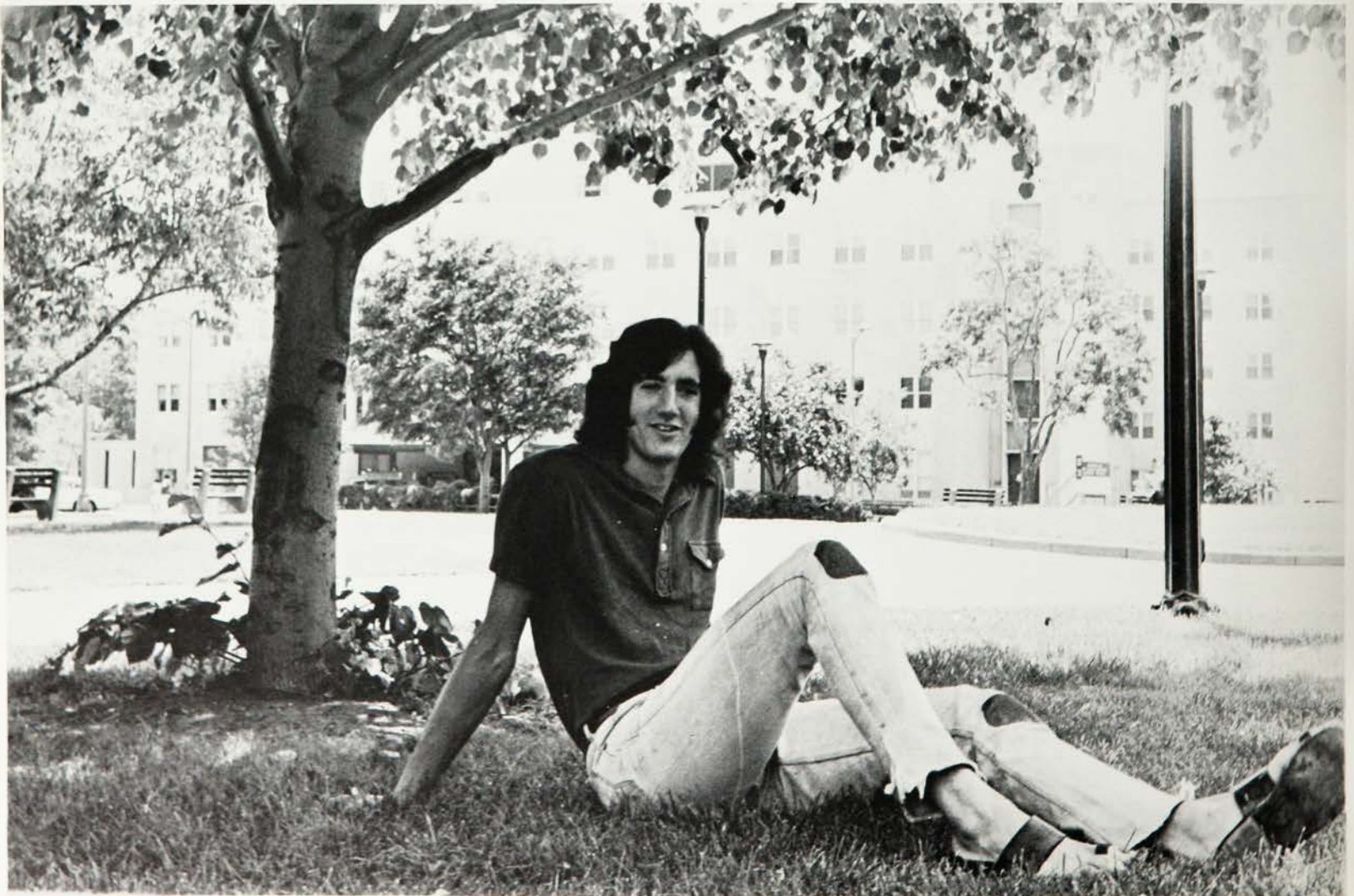






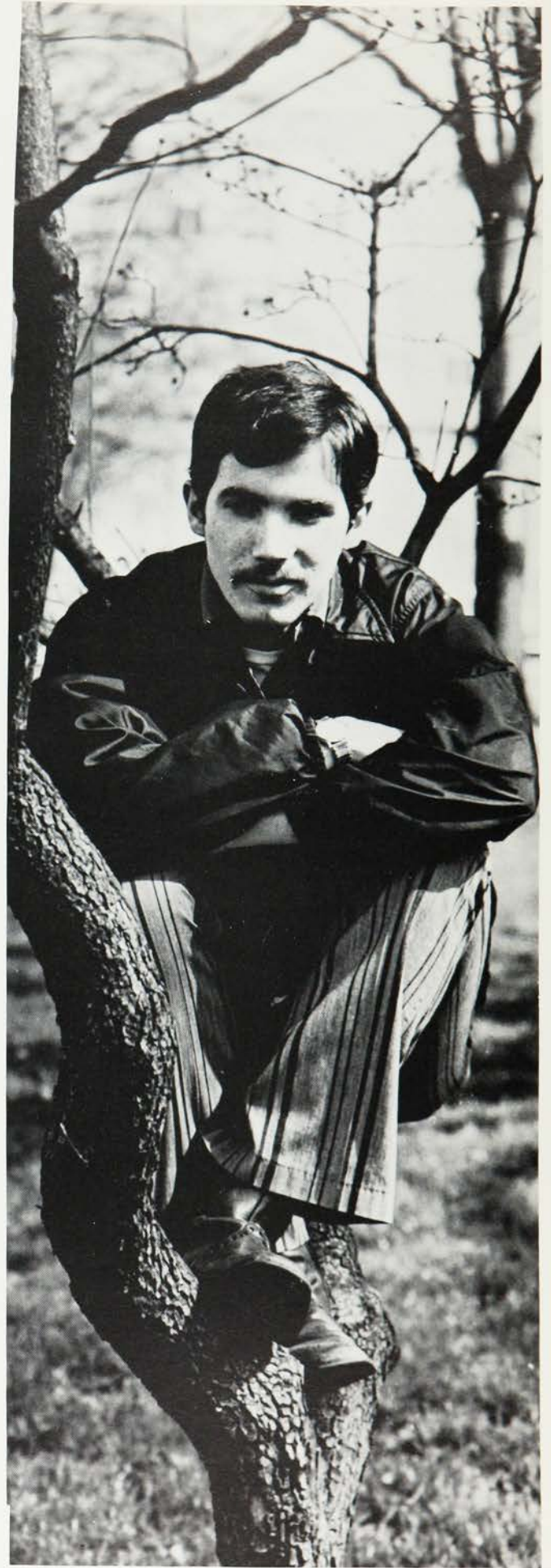
Alan Skiena

Robert Greene





Anne Powell



Craig Roger McMahon





Susan Davis



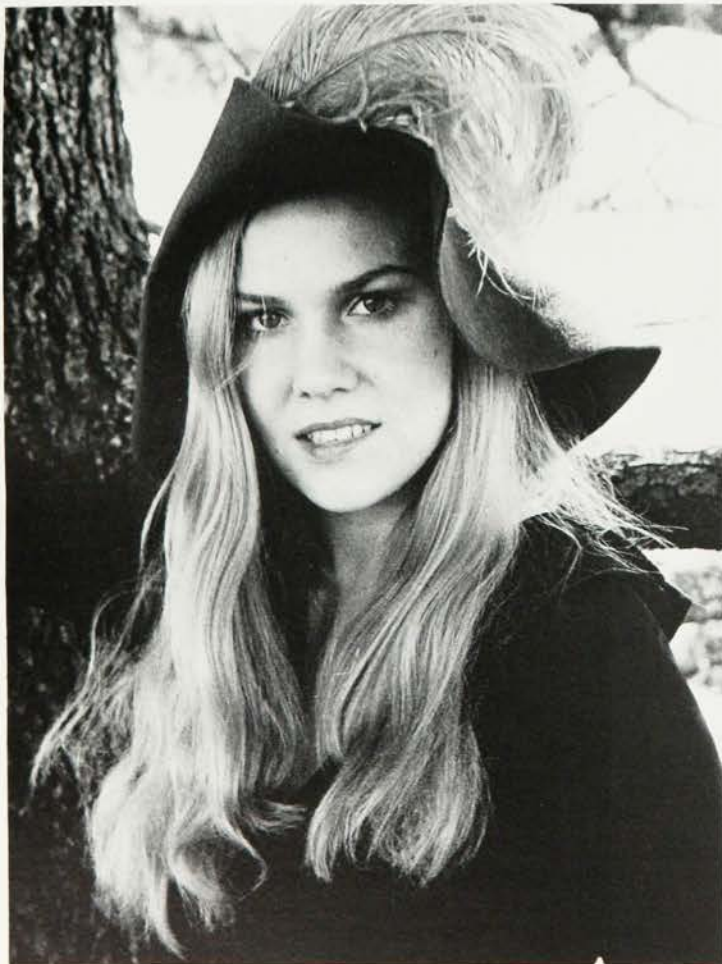


Rita Boselli





Susan Wax



Cindy Symcowicz







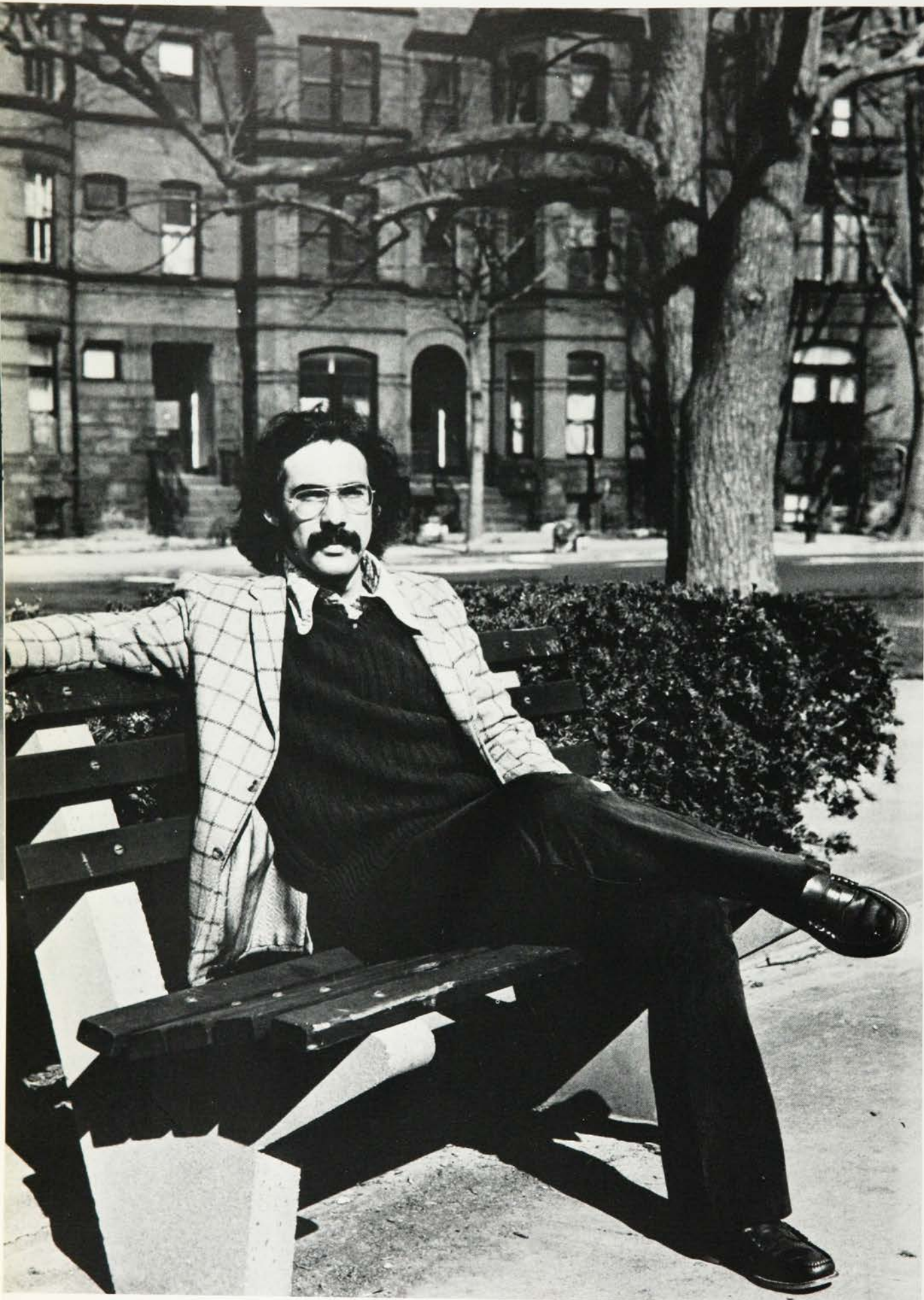
Judy Garverich



Evelyn Gross



Barry Weingarten

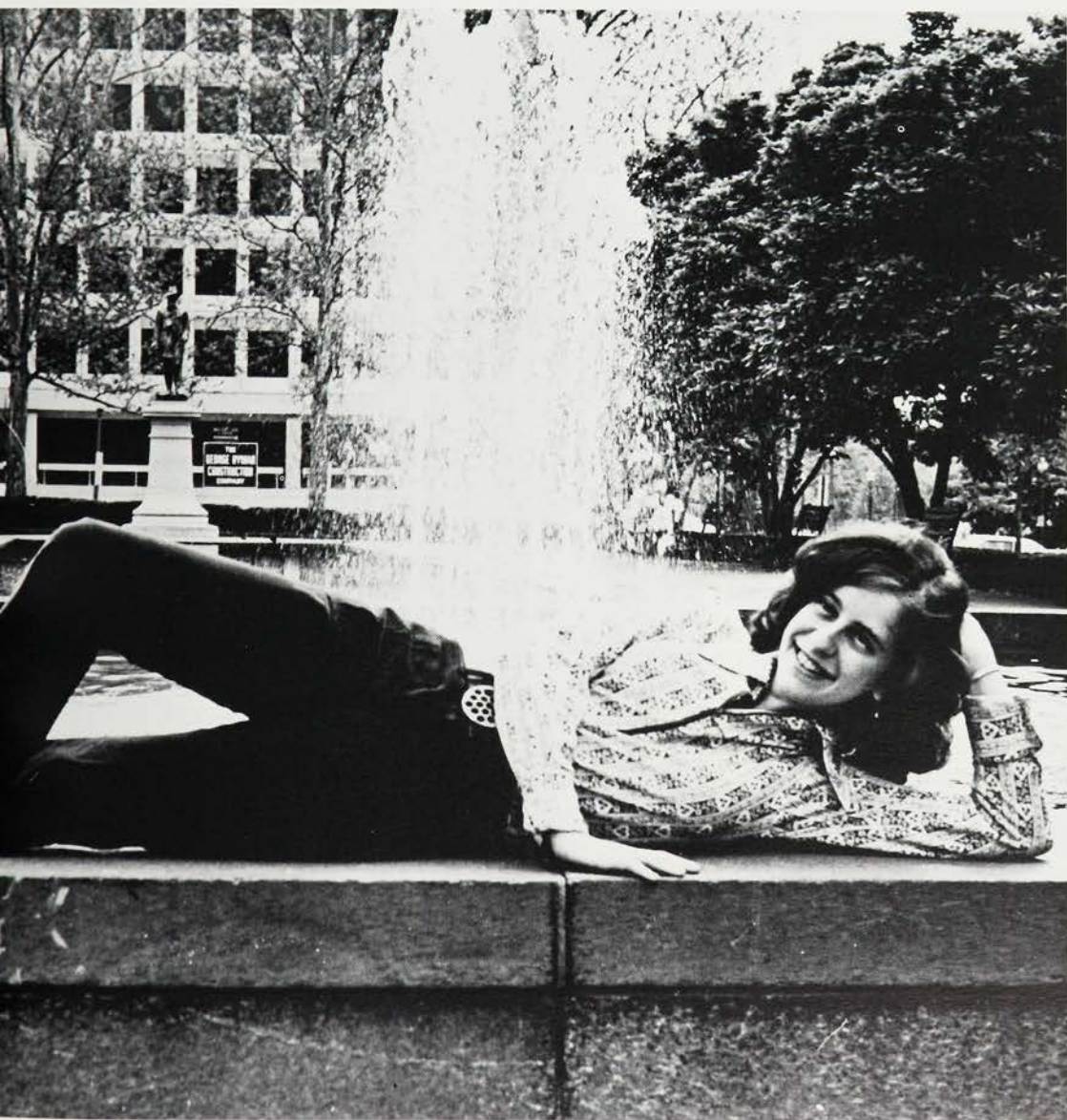


Debbie Pomerance



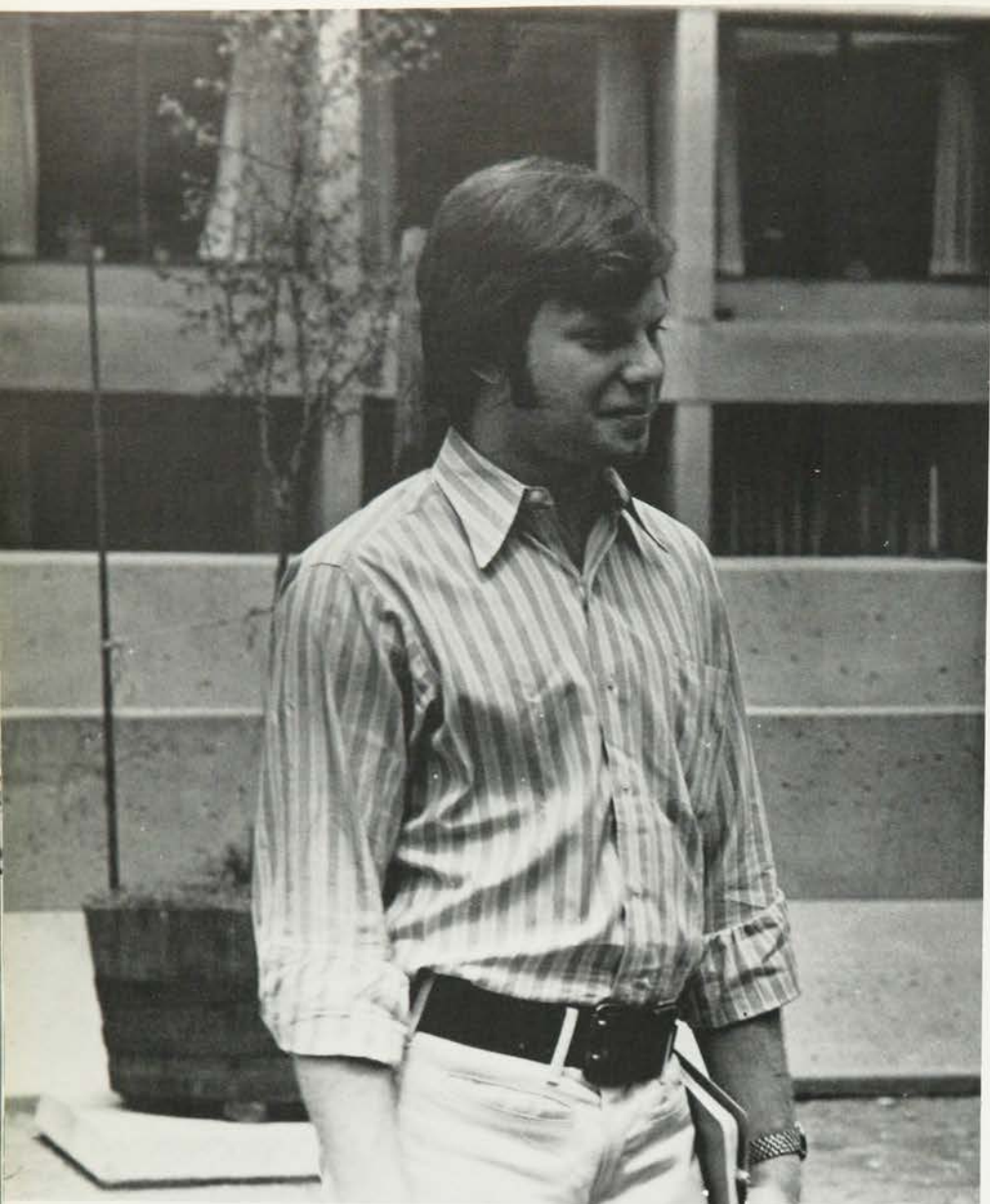


Burt Zocks

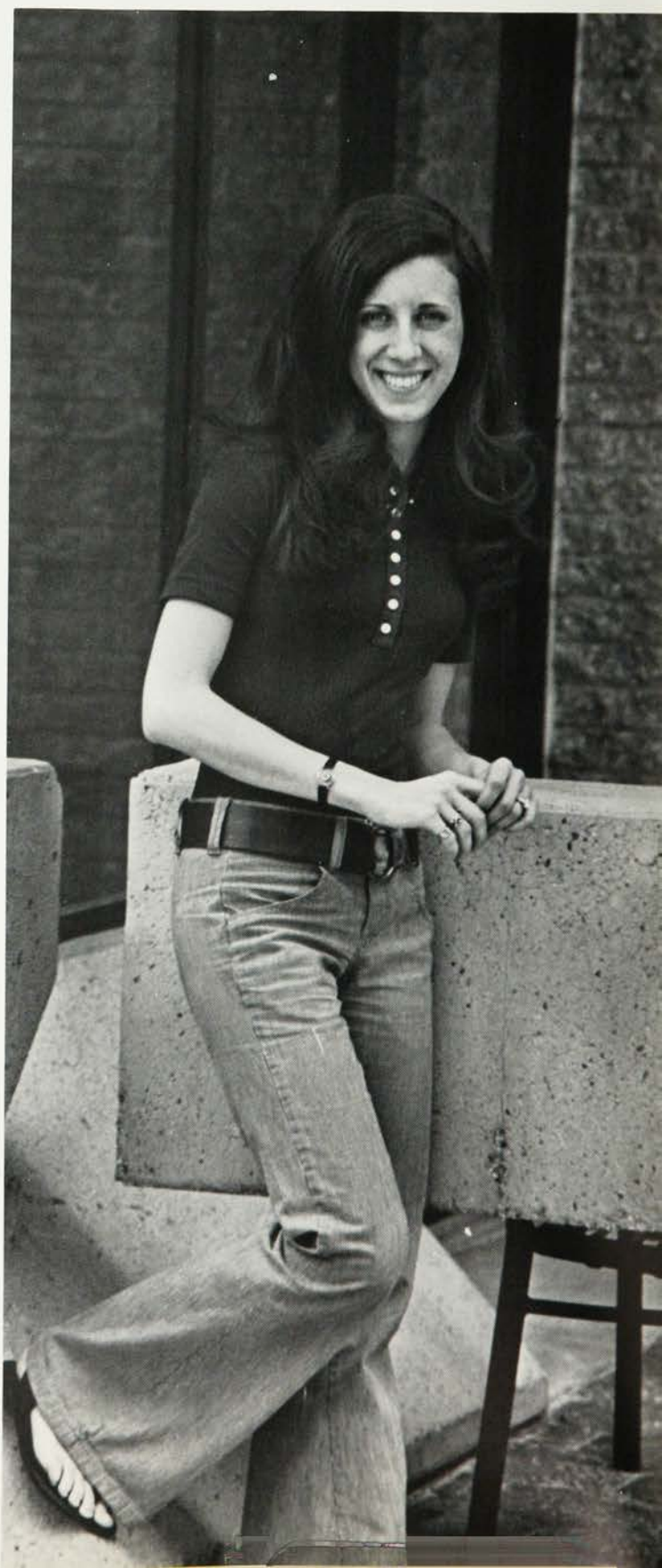


Lawrence Kotler





Eric Bergknoff



Michelle Beth Miller





Josephine Lynn Damiani



Gary Goldstein









Mitzi G. Silverman





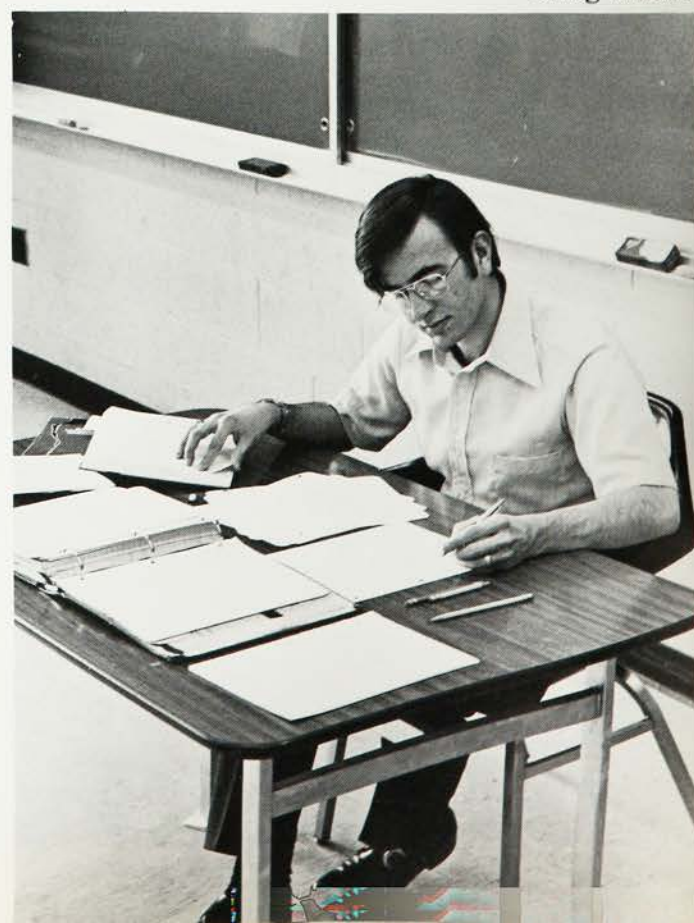
Linda Shudnow



Fran Yanowitz



Bruce Dobbs



Craig Moore





Sandy Gelrod



Deborah Watkins

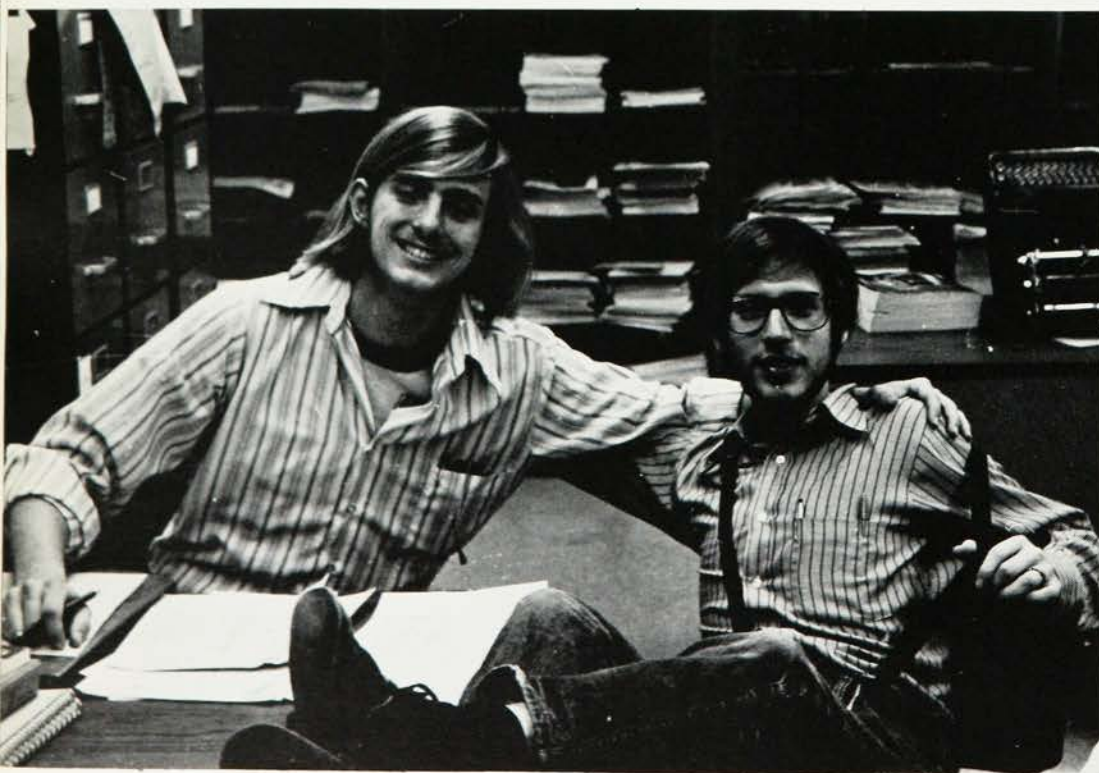




Marie-Cecile Okoniewski



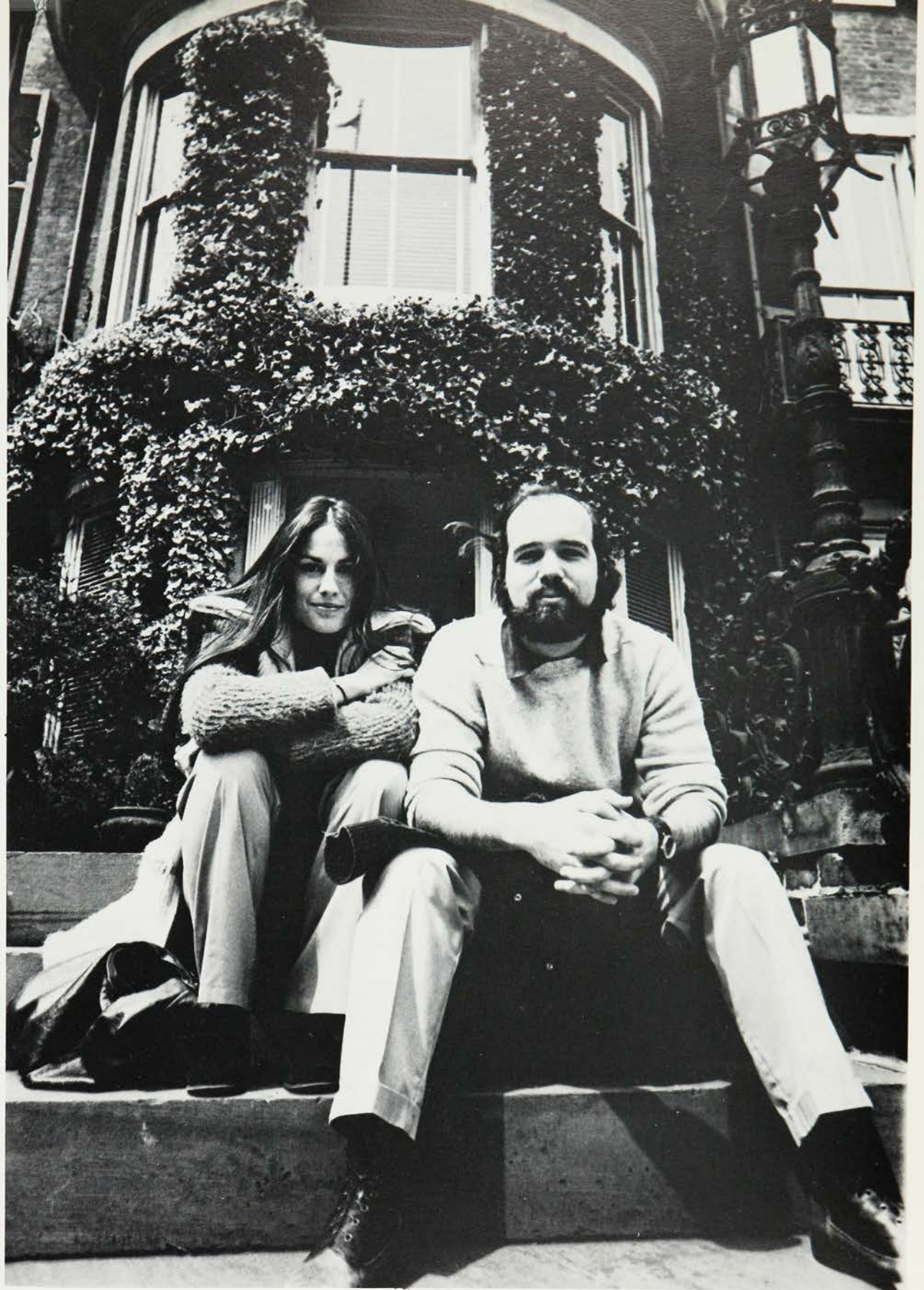
Debra Rosoff







Kathi Kramer



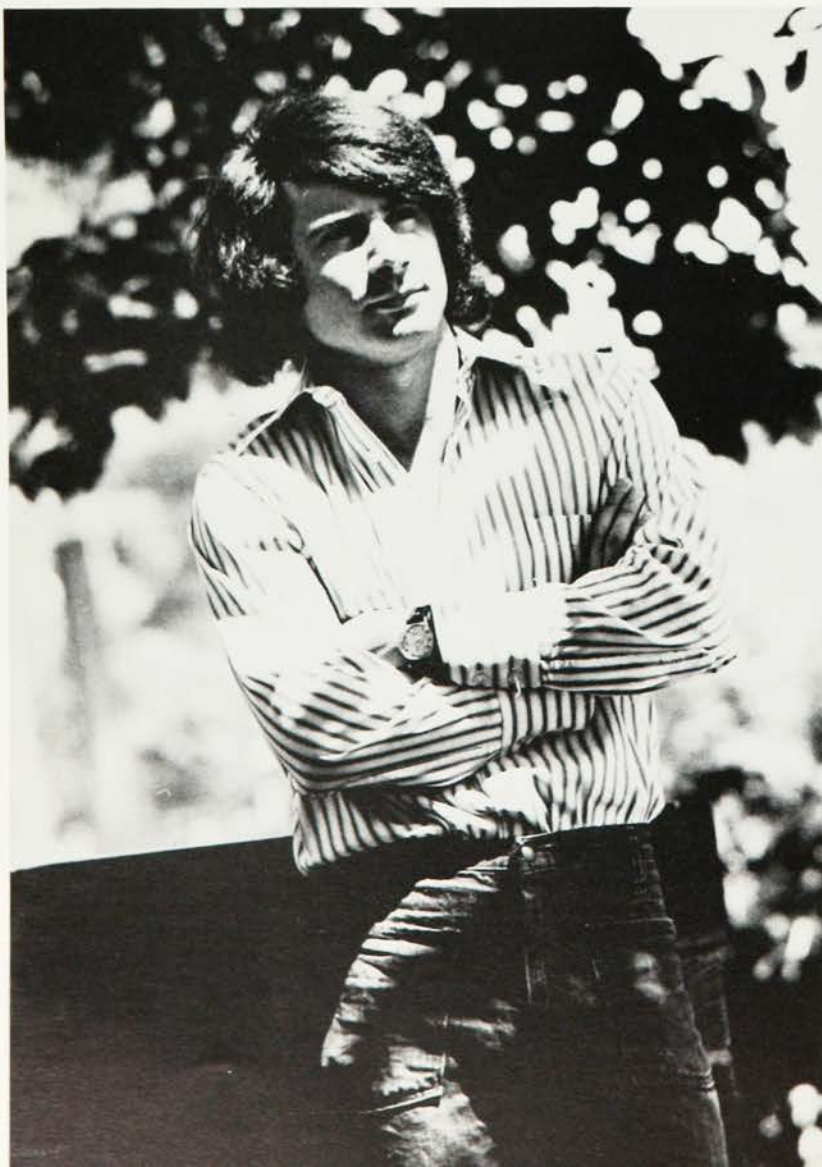
Dana L. Stott

Neil M. Cohen





Shelley Raphael



Zachary Goldstein



Charles W. Weiss





Grace Walton





Lori Longo





Anna Chase

Brian Healy







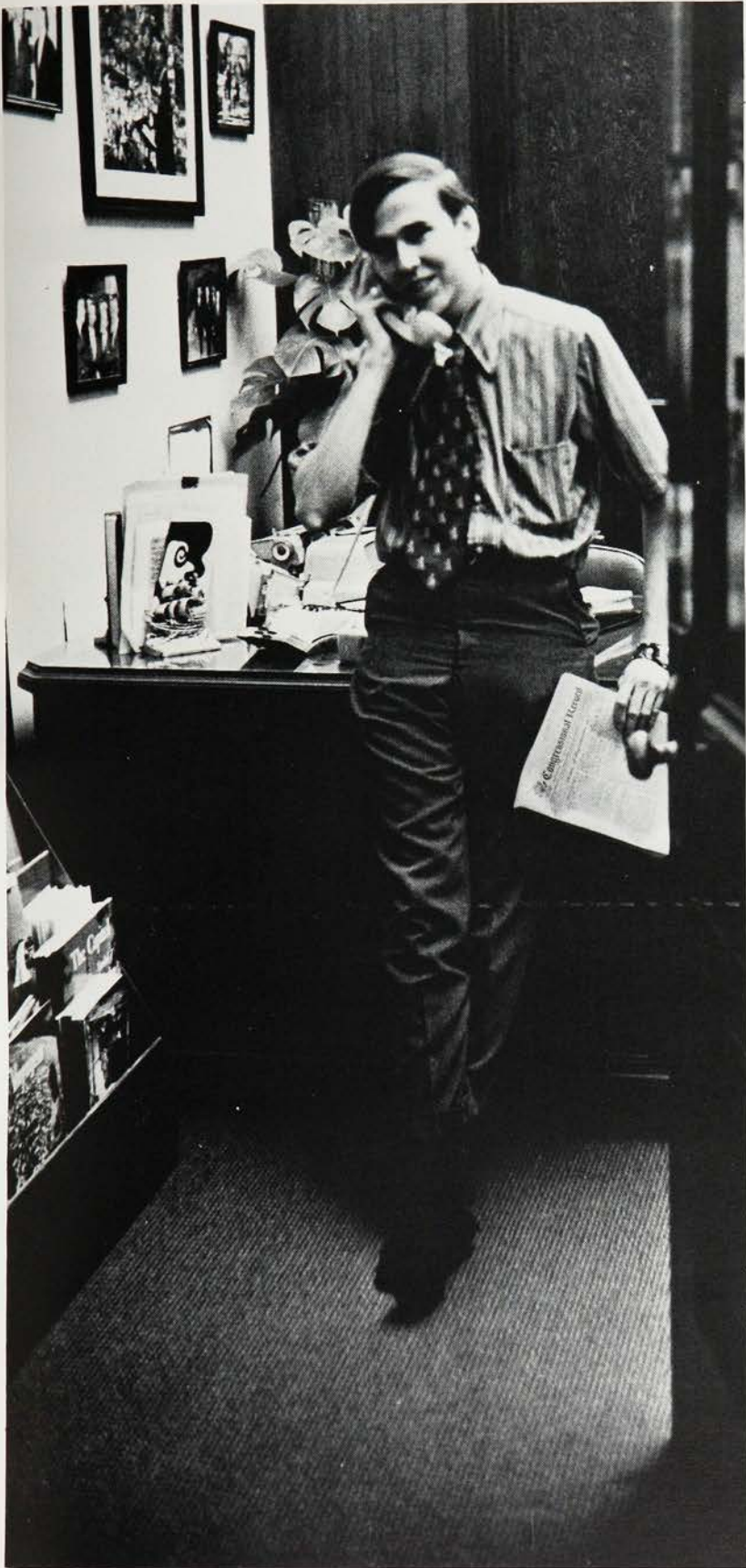
Judi Charness



Michael Goldfarb



Gary Di Scala

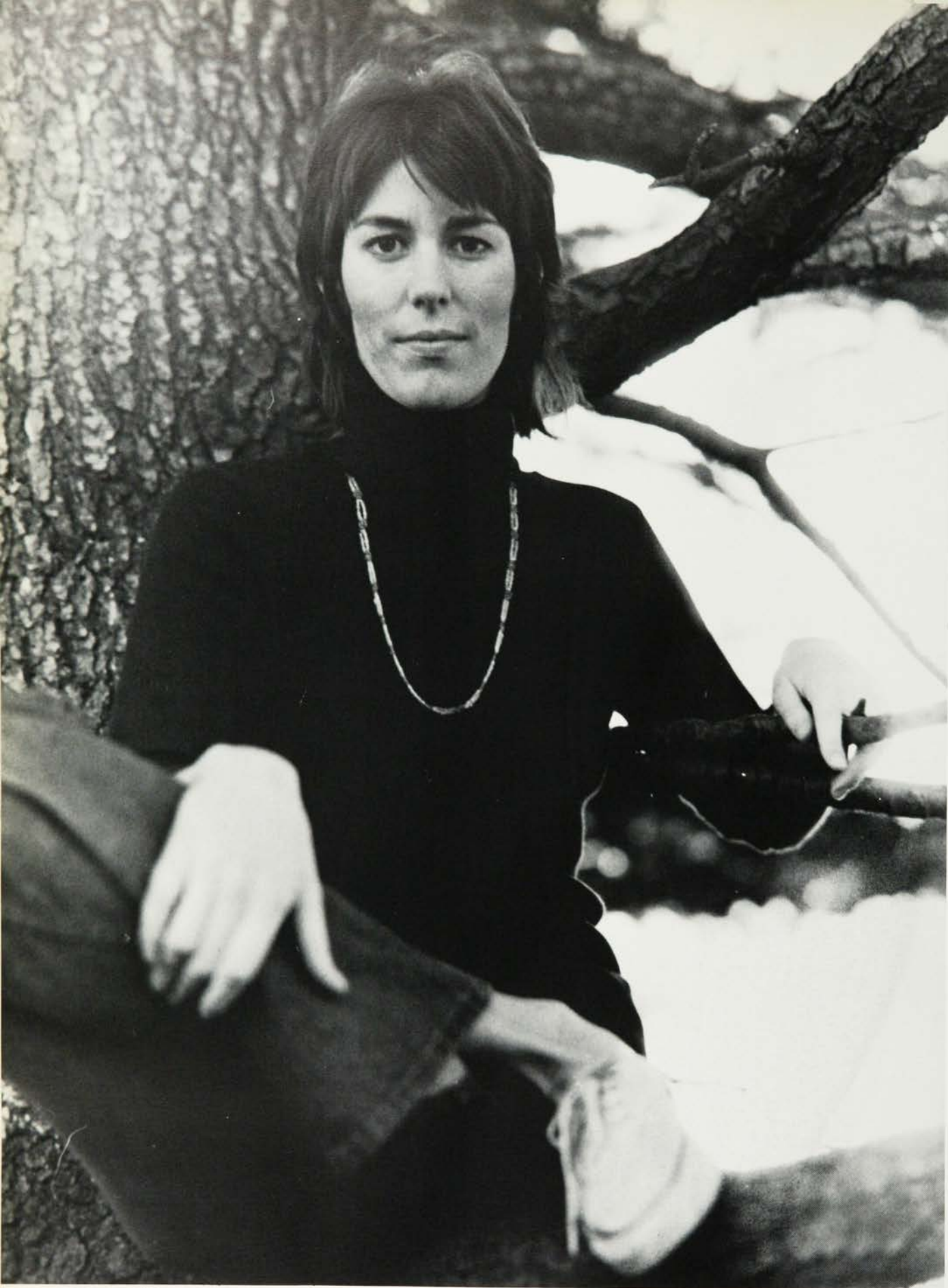


Thomas V. Lydon



Lolly Berlin



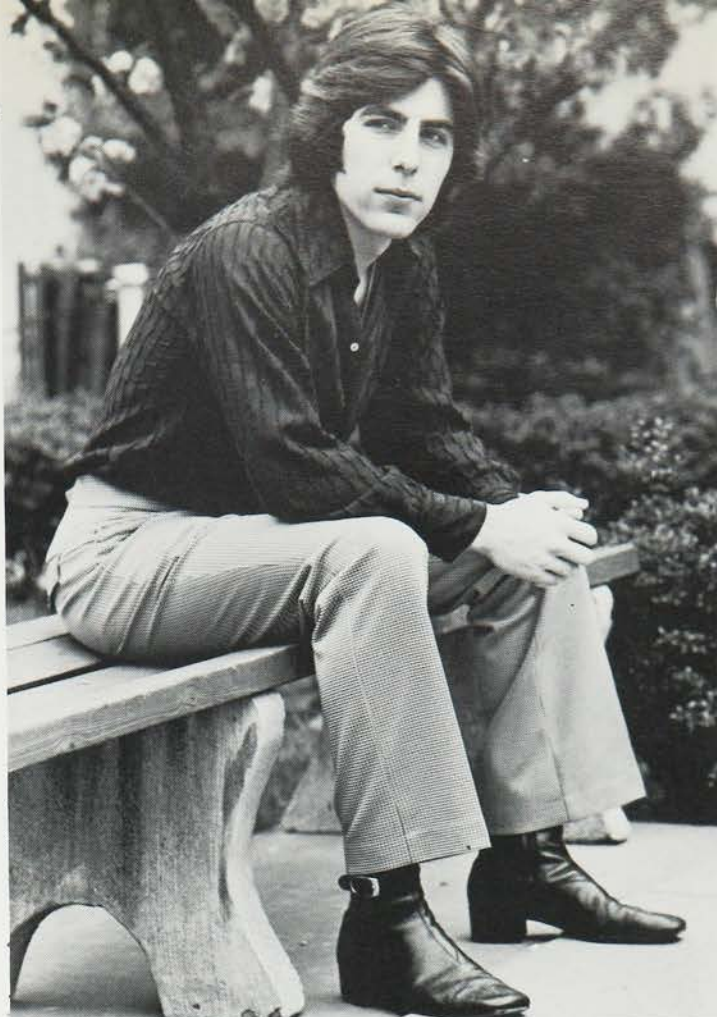


Katie Wilson





Michael Steven Silberman







Francesca M. Rock



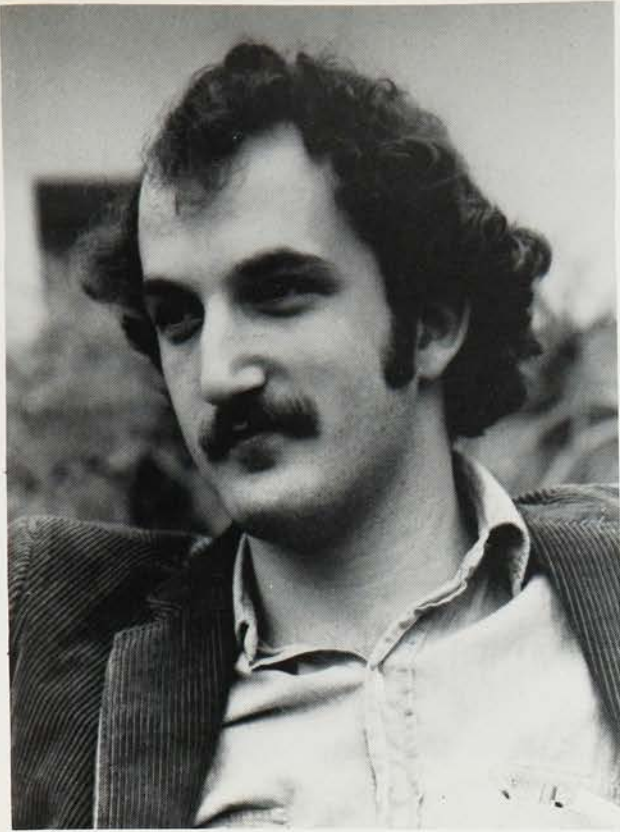
Dean A. Lamsa



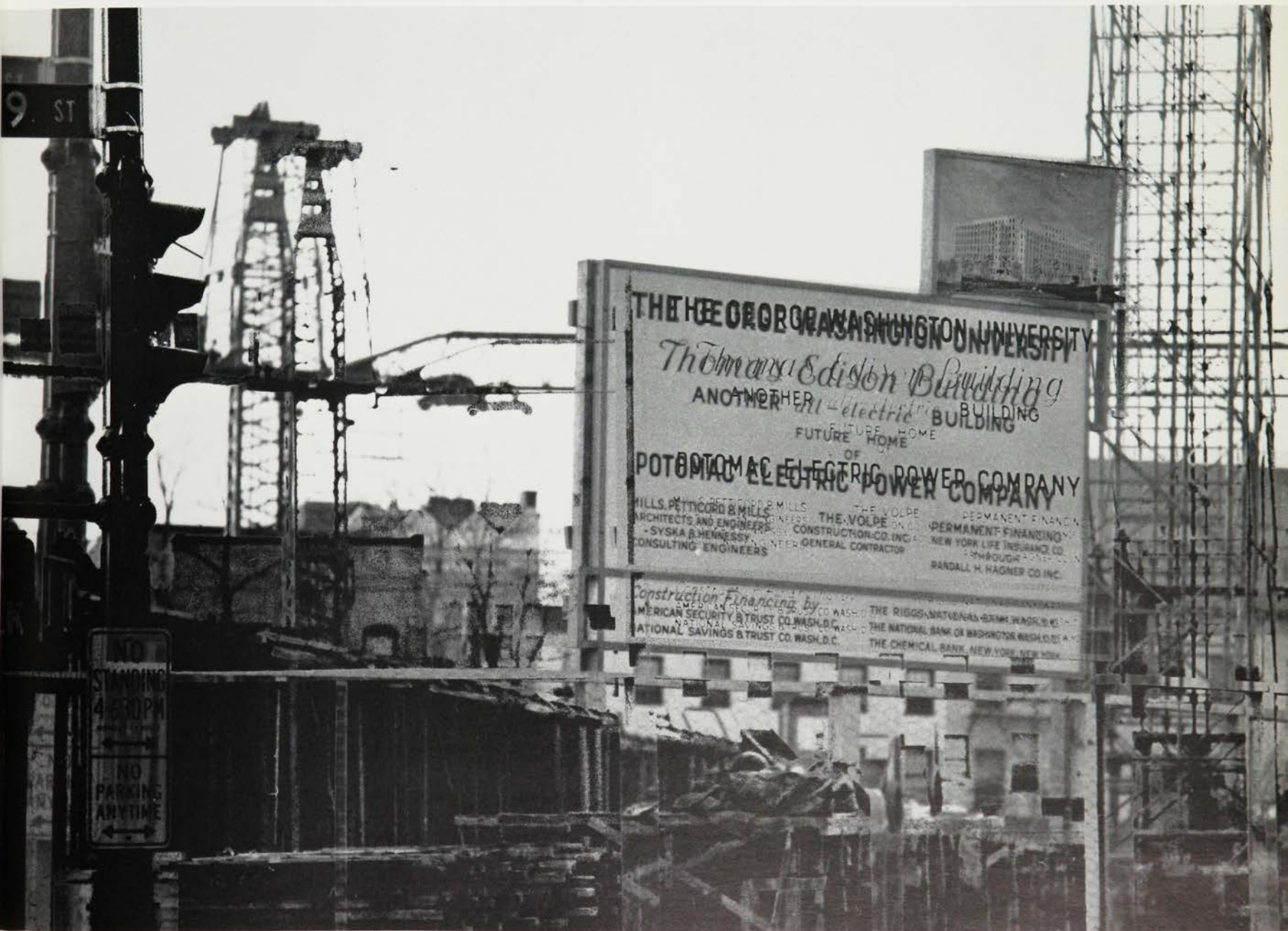
Philip M. Gottfried



Gerald W. Lewis



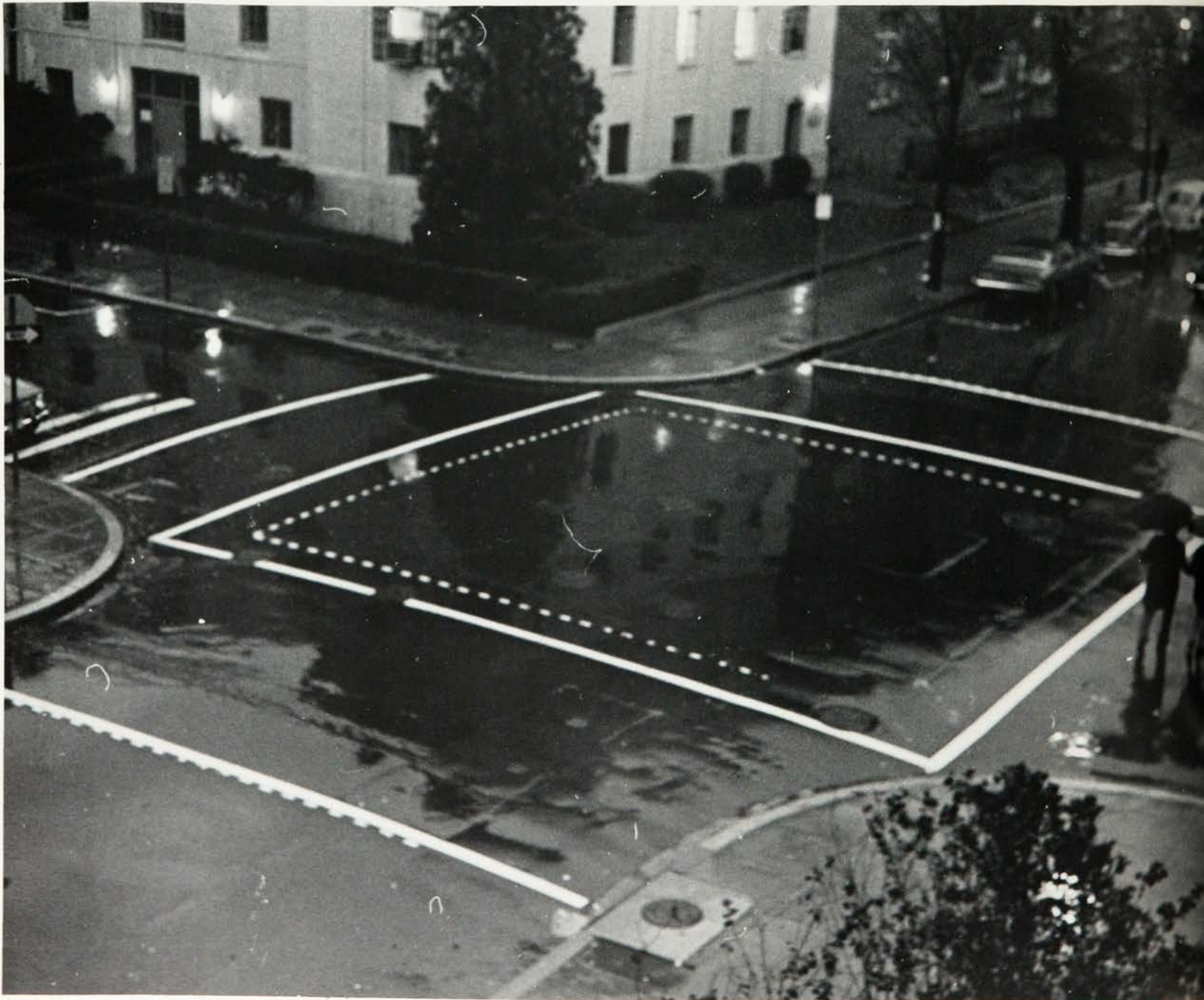
Sharri Silver







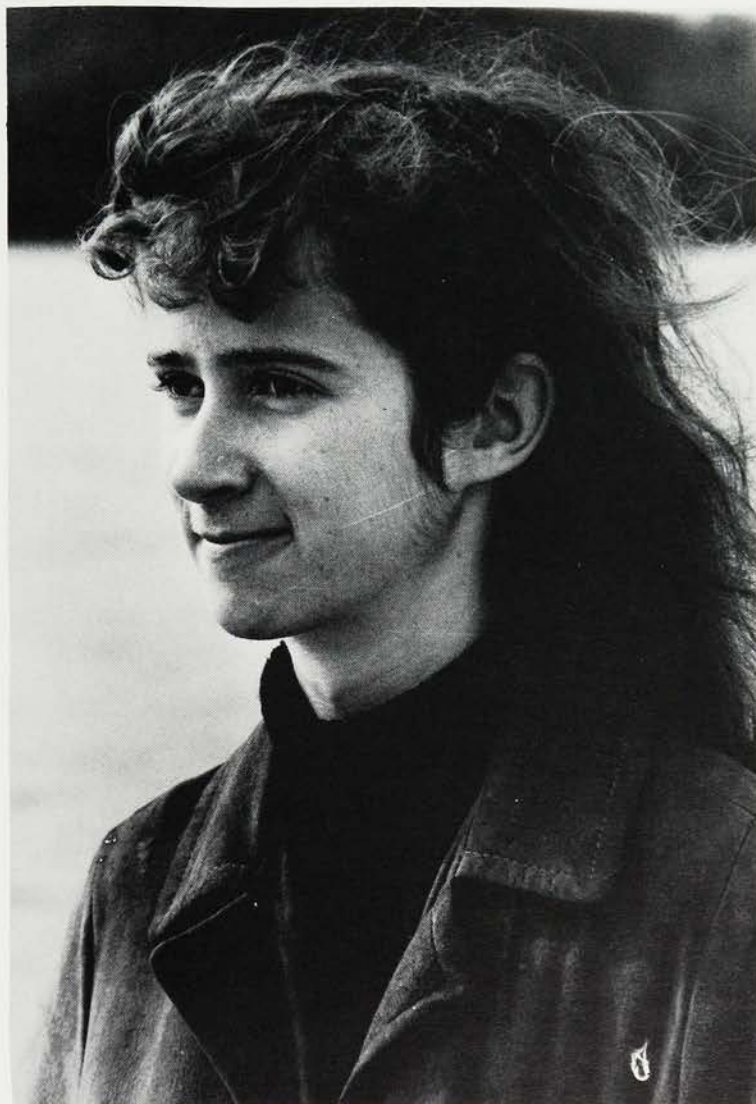
W. John Chuplis



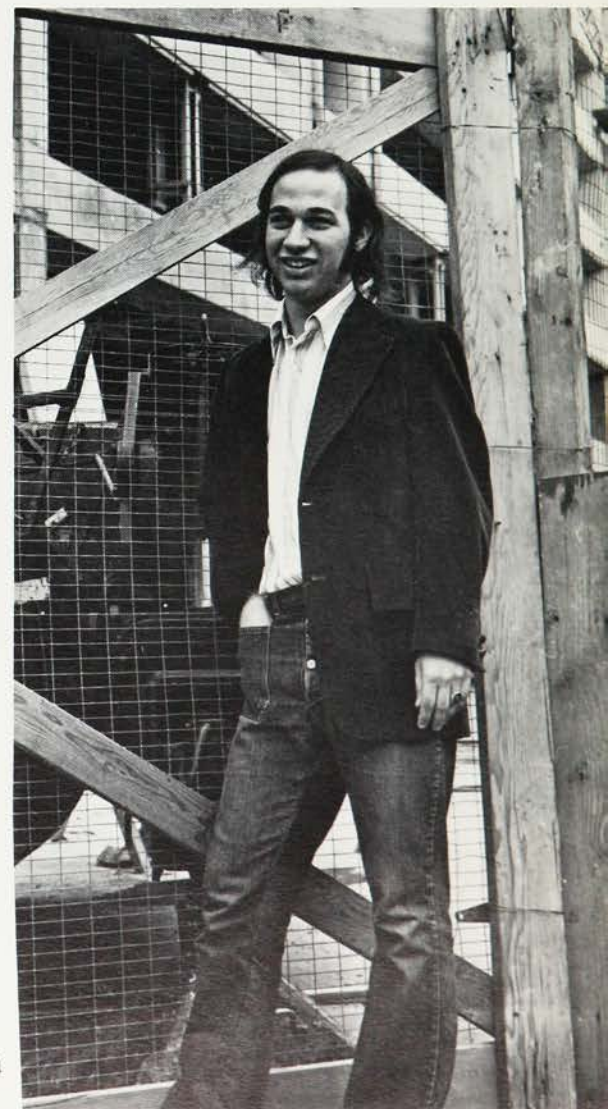




Joan Richmond

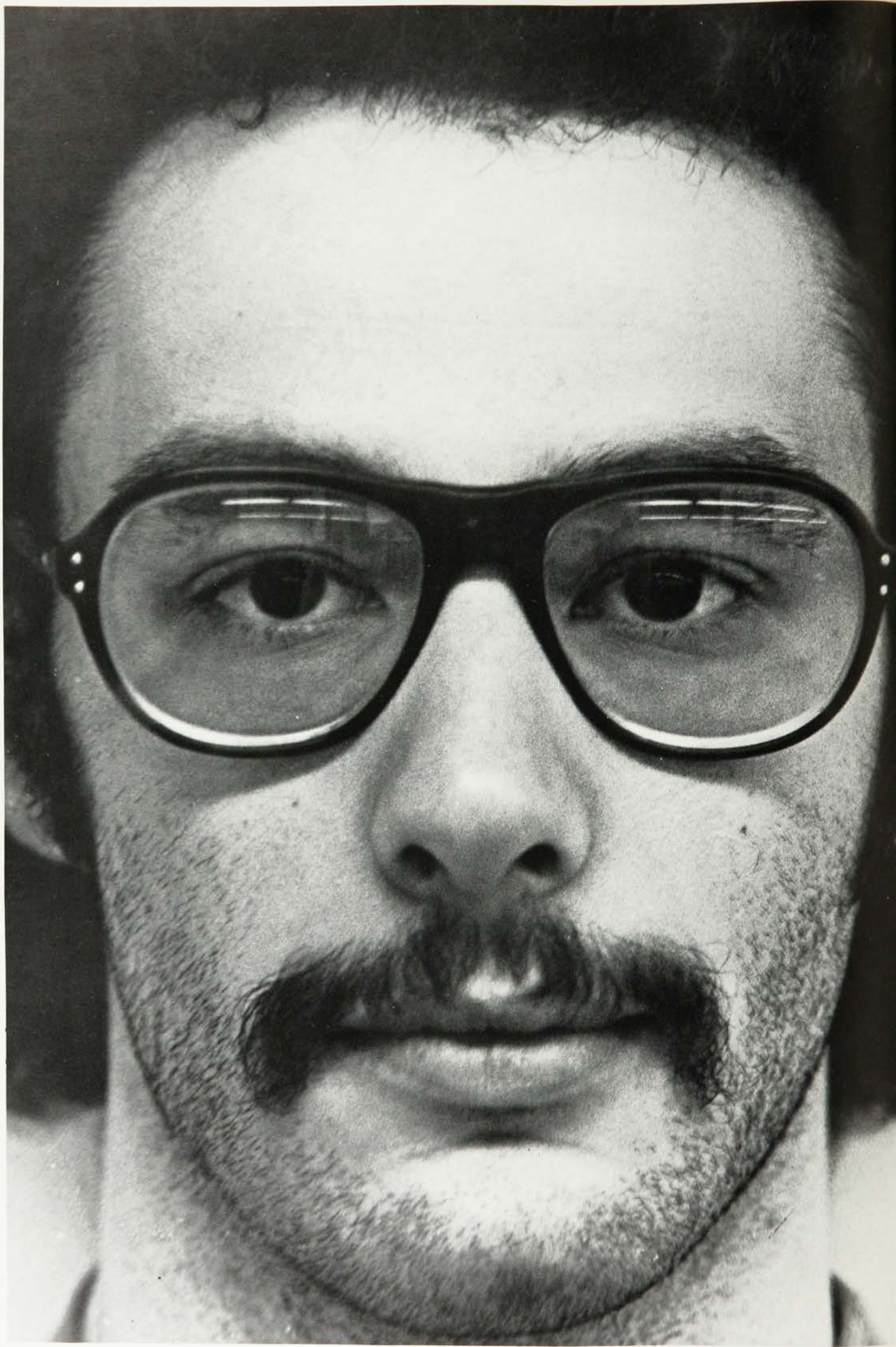


Connie Cookson



Paul Gavejian





Bill Klein





Marcy Rettig

08	122-40-5291
DIV.	SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER

**STUDENT PARKING**

MIKELBANK  
LAST NAME

PETER  
FIRST NAME

A 302756  
M. I. STUDENT NO.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
UNIVERSITY  
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20006

SUMMER SESSION 1970 IDENTIFICATION CARD

*Peter Mikelbank*  
SIGNATURE (NOT VALID UNLESS SIGNED AND STAMPED PAID)

02917 JUN 15 70  
M T W T H F D 7 N  
PAID G. W. U. 105  
(OVER)



Sasha



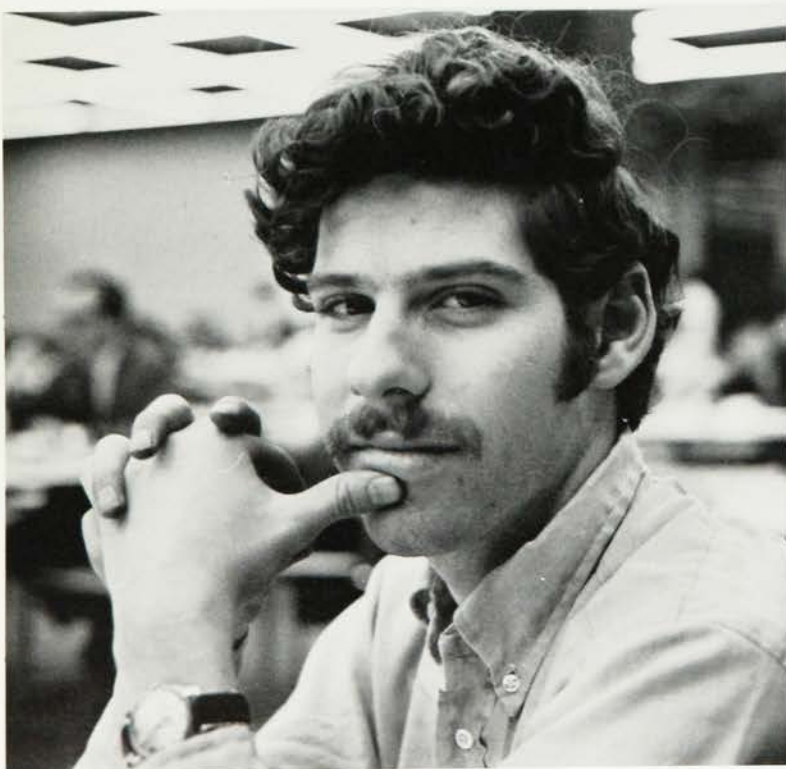
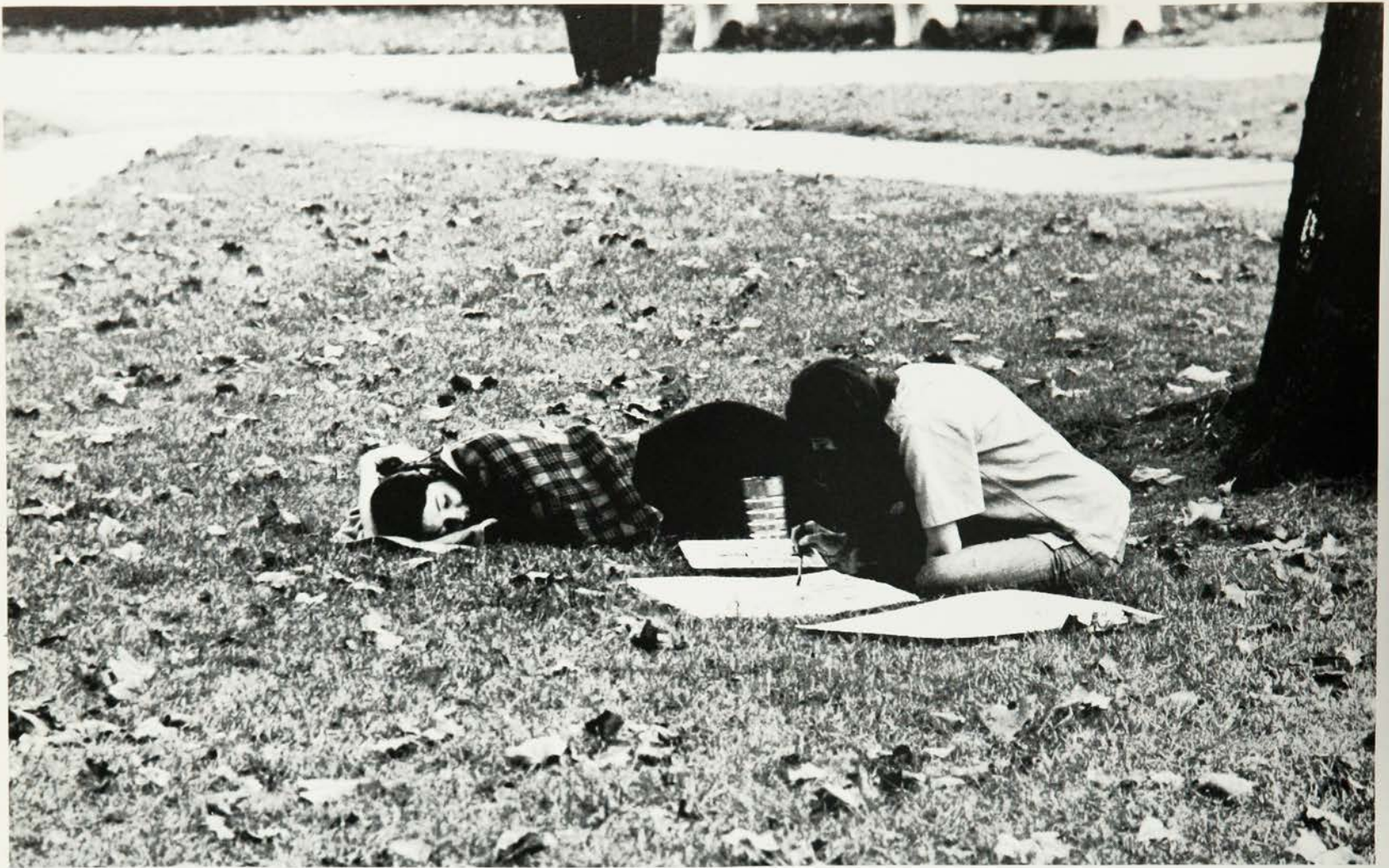






Mr. and Mrs. Donald A. Danald





Michael Arm



Susan Joelson





Claude and Barbara Dohrn





Sharon Berg







Barbara Joanne Hawkins

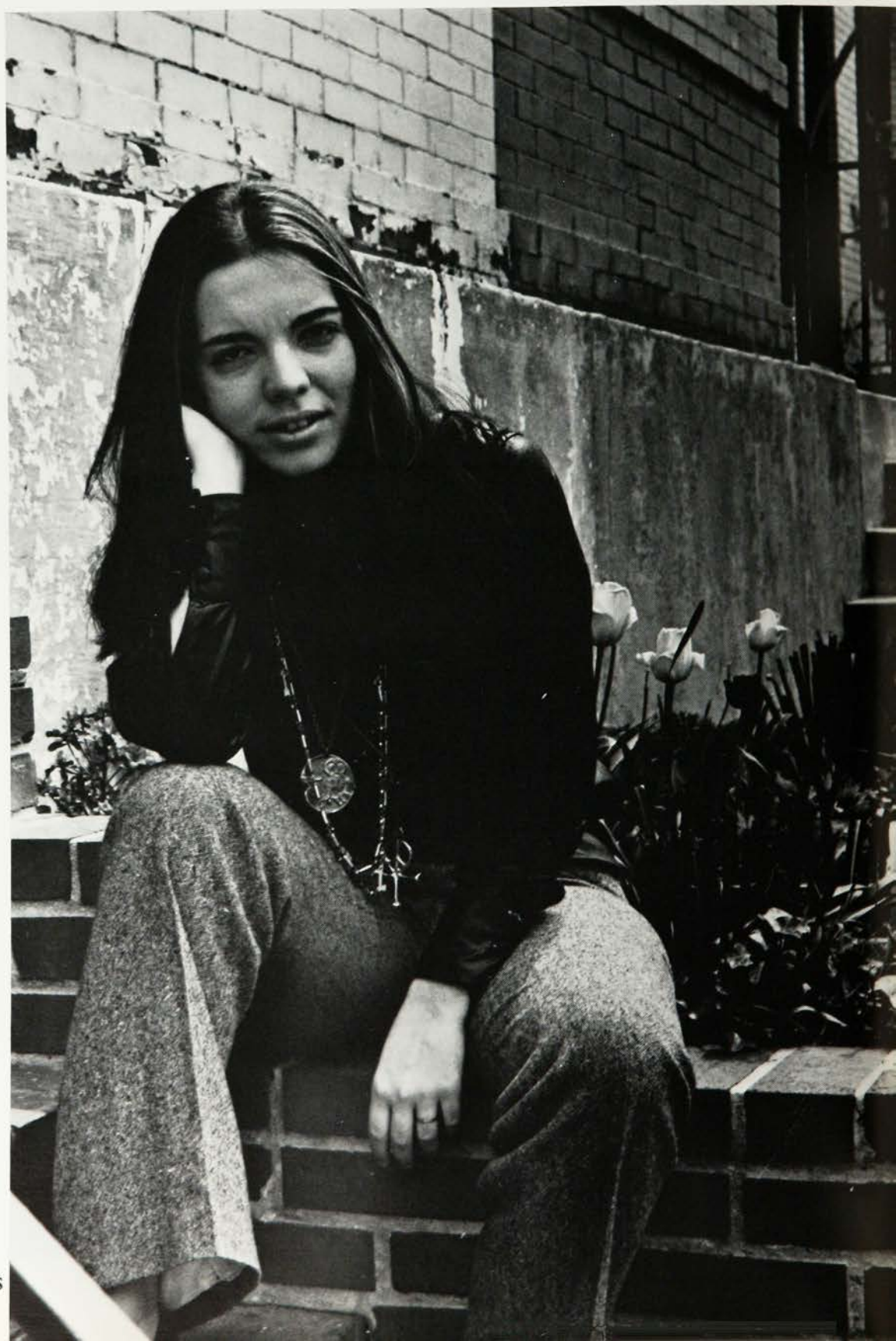


Paulette Matjan





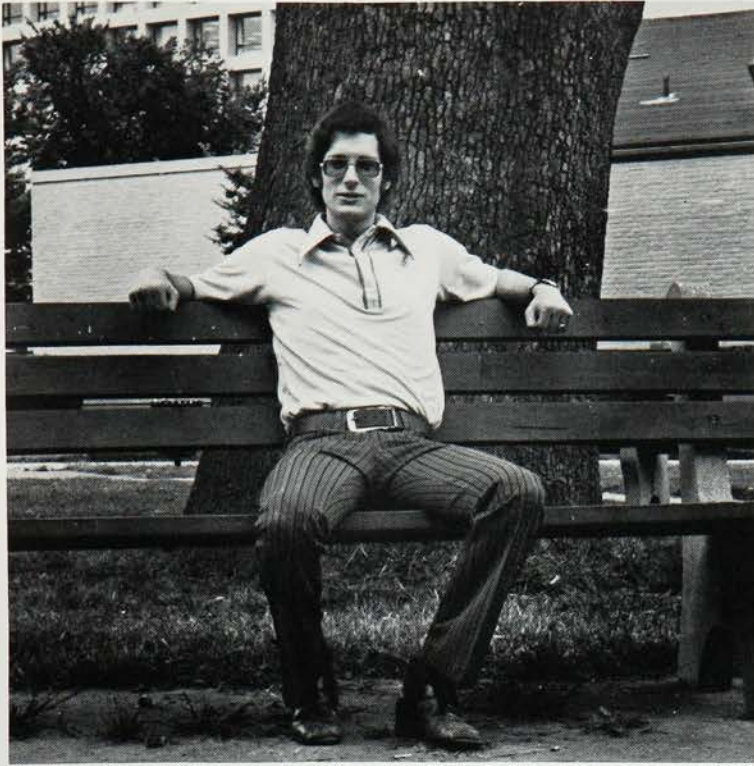
Melissa C. Johnson



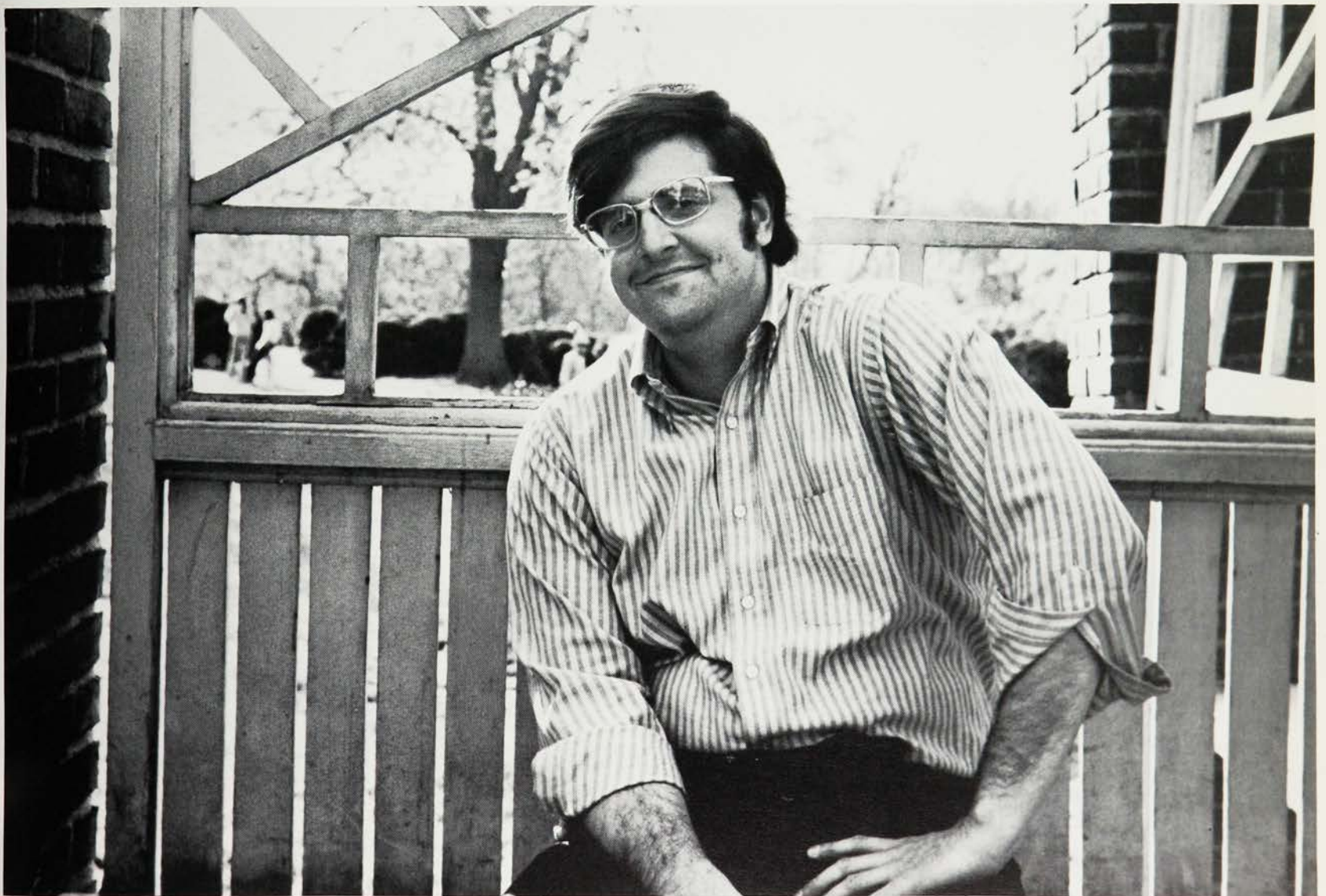
Junia De Vilhena Novaes



Stephanie Soria



Arnold Danzinger



Steven H. Strauss





Douglas Klick



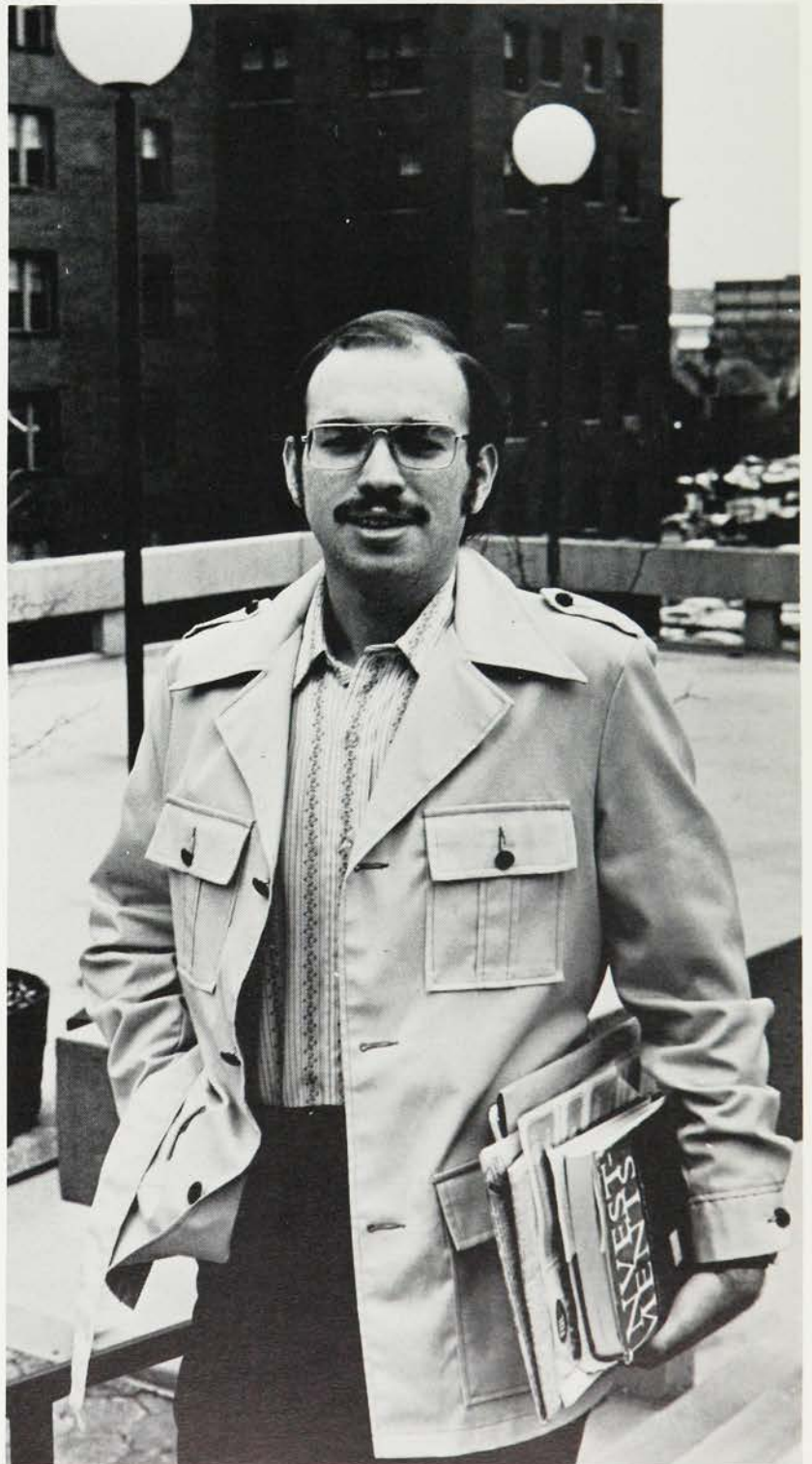
Stephanie Wolkin



Jacqueline Fleming



Richard B. Geiger



Leonard Neuringer

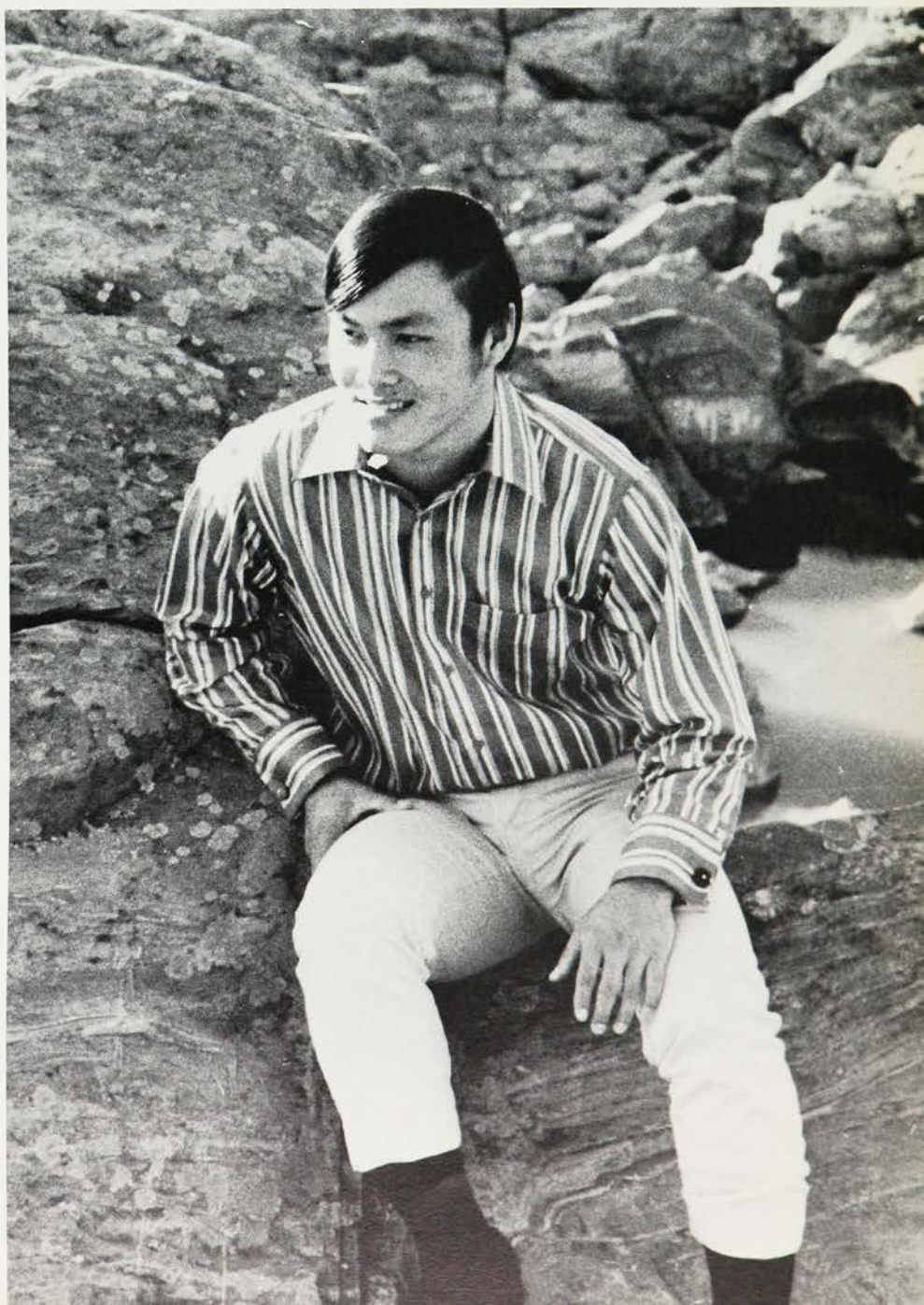








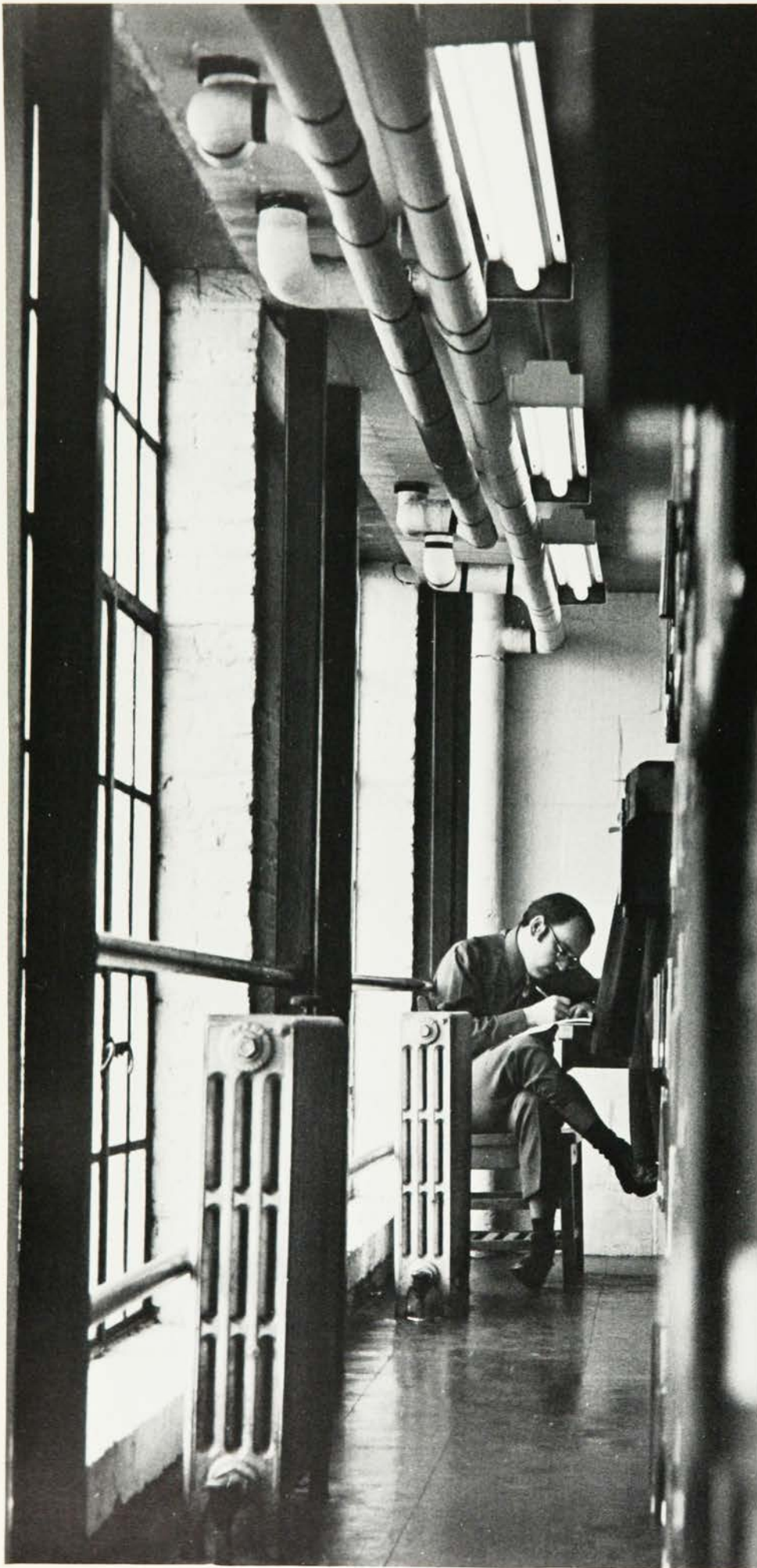
Edward Fu



Robin Drimmer

Roy Chang

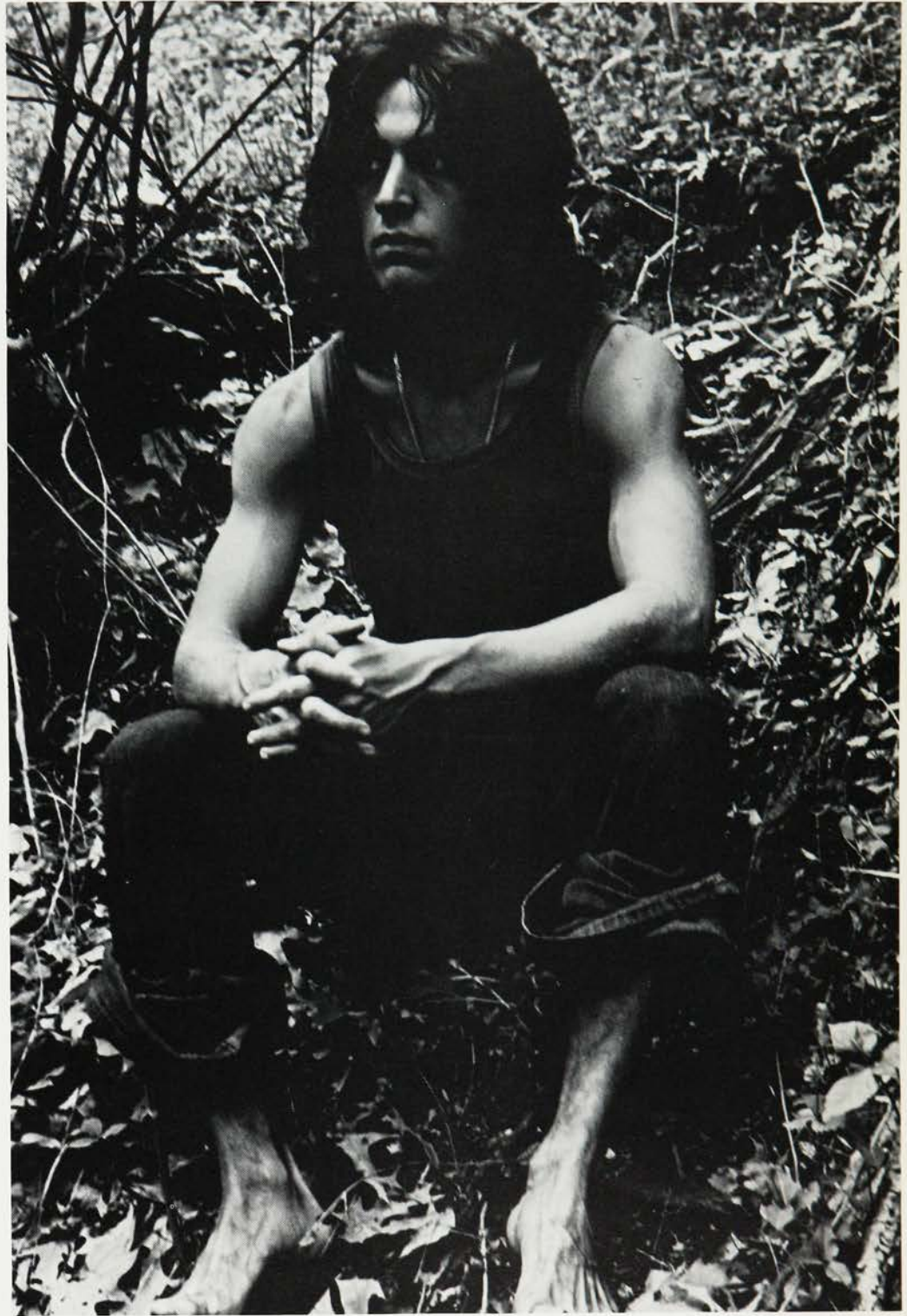
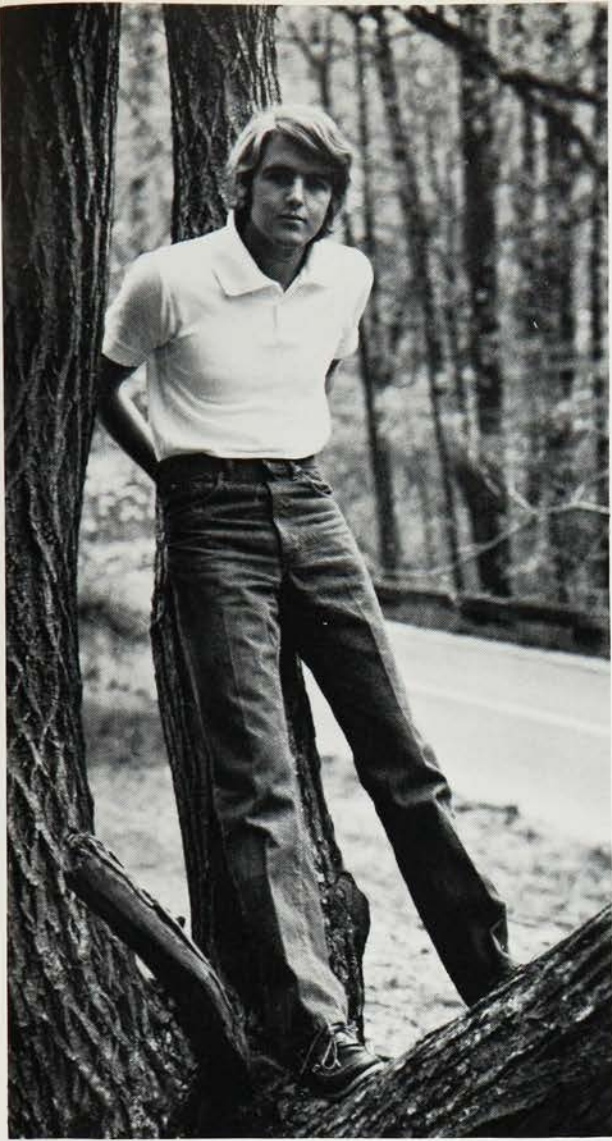




Suzanne Rosner



Thomas Keahey



Paul Kleinberg

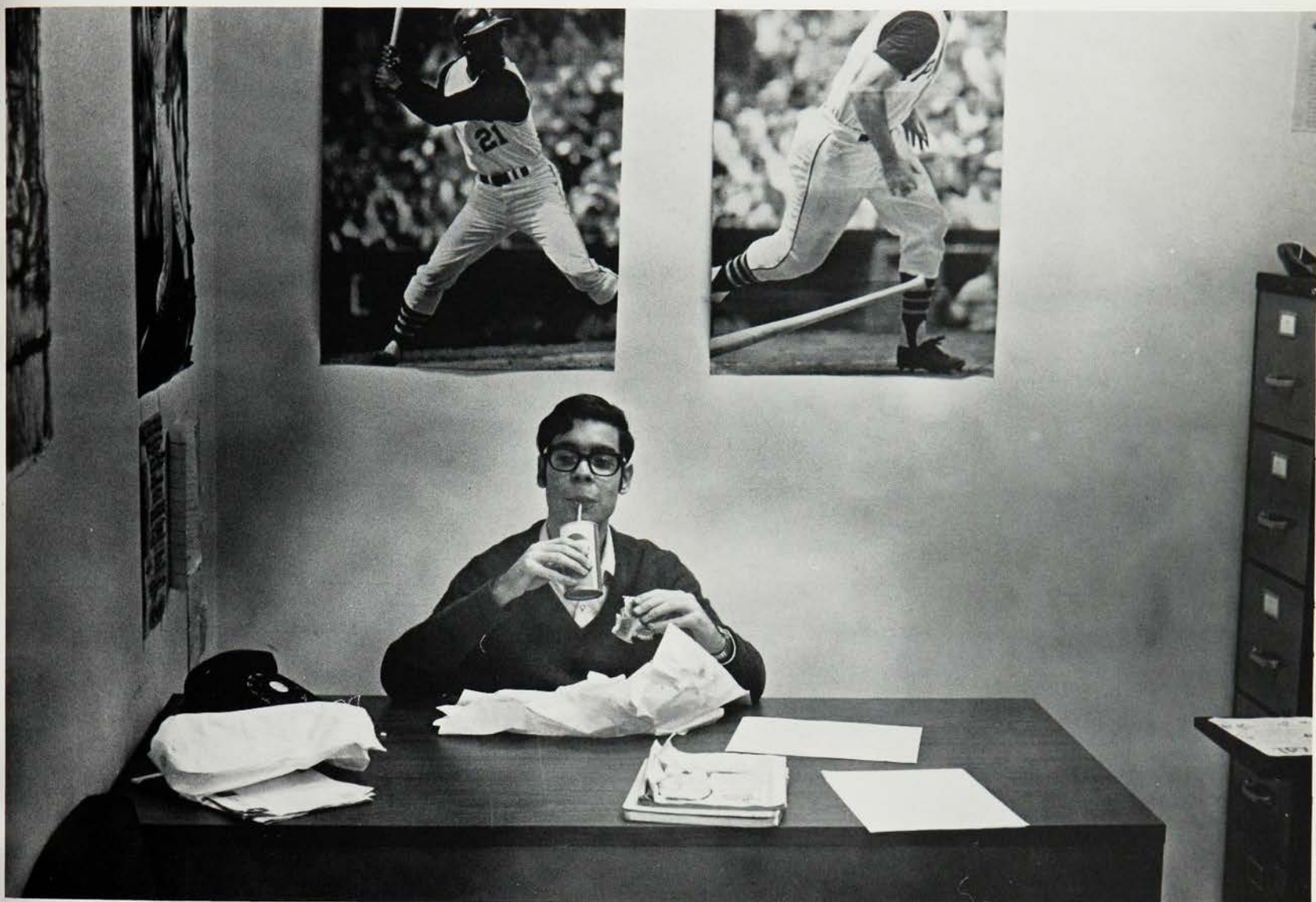


Robert Feinstein



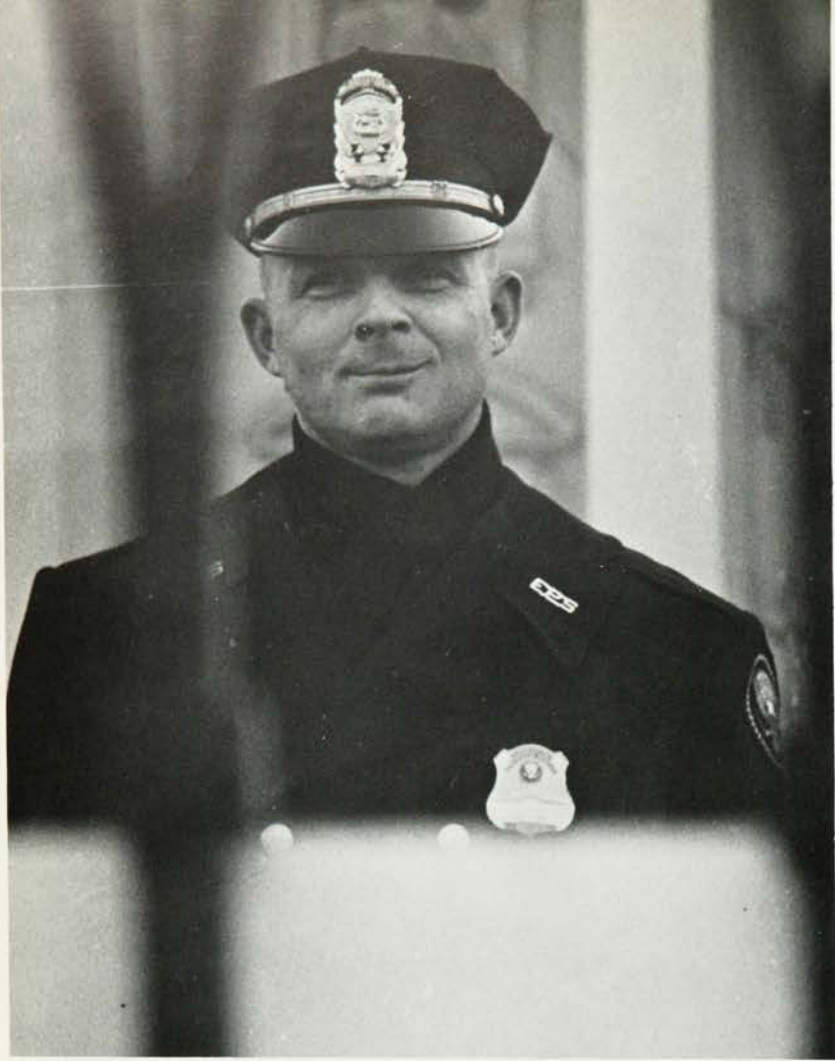






Martin Wolf





Helen Lederer



Andrew G. Pollet



Jan Bridge



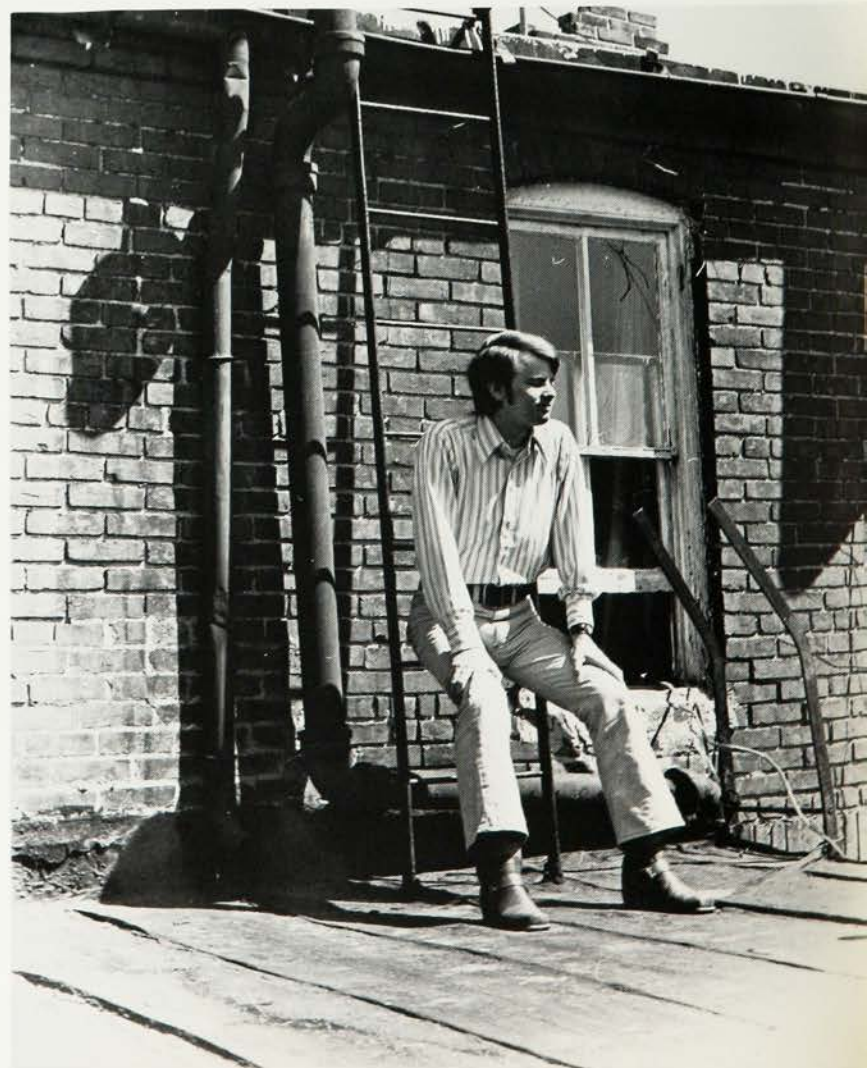
Steven M. Legum



Ann Noble



Ruth Barabash



Robert G. Griesbach



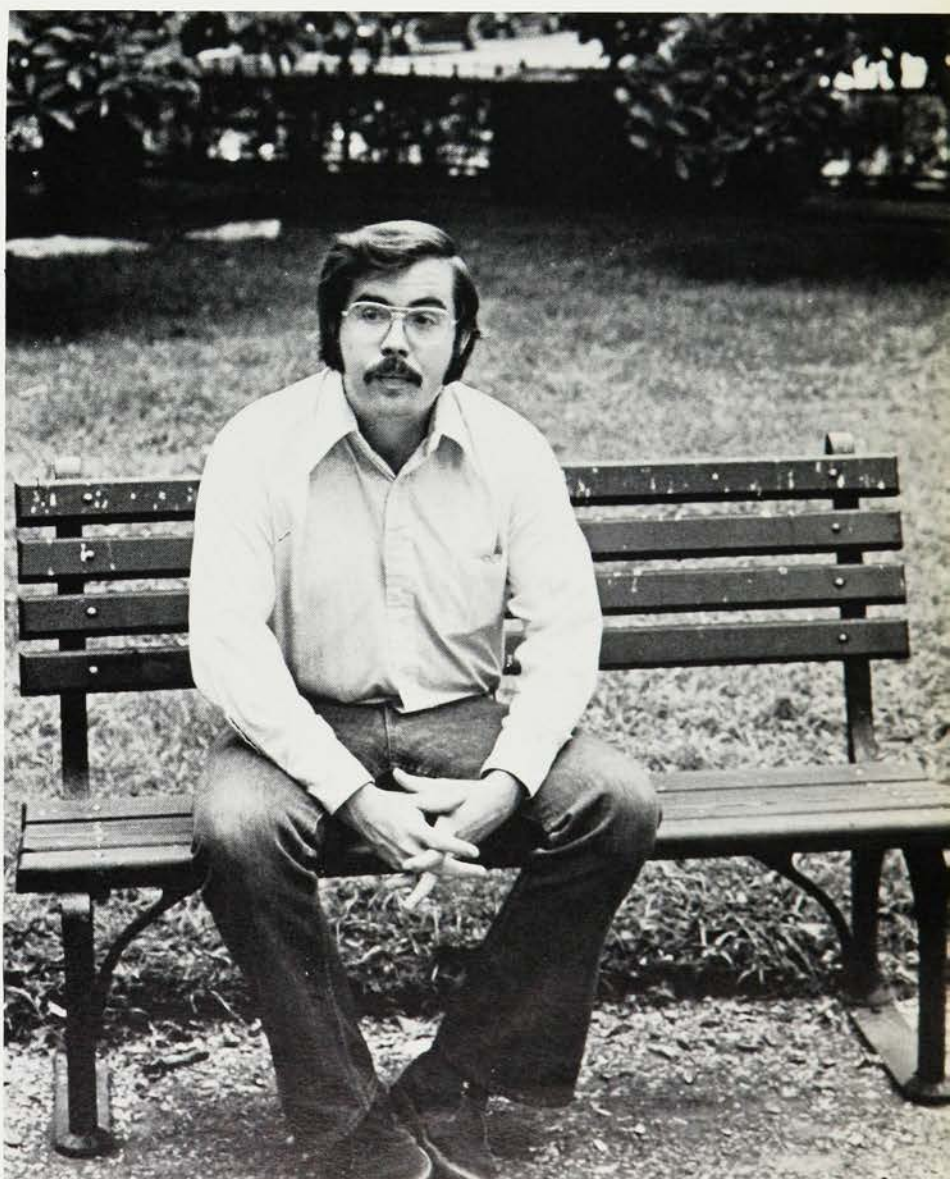


David H. Halem

Bruce H. Yaffe



Ray Castino

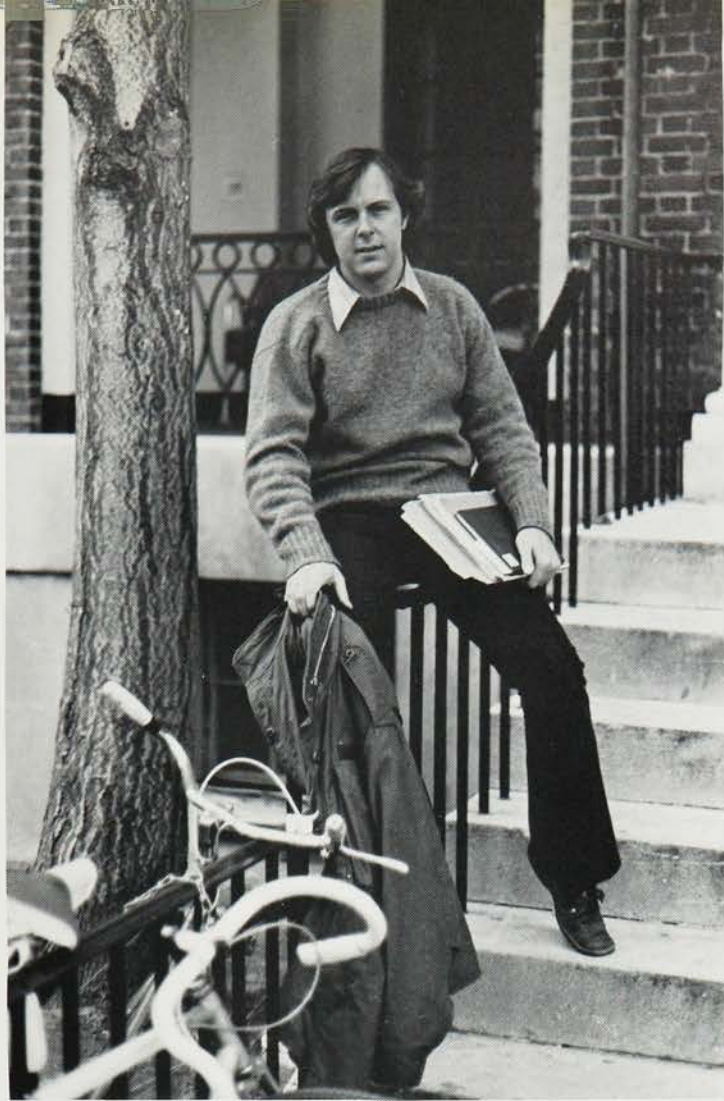




Joan Strand







John T. Winter



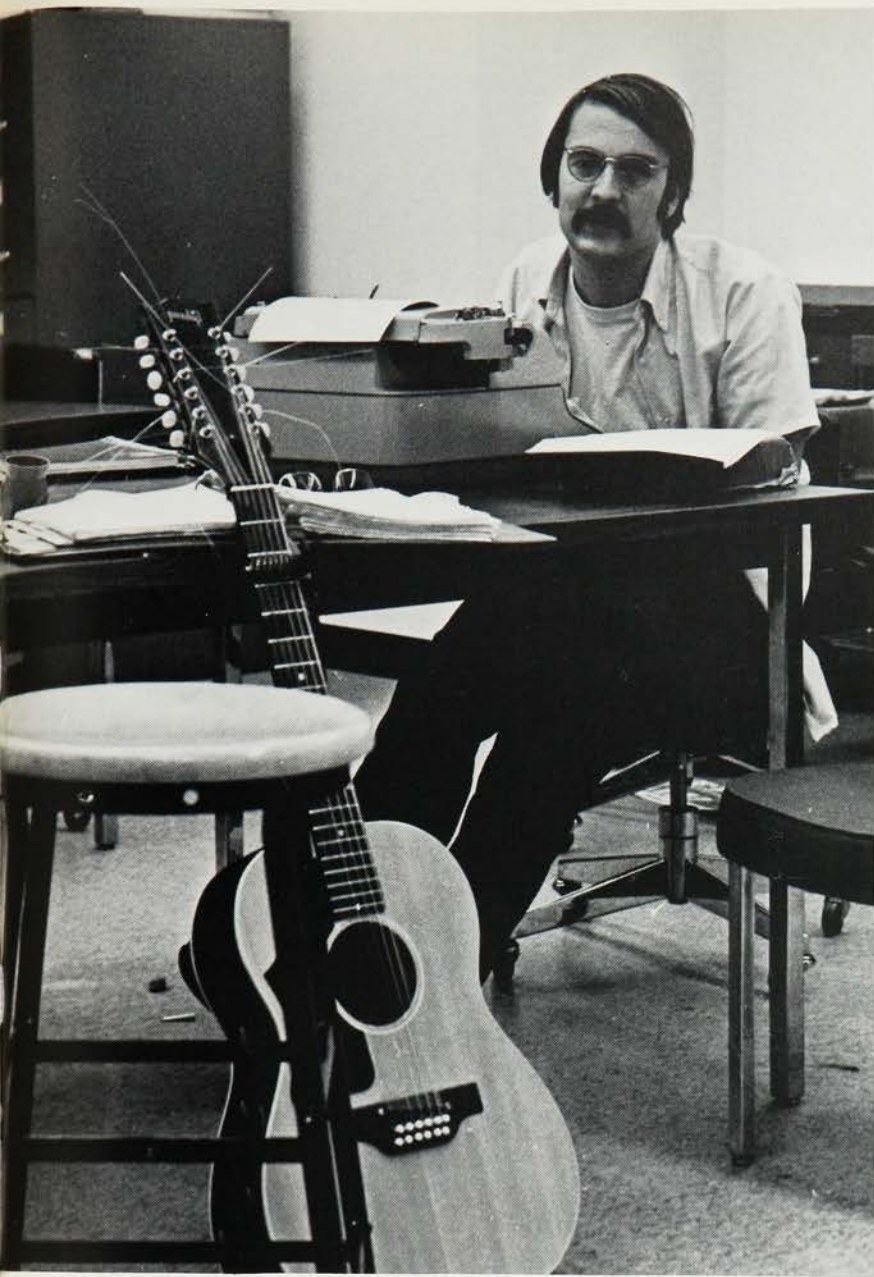
Isaac Borenstein





Frank DeSalvo & Clancy

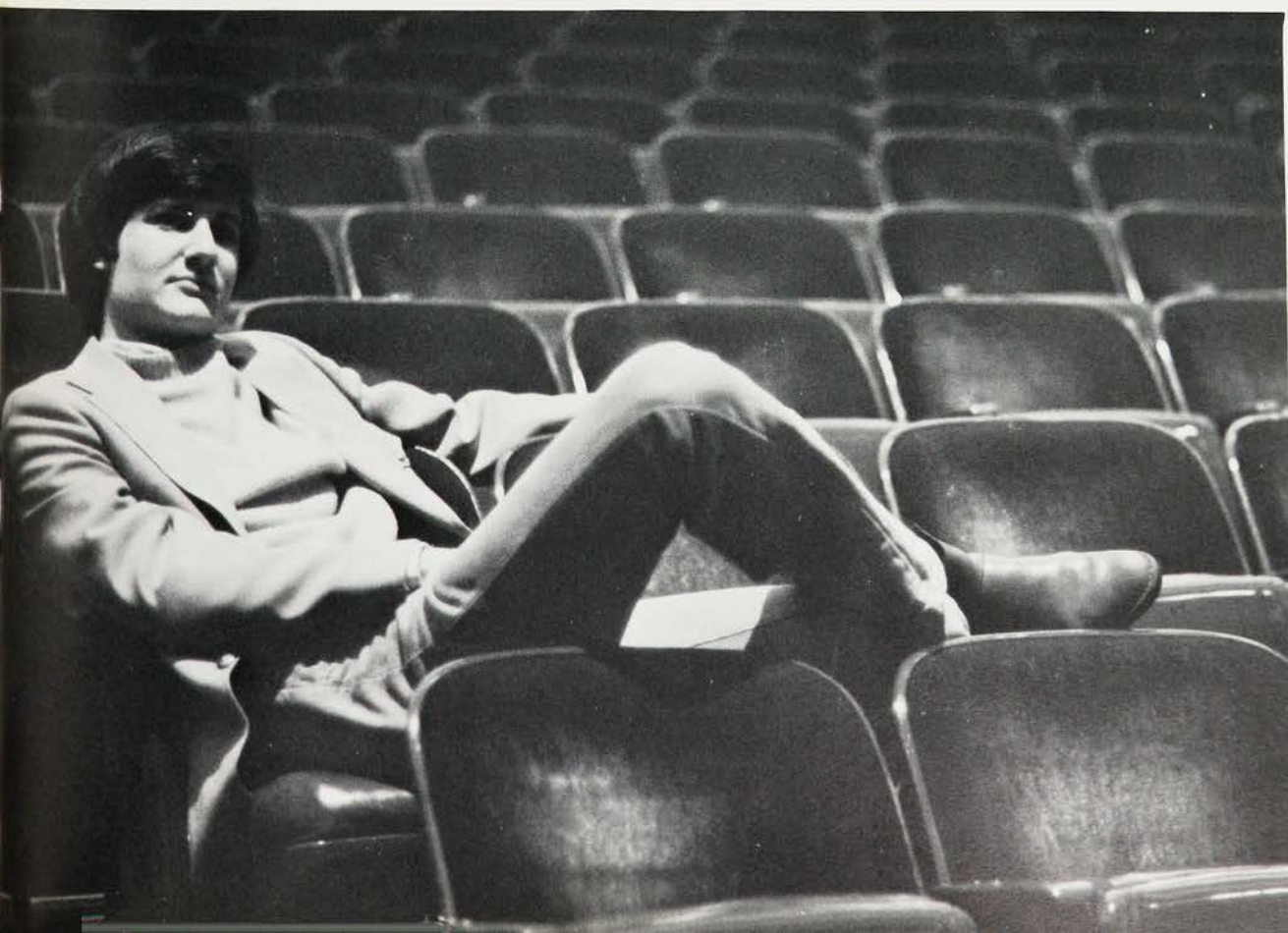




Gregory Valliere



Emily Sheketoff



Mark Olshaker





Susan Rosen

Joan Geller





Nancy Biren

Jamie Lisa Moss







Jennifer Causey





Betty Clayman



Helena Clark Pitsvada





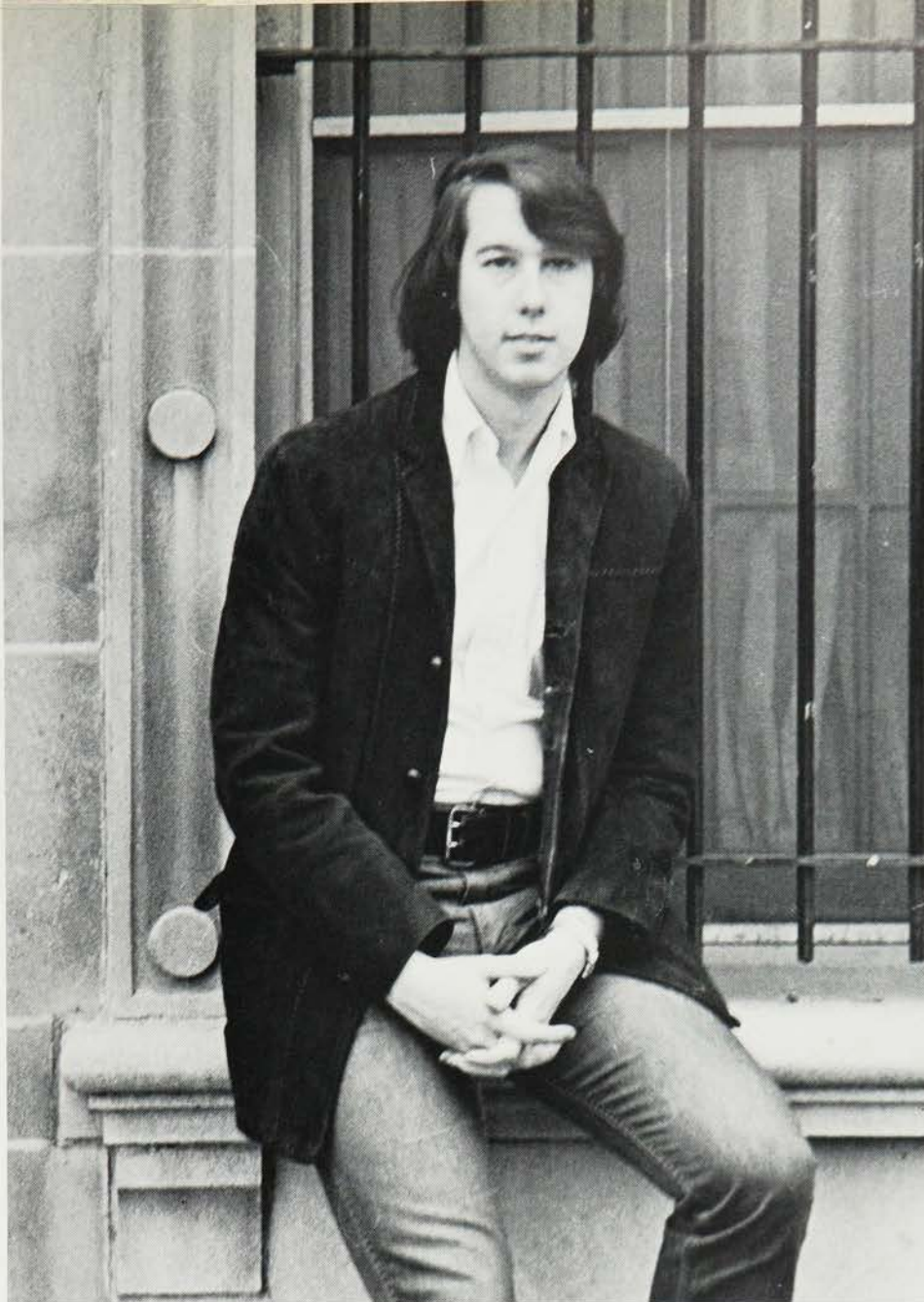
Yvonne Liu



C. Ann Fusilier



Robert Andrew Handera



Harry Hochman







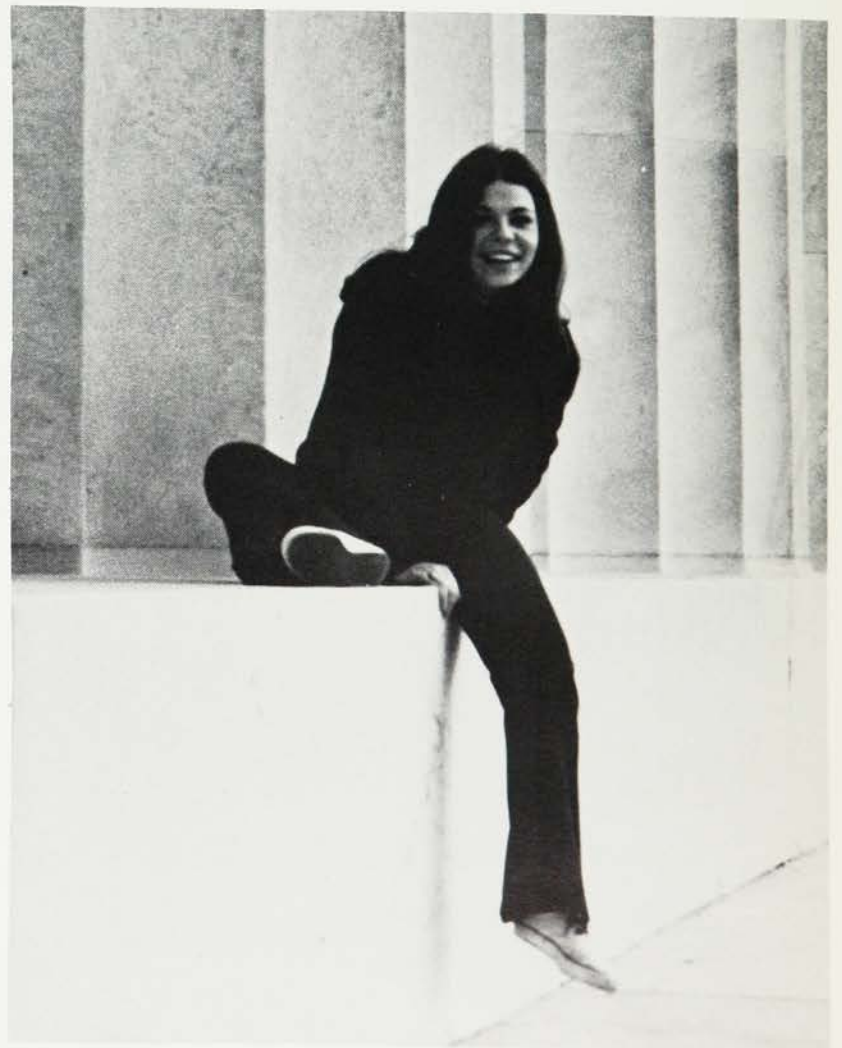
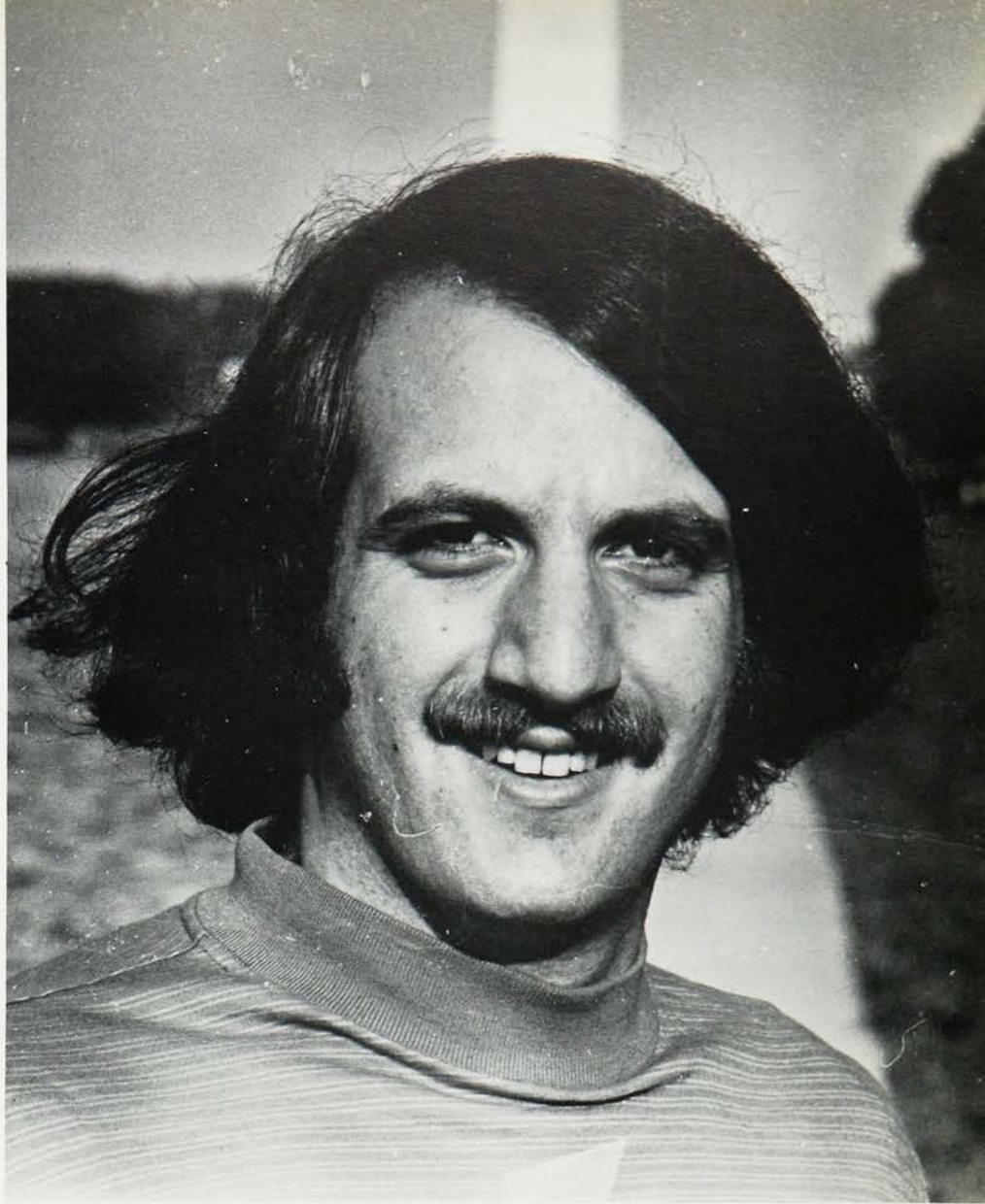
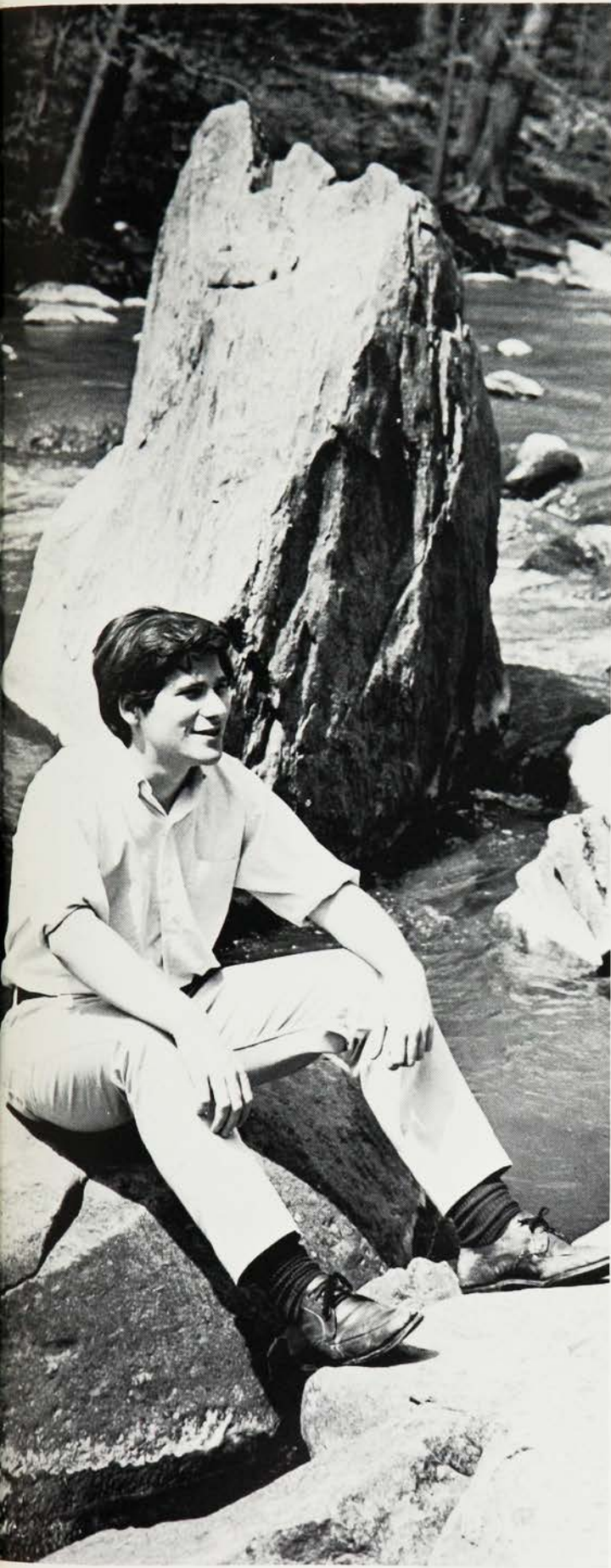
Donald Erlichman

Rich Milrahd





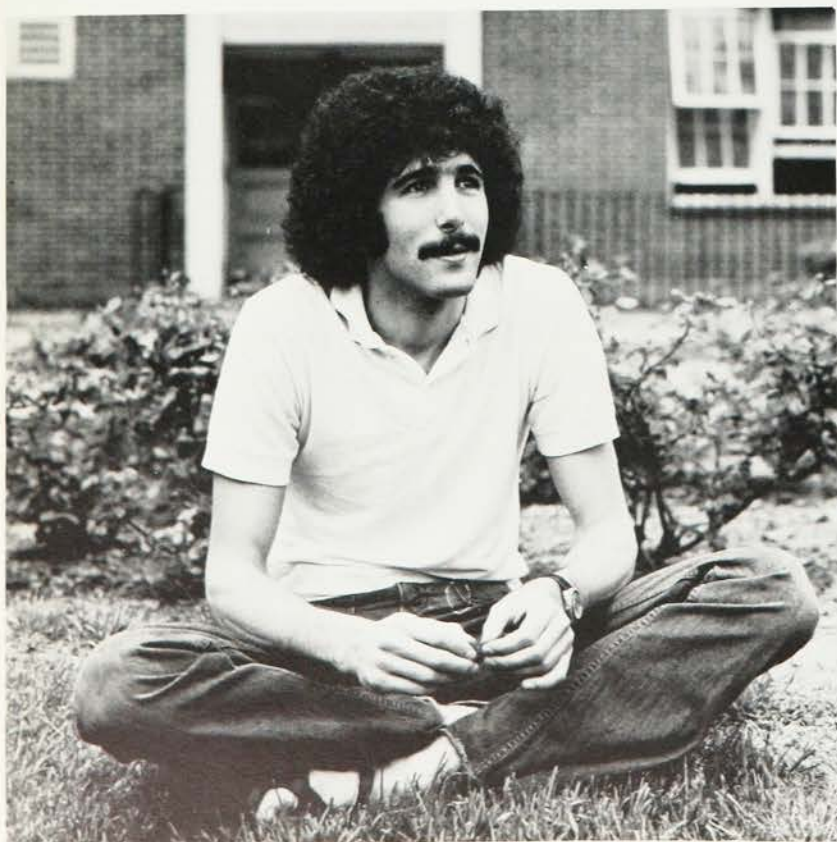
Al Fromm







Andrew Tollin



Tommy Ein









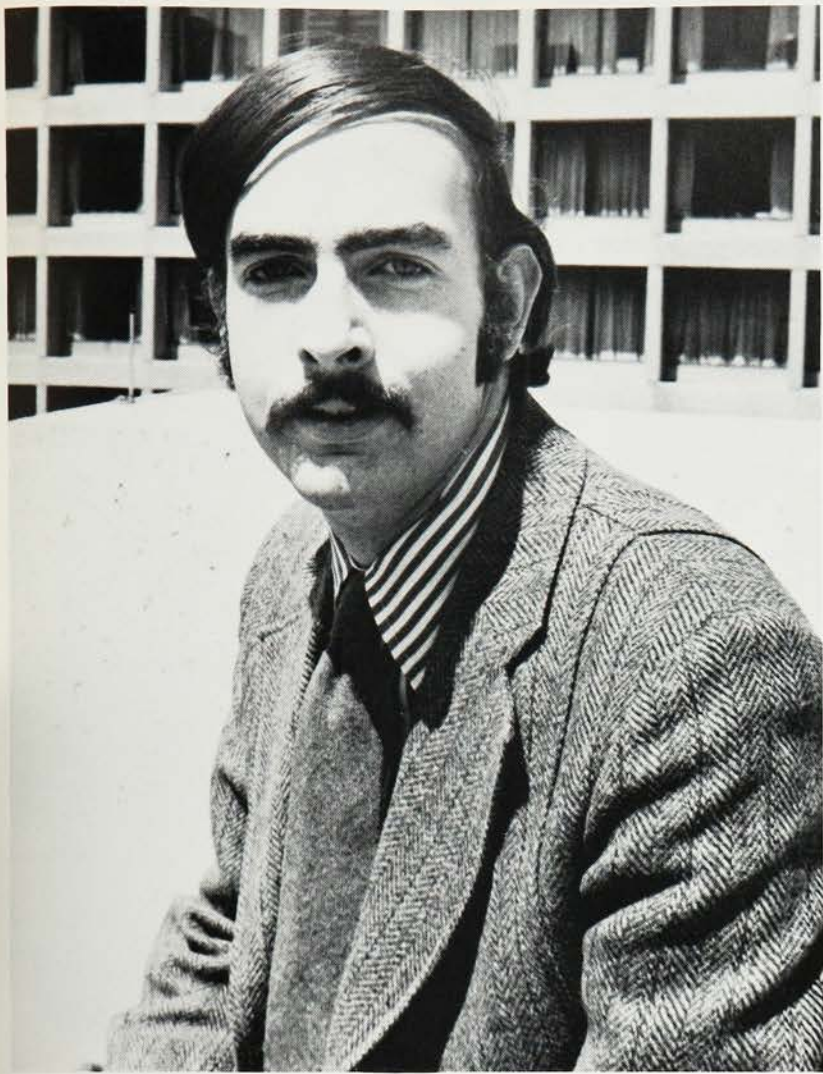
Peter Epstein

Eileen Whittner

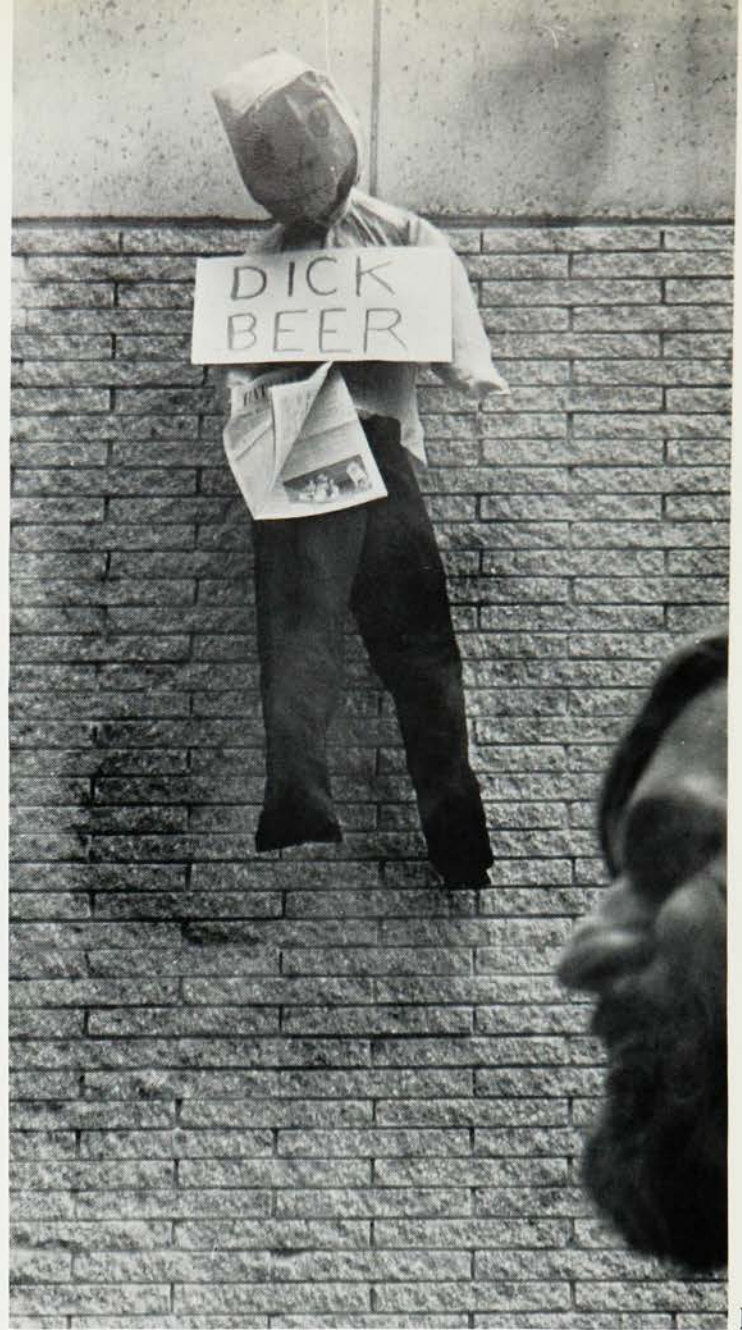


Ann Melchoir

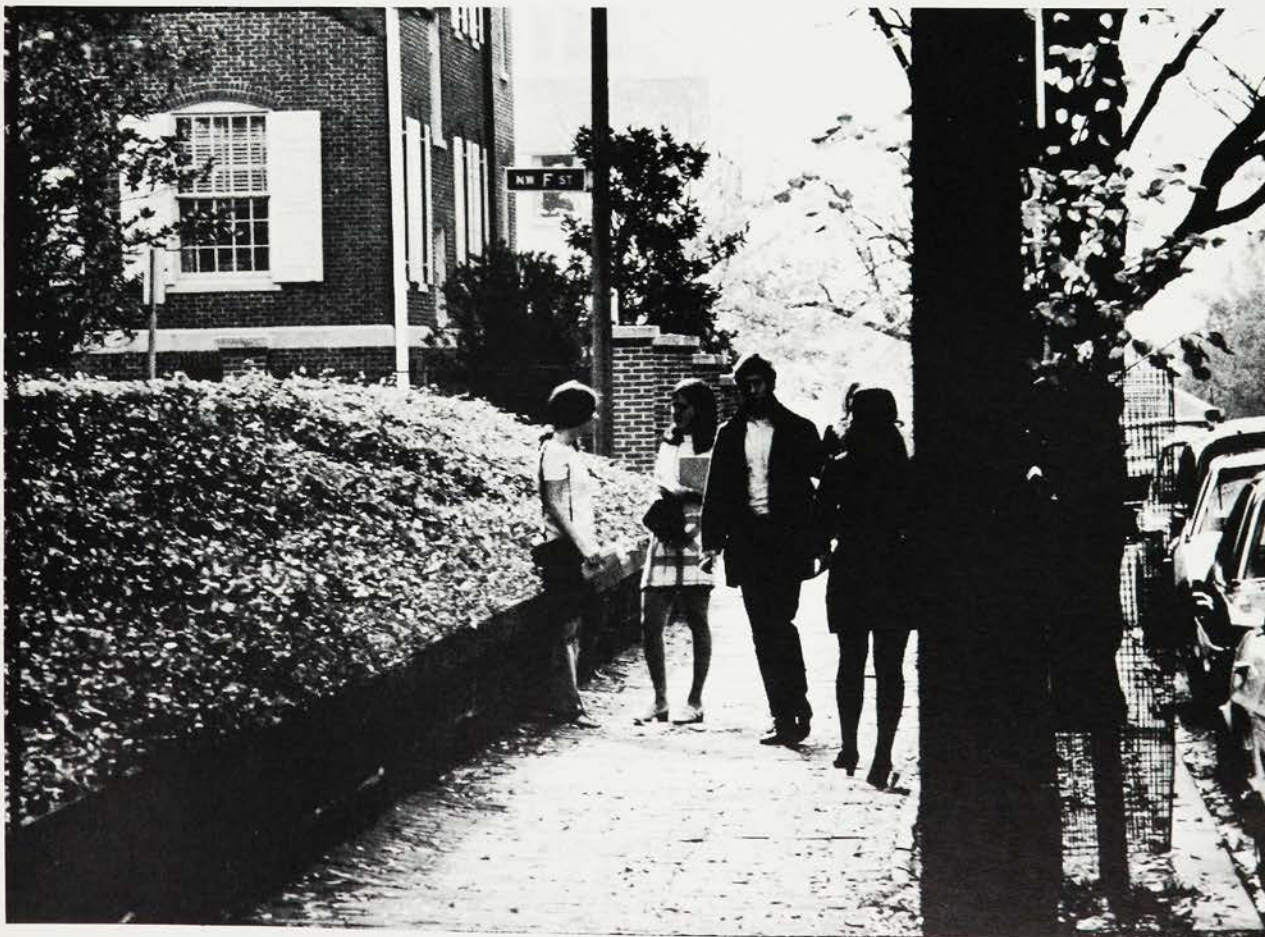




Thomas P. Higgins



Dick Beer





Doreen Sterling







Constance Skomro



Elaine Dickinson





Margaret Mead Speckman







Ellen Paige Jandorf



Alexis Gordon





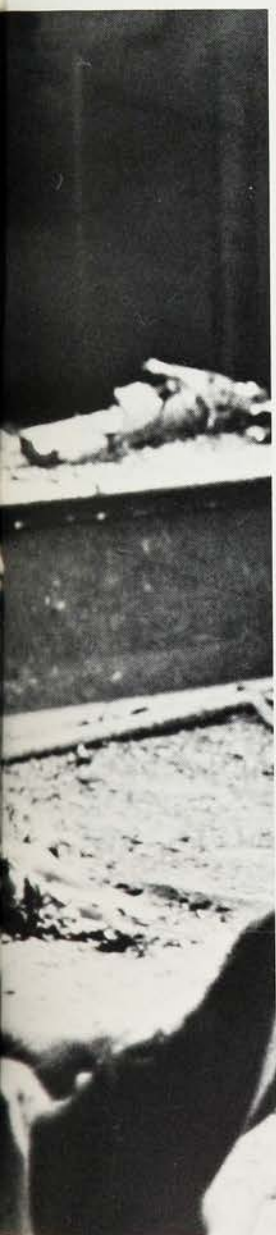
William Simeon Yard







Robert J. Peterson



Larry Holt





Bonnie Cole

Steve Mortman



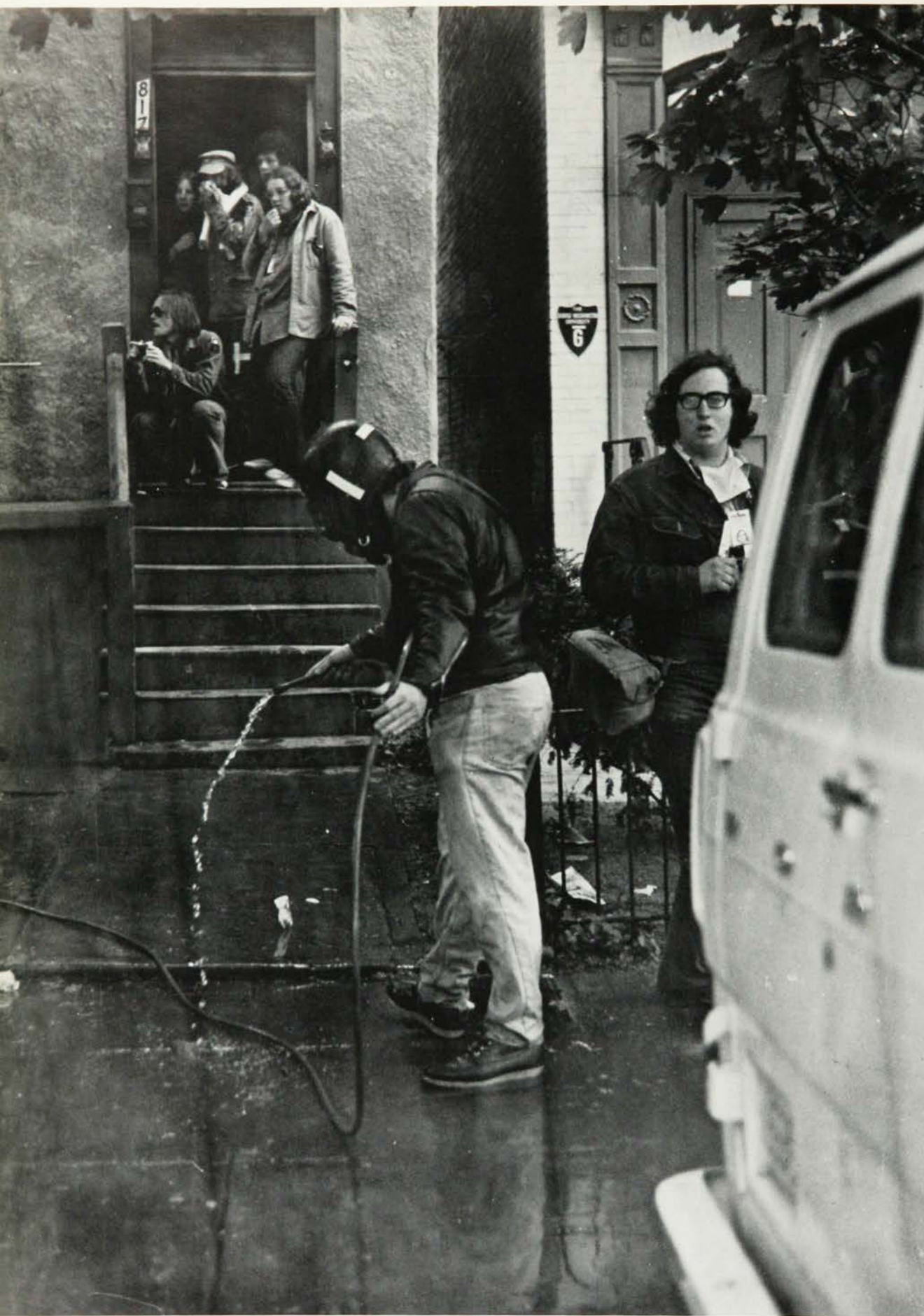


Robert S. Goldman

Gisela N. Kreitner







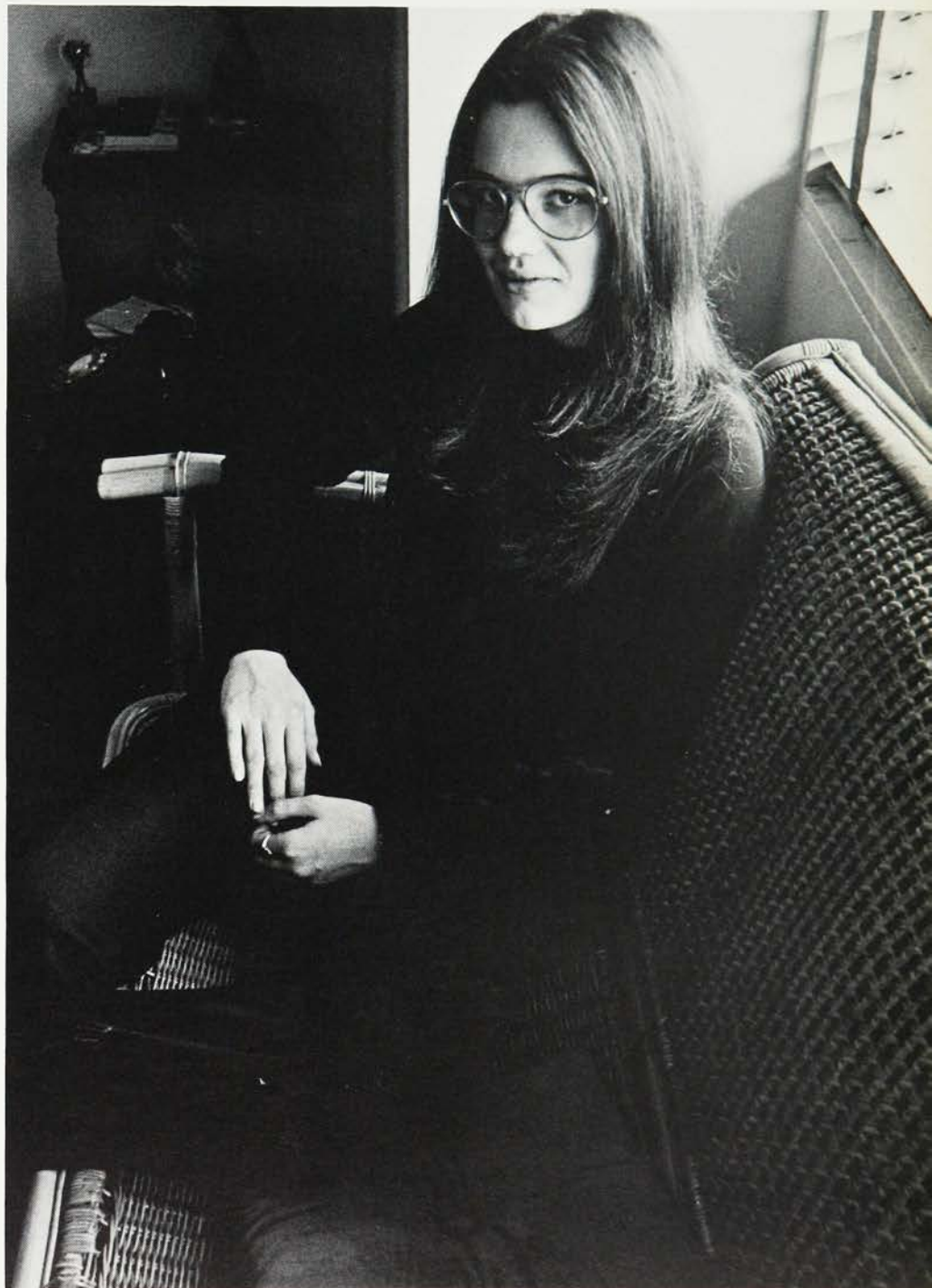
Henry Resnikoff







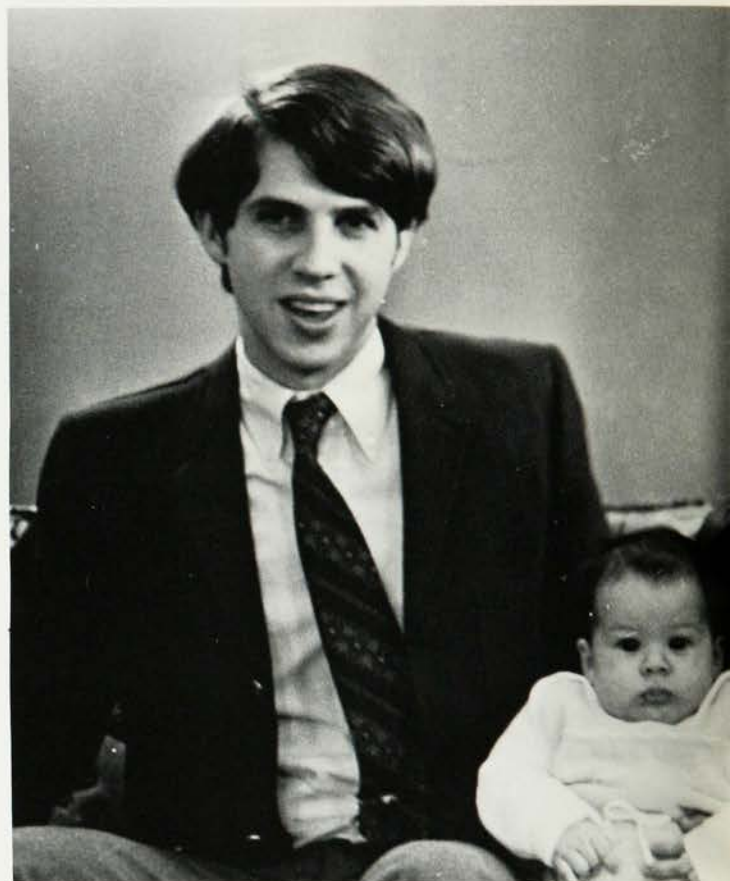
Sandee Levine







Tina Schwartzbaum



David Sokol & Family

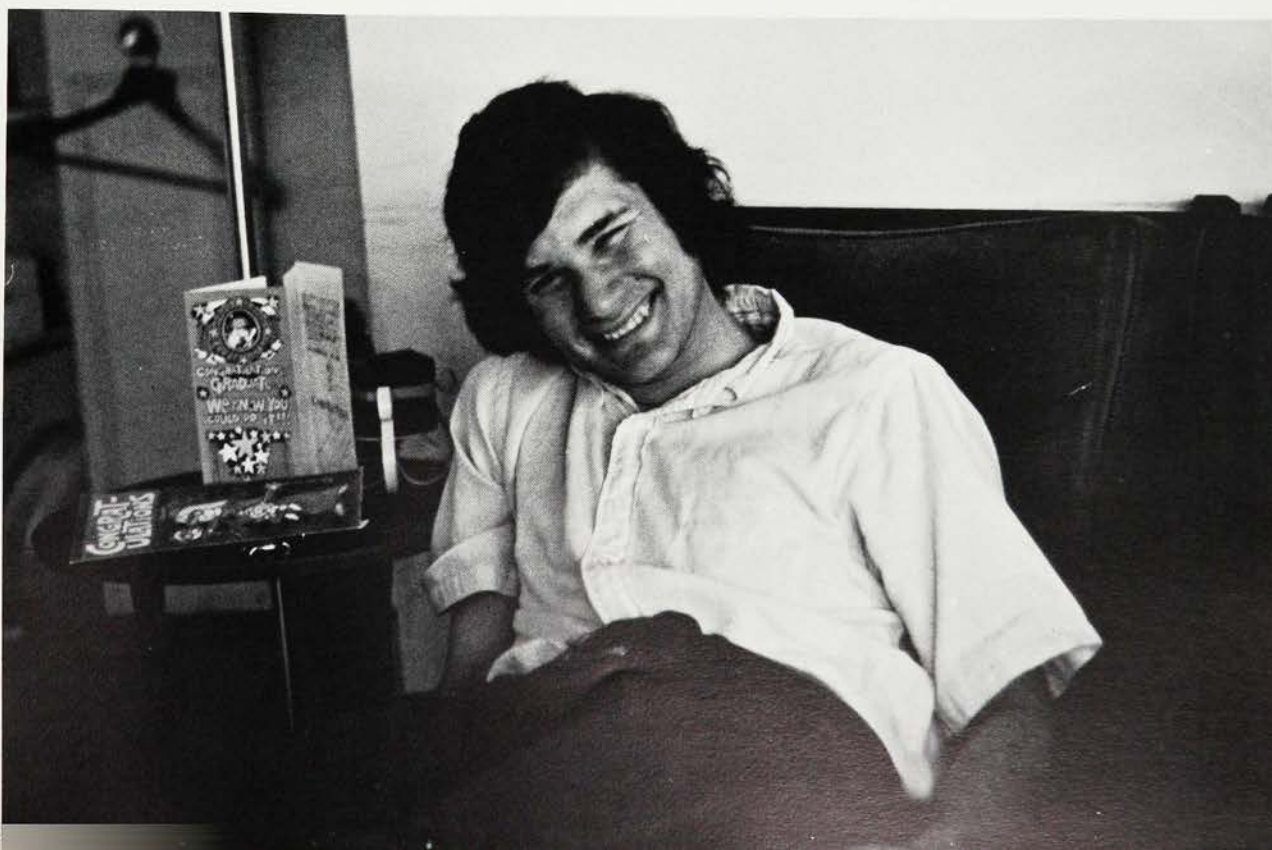


Leslie Smith





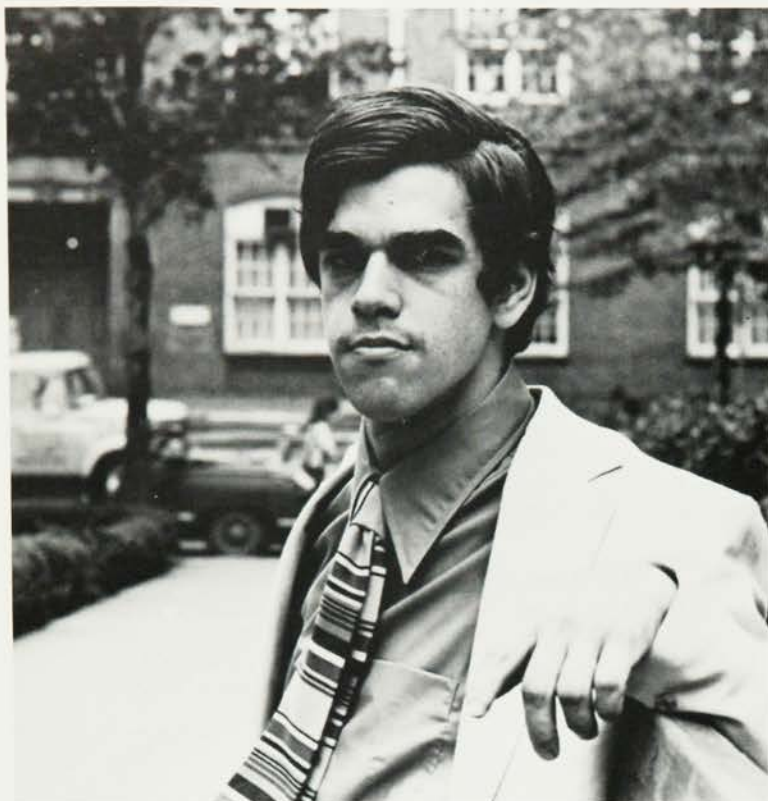
Ellen Heuman



Dennis Hoffman



Andrew Cowan

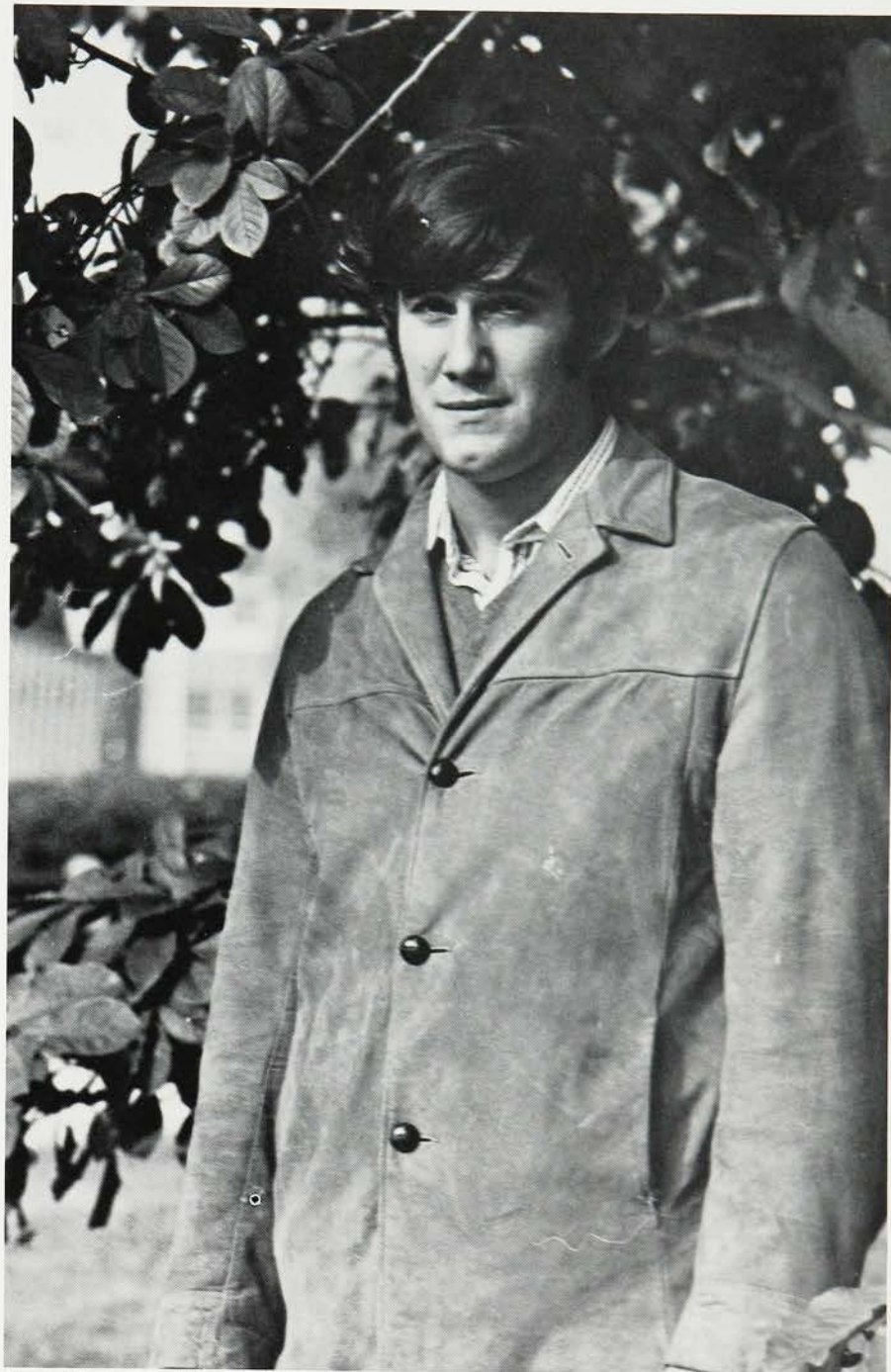


Kathy Crisbacher  
Judi Primavera  
Niki Strain





Michael Newcity



Robert Beste, Jr.



Hugh Harvard Faust







Robert Wolf



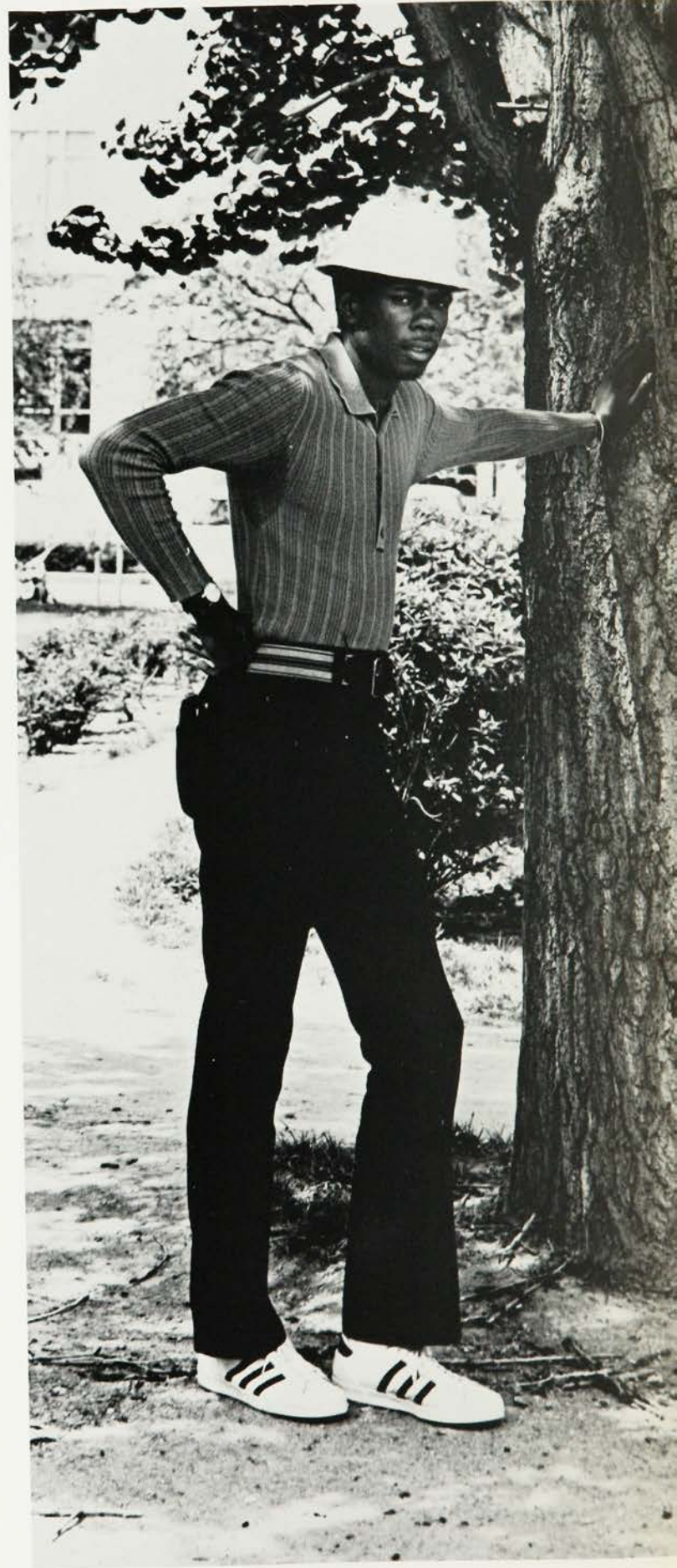
John P. Harkins



Ellen Zitomer



Roscoe L. Trout



Lenox M. Baltimore, Jr.



Herb Gingold





Dolores Winnett



Doug Smith





Stephanie Kadin, Steve Bergman, Joanne Rubin & Chris Jussel



John C. Wallendjack

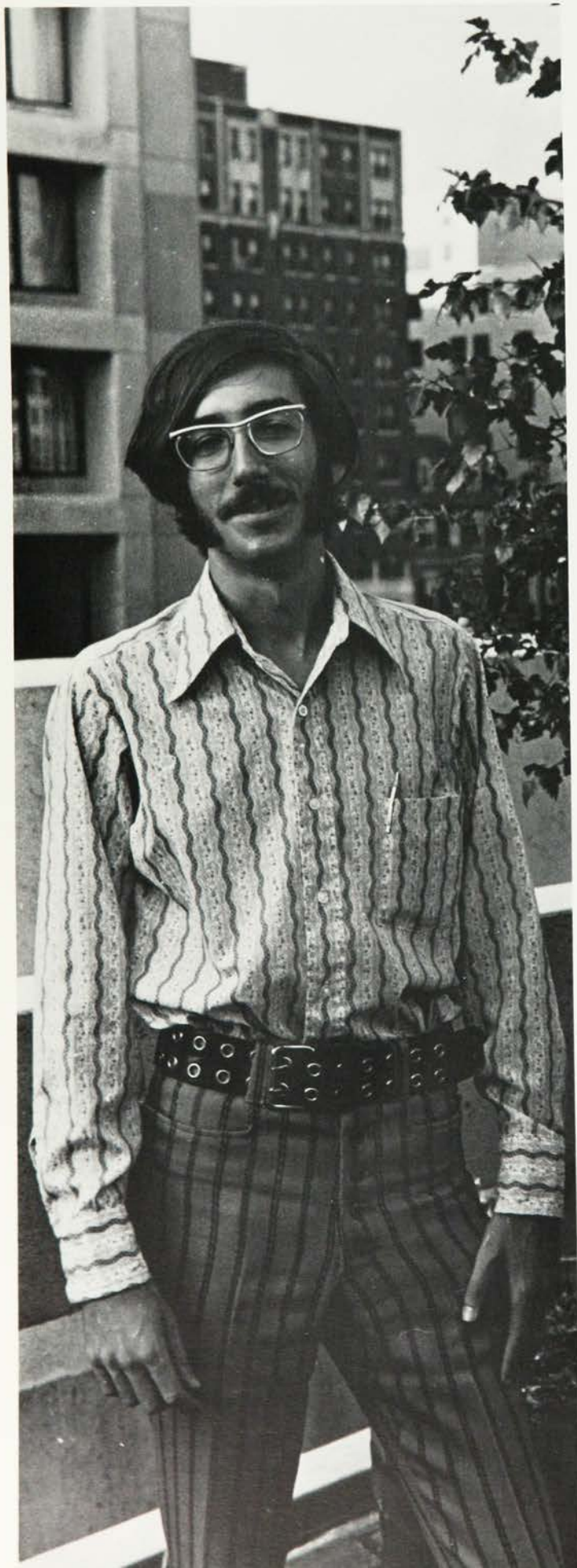


Audrey Zale





David Simmons

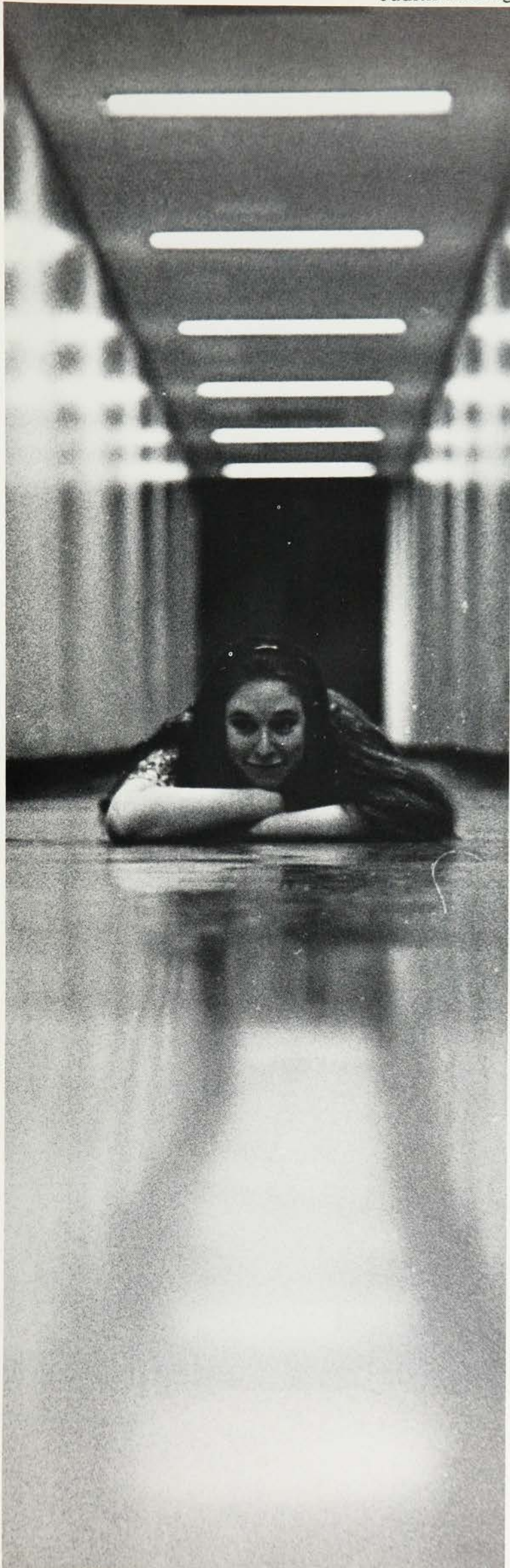


Wayne Feldman

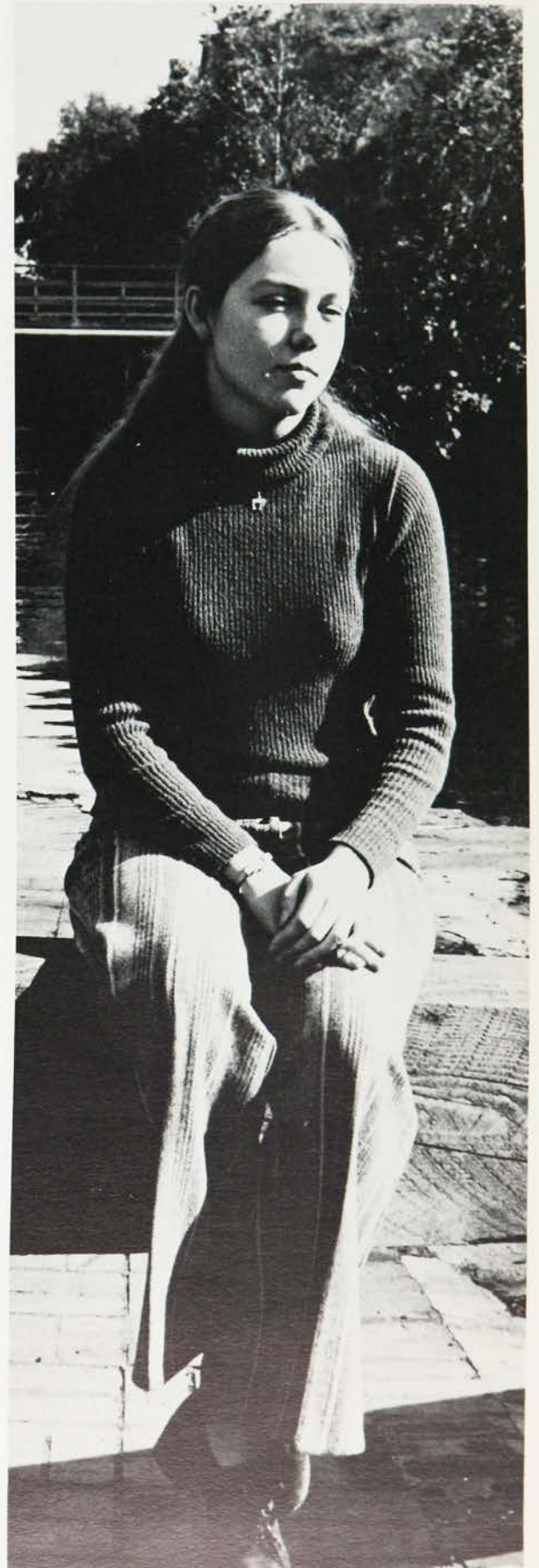




Judith Ludwig



Jacque-Lynne Amann

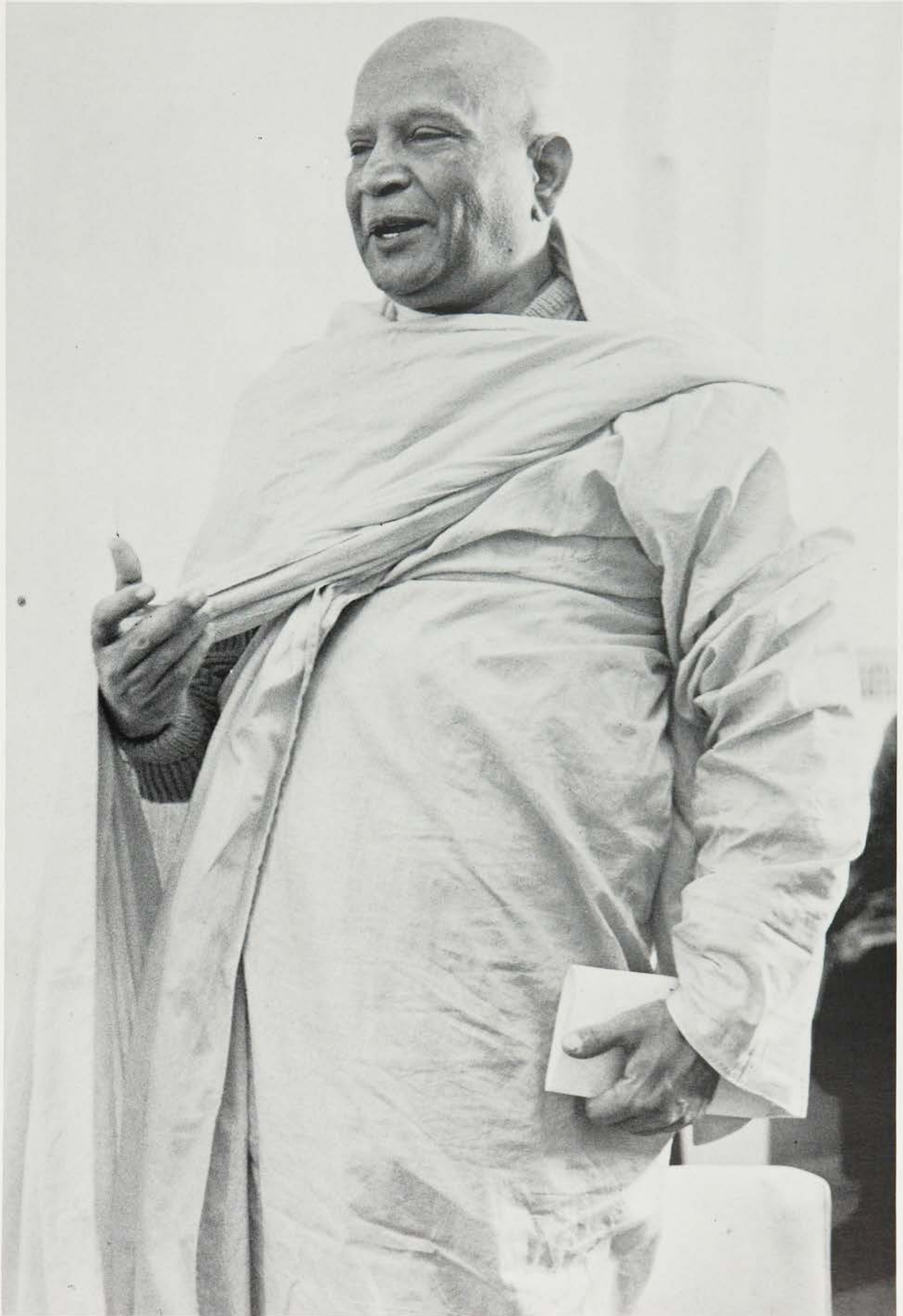






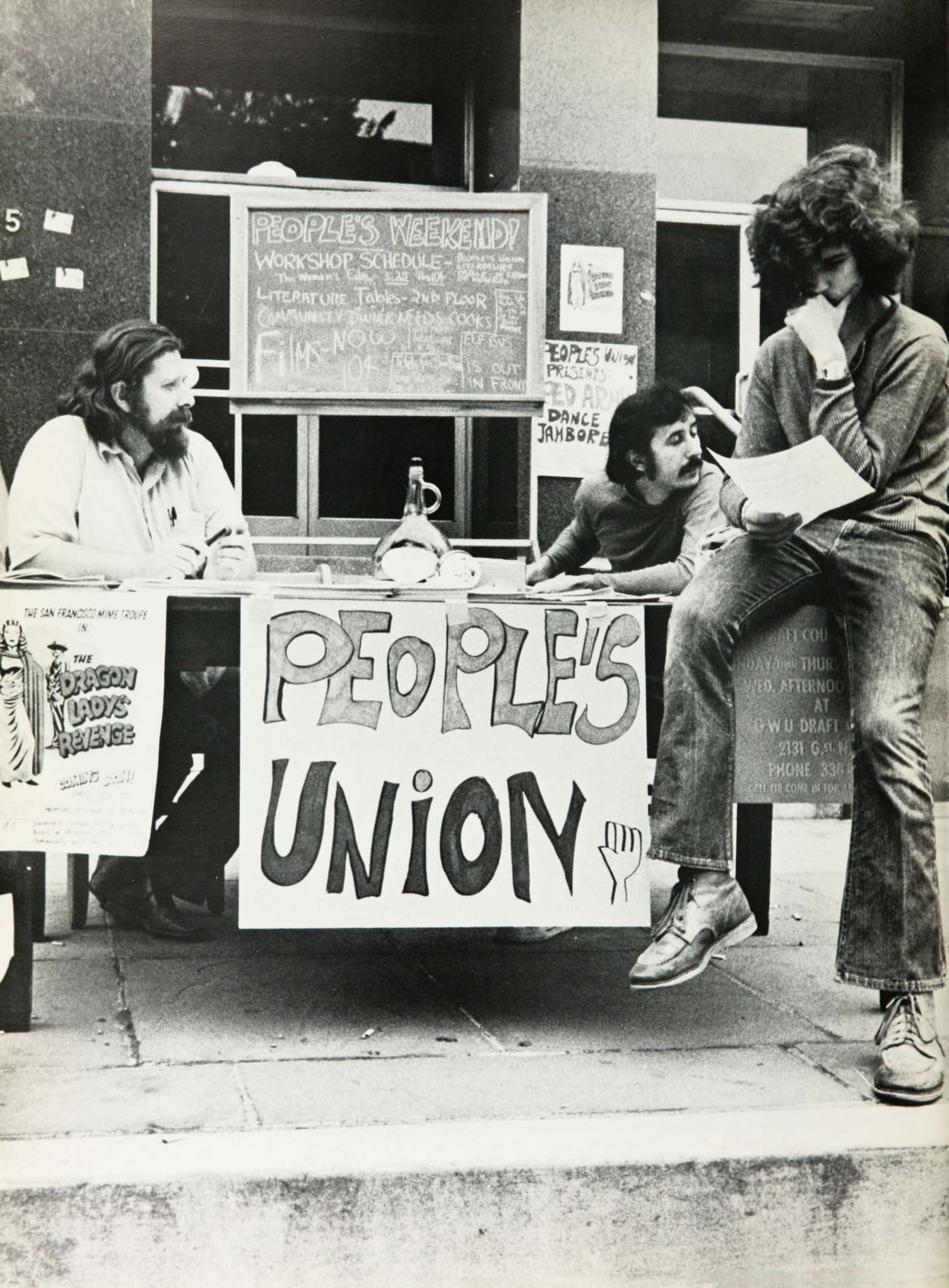
Marjorie Branchaud





David Vita





# PEOPLE'S WEEKEND

## WORKSHOP SCHEDULE

The Woman's Film - 11:30 AM

LITERATURE Tables - 2ND FLOOR

COMMUNITY DINNER MEETS COOKS

FILMS - NOW 1:30 PM

10:00 AM

IS OUT IN FRONT

PEOPLES UNION  
PRESENTS  
RED ARMY  
DANCE  
JAMBORE

PEOPLE'S  
UNION



THE SAN FRANCISCO MIME TROUPE  
IN  
THE  
DRAGON  
LADY'S  
REVENGE  
COMING SOON!

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# Mal Davis

Can this Mal Davis really be GW's campus minister?

I mean, there's no law specifying what a campus minister must be like, but doesn't the term invoke images of book-lined studies and little white chapels and fatherly advice? Who ever heard of Mal Davis delivering a sermon? Why, he doesn't really have his own office, just a sort of controlling interest in an old desk next to a mimeograph machine in this antique storefront where all these *freaks* hang around and talk politics.

But it's not just his surroundings. And it's not just his out-front behavior, or his size (he doesn't seem overweight, exactly, just *big*), or his frequent laughter (no two laughs ever quite the same) or even that his hair is pretty long and his beard is pretty bushy. The question is, does this man think right? Is a 34-year-old minister of the United Church of Christ supposed to say things like "I consider myself a revolutionary"? Is a cum laude graduate and Phi Beta Kappa supposed to say things like "It seems like I spend half my time urging students to drop out of school"?

I ask you, is this what a campus minister is supposed to be?

Well, says Davis, "the ministry of the Church is a ministry of liberation" and the kind of liberation he means is not only death to stuffiness and stereotypes, but leads to commitments in what many other Americans would say was "not religion but politics." "Revolutionary" politics.

Davis is fond of explaining what the word "revolution" means to him by comparing it to two more specifically religious terms: "redemption" and "conversion." He says that "to be converted means to make a complete about-face and that's what revolution is about too. And redemption -- the concept has been confined to the individual soul, but redemption takes place within the social order, you redeem the individual by redeeming the social order."

Such redemption requires "radically altering basic institutional power relationships. This does not necessarily involve violence or the overthrow of governments, (which conflicts with my nonviolent orientation), but it does mean that men take power over their own lives."

It is thus no surprise that the epithet "subversive" has been thrown at many groups that have shared the G Street offices of the United Christian Fellowship (UCF) with the energetic minister. But then, Davis would reply that one man's

subversion may be another's liberation. "Ministry," as Davis defines it, "means to be incarnated in the world, to undertake concrete works of liberation, to join in the struggle of the oppressed against those forces and powers which perpetuate the destructive domination of human life."

A campus ministry with such aims would naturally find itself in conflict with the campus management, for Davis feels that universities embody some of these destructive forces. That position has not endeared him to officials in Rice Hall.

Now back in 1967, when Davis began the radicalizing experience of a ministry at GW, he thought he could profitably work with the school. The idea of countering present institutions with more humane ones -- which preoccupies today's UCF crowd -- had not occurred to him or to the students he worked with. Still, he had already come a long way from his beginnings as a parochial and "totally racist" traditionalist.

The Mal Davis of 1959, graduating third in a class of 400 from William and Mary College, was not only a political and theological conservative, he was yet without a sense of mission. He was not planning to enter the ministry. He was a mathematician, with almost no knowledge of humanities or social science. He had a superlative academic record, but very little idea what use to make of it.

Many other people, however, had suggestions. Insurance companies deluged him with job offers, as did defense contractors (this was during the heat of the Space Race). In fact, GW's irrepresible "Uncle Mal" was once in the insurance business.

"I got the highest salary offer of anyone in the class," Davis explained, "ten thousand dollars a year to start, from Connecticut General Life, so I went to Hartford. I lasted a week. I was stuck in this cubicle learning how to operate machines." He sipped his black coffee and smiled. "I never got a paycheck."

So he decided to draw on another part of his college background: his work in the Methodist Student Association.

That work had started the development of his social consciousness. When Davis, son of a "conservative, social leader type" banker, left Newport News for William and Mary in 1955, he "was totally racist. But as president of the Methodist Student Association I related to black people for the first time as human beings, not as maids."

Thus it was natural, after the fiasco in Hartford, to spend a summer of church-related work in the Caribbean. There he was persuaded to "go to seminary for a year and get some perspective" on a vocation.

Union Theological Seminary was rough going at first. "I was so damn insecure and frightened because all the other people there were graduates of Harvard and Yale and Radcliffe, and nobody else there had a background in math. They would sit around at lunch and talk about Niebuhr and Tillich and I would just nod my head and say 'Yes, yes, I think you're right.'

"My first paper was turned back as unacceptable. He didn't even bother to give me an F on it. I didn't know how to write papers. I hadn't written papers in college, I had just done math projects. There was not one footnote in it."

He soon learned to write papers, however. And he soon got new ideas about U.S. society and his place in it.

When he entered Union, he "was only into making money. But that was all changed. Within a month I was picketing Woolworth's."

Teaching Sunday school at New York City's "ritzy, ritzy, ritzy" Brick Presbyterian Church brought important changes. This church was very much aware that a large chunk of its membership was listed in Who's Who. Its minister, for example, once delivered a sermon on how it is easier for the rich to enter heaven, because the poor are impoverished through their own sin.

"I was appalled," Davis said, shaking his head at the memory. "Just appalled. Everybody else [from the seminary] was in East Harlem, but I think I had the most radicalizing experience because I saw how religion is used as an instrument of the ruling class."

The following year he worked in inner city Chicago and the year after that (1962-63) he studied theology in Basel, Switzerland. Upon returning to the U.S. he married Judy Friedenstein, whom he had met in the registration line on his first day at Union.

After graduating cum laude in 1964, Davis was an itinerant campus minister in Vermont for three years. He traveled eight hundred miles a week and had little chance to do "solid kinds of organizing." After a dispute with his employers he sought a city job.

GW's United Campus Christian Ministry ("one of the first ecumenical campus



ministries in the country"), provided it. Being employed by the UCCM puts Davis smack in the middle of the University but not on its payroll, since the Ministry's funds come from six Protestant denominations.

GW proved to be a good place for "solid kinds of organizing." Indeed, Davis has become one of the most influential educators on campus, though it is probable that he has directly reached fewer students than register every year for introductory poli sci. He doesn't assign work for the student volunteers and he doesn't try to run projects. But without his suggestions and his prodding (and the availability of his office), it is doubtful whether GW's ever-changing groups of concerned students would get so much accomplished or explore so many questions that aren't in the regular curriculum.

Over the years the character of these explorations has steadily changed, as Davis and his student co-workers have moved together through a radicalization of analysis and approach.

When he first came to GW, Davis easily fell in with the service projects sponsored by UCCM's "on-campus student group," the UCF. These usually had the aim of "helping the blacks." The prevalent attitude, he explained was that blacks can "gain the kinds of rights, the kinds of opportunities we have. We'll pull you up -- rather than you pull yourself up. An hour tutoring each week will help a student who is in an essentially oppressive school system."

But, Davis said, he and the leading student activists came to realize that the volunteers in the service programs "were acting out their own guilt. It was very easy to go through four years of the program and not challenge your own racism. The volunteers would spend four years here and major in education and go off to teach in white suburban schools. Most didn't ask why things were so bad they needed volunteers."

The abandonment of this whole approach early in 1969 was followed by two

years of searching for an organization through which students -- meaning, in practice, white students -- could improve the quality of their lives and those of others without falling for "band-aid approaches." It was a period of conspicuous student action, marked by the emergence of SDS and the Black Students Union (both products of discussions at the UCF office) and, at first, by many rallies, marches and sit-ins.

But since the explosive nationwide strike of 1970, GW has experienced what Davis calls "an eerie calm." Nothing dramatic seems to happen anymore. Did the search for new approaches fail? Has there been a "retreat from radicalism"?

Davis feels there has not. Rather, he says, there has been a qualitative change in student outlook, the growth of an even more radical approach, but one less likely to produce mass political action.

"In those days [chiefly meaning 1968-1969], people thought they could really make a difference, that they could do something by rising up." Now, he explains, there is an even more general perception of how deeply unsatisfying U.S. society is, but most people "have turned inward out of frustration, out of fear. They're not unaware, they just don't know how to act it out. They don't know how to admit that the only way to change anything is to change everything."

"People have begun to see that how you live your life is political. That what you eat and where you get it is political -- body politics."

What Davis eats comes from GW's "alternative to Safeway" -- the People's Union's food co-op. He takes the food home to a commune on Columbia Road. (Davis feels that people, especially children, benefit more from communal living than from nuclear family homes).

Although at present Davis works continually to help the Union build its alternative structures, he hopes for "a situation where the office could function on its own and I would just be here one day a week."

Partly he just doesn't want to steer the activities and partly he has other things to do. Besides his post as campus minister and his membership on the GW Board of Chaplains, he has his "fingers in about 75 pies." Until last year, for example, he was active in the National Campus Ministry Association. But when his term as vice president ended he let his membership lapse, dissatisfied with an organization "so far out of touch with what I felt was going on" as to hold a conference on abortion that was run entirely by men.

He is also continuing his structured education, taking a course in ceramics from the D.C. Recreation Department and one in "theology and liberation" at the Howard University Divinity School. The theology course is sometimes hard for him to handle.

"It blows my mind," he confessed at a seminary on "alternative education" which he helped arrange at GW. "I'd been out of that sort of classroom situation for so long. These sterile rooms. . . and everybody writing everything down and hearing nothing. . . Uhk!"

No, Mal Davis (or "Friar Tuck," as he is sometimes called by his friends), won't often be found in lecture halls. You can count on him, though, to be wherever he thinks something really educational may be stirred up.

He'll be hustling in and out, making sure things are coming together, full of semi-serious complaints ("Oh! I'm just surrounded by incompetents! I can't understand how the world can hold so many incompetents"), and self-mockery ("Oh, I like *everybody*. I'm paid to love"), and esoteric fantasies ("I wish my hair would turn pure white. I've always wanted to have a white mane".)

So far his hair shows no signs of whitening. Maybe Davis is on the way to living as a revolutionary, but he'll never get very close to looking like a patriarch. He'll be laughing and talking and eating too much as he works to liberate himself and change the world.



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I gather that yearbooks are supposed to last 20 years. At any rate, that's what the editor of this one has the courage to hope.

You find that hard to believe? I'll tell you a story. I was sitting in his office one day, talking about this introduction. And he said to me, "Write this thing so people can read it in 20 years."

One of the more histrionic staff members took this opportunity to add: "If anybody's reading anything in twenty years."

"Well, yeah," said the editor, "but we have to assume that."

So we assumed it, and I even found myself (fool!) nodding to him when he repeated his request that I try writing for the aeons. Today I realize that only a rare prophet would know how to please aging yearbook readers away off on the other side of 1984. Only one thing is certain: if that time comes, it will be even harder then to look ahead 20 years than it is now.

Where else to begin but with the past? Ladies and gentlemen -- The Past!

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I remember one time I was in jail. I look back upon that time with a smile, and doubtless if I live 20 years I will look back upon it with a smile again. My group -- we were shipped around in groups of 33 -- had just been moved into a new cell; the second ones, actually, in the series of six we were to share. Cell Two was roomier than Cell One, which had been a sort of lobby for the elevator to the surface. We had been moved to make way for a new installment of 33 rabble. This new batch was now relaxing in Cell One, where one of them played "When the Saints Go Marching In" on his harmonica.

The roominess of Cell Two was an improvement because everyone could move around more easily and you could get a better look at your fellow captives. The police jailed quite an assortment, some of them pretty freaky, but one of the most interesting was an ordinary-looking fellow in a green sweater who walked up and down near the bars, indulging in his own special method of taunting the guards.

Every few minutes he would swagger over close to some cop, swing up his face and say "Please' to MEET you" in his best Mick Jagger manner. Sometimes he added "Hope you guess my name!" just so his adversary would have a full chance to catch the reference to "Sympathy for the Devil."

I'm sure the quote was directed at the other captives as much as at the keepers, but that was OK. People grinned. There was a deep solidarity in there, with everyone feeling like great and holy adversaries of some foreign king. In that atmosphere, you really could stand up and say, "Yes, Mr. Policeman, we are indeed the force you fear. I hope you find out what to call us, Mr. Policeman, but right now there is a lot more separating us than your ugly steel bars, and you haven't guessed the nature of our game."

And the guy in the green sweater was an ordinary person really, a college dropout and draft resister from Buffalo named Gary. He had refused induction twice, which was above the cell average, but otherwise was unexceptional.

"I wouldn't take a C.O. deferment," he explained, touching on one small aspect of the problem. "For one thing it requires total pacifism, which I don't quite subscribe to. But mainly my asking for a C.O. would have been saying that the government has a right to judge my conscience. By saying 'Please, tell me my conscience is OK' I concede that they have a right to say my conscience is not OK. And I don't concede them that right."





But it was later on that we discussed that, about the time that we were moved out of Cell Five into Cell Six. To be strictly accurate, Cell Six was Cell One again, since they moved us around in circles all afternoon. Which, I suppose, was according to the nature of their game.

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But all that was a year ago, I remember, and now it is graduation time again. Notables descend on every campus, distribute mass advice, exhort the graduates to go out with their heads high, and generally keep up the pretense of knowing what an entire social class should do with itself. The best educated generation in the history of the world about to embark on their careers. The group that can look forward to the highest average income of anyone in the country which has the highest average income of any country in the continent which has the highest average income.

Wanting to look into the future, looking into the past for a way to do it. Spectral newspapers rise up, yellow as pus. Huge front-page headlines on the *Daily News* gloating that the flames rising from Haiphong can be seen 100 miles away. And it doesn't help you to recall the details of Tokyo, Nagasaki and Dresden, and tell yourself that these were worse; Nixon reminds you of Truman, and Truman reminds you of Tamerlane, and Tamerlane called himself the Scourge of God, and what would you like to remember next?

Street vendors of the New Age scoff "You're looking at the wrong sort of past. You shouldn't be looking at the official sort of past. What you should recall is not the petty spites of presidents and kings, but the life of the farms and rangelands, the homemade cider and ice cream and wickerwork." But seeking in that past a model for a new life is a demanding thing. It's easy to sit in your Volkswagen and laugh at McDonald's prefab hamburgers. It is quite another to leave McDonald's prefab universe, to drive past those lovely golden arches only on the twice-yearly trips to the big city in the communal pick-up.

No, changing your style of life is like a real hassle. Doing your own thing, you know, is great, but communes and things like that are like Poverty Row. Better to work for McGovern and get the war over with.

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But there were smooth times too, spring meadow times, and times when people said "This is a good time to be young." Time passes slowly, even for those who talk continually of upheaval and revolt. The dead disappear so quickly, the living come on so fast, why don't we just stay at home today? We can stay at home and drink wine and make love today. Other people can talk about "the pulsebeat of the nation;" we can just think about our own pulsebeats today.

I remember one day, a warm day, when somebody had a car and we all drove out into Maryland, trying to get lost. But we kept coming back to Sugarloaf Mountain, so finally we just stopped and got wrecked, good and wrecked and laughing at everything as we bumped around the dirt roads. Then suddenly there was this forest fire, so we fought that, and then this family who had fought it with us offered us hamburgers, and we finally chugged back into Washington about midnight in a torrential rain.

And there were indoor scenes worth remembering too, with the room pleasantly filled with smoke. . .the stereo playing Neil Young. . .everybody on the floor. And the profound and subtle discussions: I especially remember a great stoned debate in the kitchen, with everyone trying to resolve that age-old question: "What is the difference between wiping the knife clean and spreading peanut butter on the sponge?"

And of course there was the great, unforgettable time that Vice President H. John Cantini came by the house asking for a glass of milk, with the place packed to the windows with grubby demonstrators who were going to try to shut down the city the next day. All these people who were to bring gas and policemen all over the campus just looked at him, standing here in his necktie, and he wanting a glass of MILK.

I'm sorry. I hadn't intended to come back to the subject of the war.

For it was schooling (after all) that we came for (as we know). And what we came for (as we know) was to get schooling (after all).

Everyone in your neighborhood went to college. That's what high was geared for. All the best people have been to college. The first thing employers ask you is whether you have a diploma. College is a good place to be while you get your head together. A guy can get a start on his career there, and a girl can find a good husband. It's no fun being in the Army, and being in school keeps you out, or did until recently. Your parents always expected you to go. That's what your classy junior high was geared for. College is a good place to score grass and get laid. Who wants to be a truck driver? Education is so broadening — like travel. The street scene in Georgetown is supposed to be far out. "And there's always the Library of Congress."

OK, so let's examine the matter.

1. In curricula requiring foreign languages, how many semesters of the language must be completed?

Answer: Four.

2. How many semesters of the language in highschool are considered equivalent to one semester in college?

Answer: Two.

3. What is the minimum number of credit hours outside the major field which must be taken in the upper division?

Answer: Twenty-four.

4. May first group courses within the major field which are required as prerequisites to the major be counted toward fulfillment of the major program?

Answer: No.

5. How many credit hours, including those within the major field, must be accumulated before the student may graduate?

Answer: One hundred and twenty.

6. What is the customary number of semesters devoted to achieving the aforesaid accumulation?

Answer: Eight.

7. What is the customary number of vacations devoted to relaxation and rehabilitation preparatory to returning actively to the aforesaid achievement?

Answer: Three.

8. Are you required to carry a hall pass when going to the restroom? (Be brief).

Answer: No.

9. By whose act is this liberty granted?

Answer: The faculty's.

10. Was the grading system changed during the last four years?

Answer: Yes.

11. How many times?

Answer: Twice.

12. Who changed it?

Answer: The faculty.

13. Who changed it back?

Answer: The faculty.

14. Does the University adequately fulfill its socially recognized function as a producer of mature citizens experienced in the ways of a democratic culture?

Answer: Of course.

15. Are there any questions?

\* \* \* \* \*

So I said to my editor: "Well, David, I don't know just what sort of piece you'll get and I doubt that it'll be cynical — (why you want it to be cynical isn't clear to me anyway and, frankly, I don't much feel like playing Hardboiled Cynic) — but at any rate I'll write something that feels true to me, and then we'll look at it and see if it works."

"OK," he said, "and I'll find some photographs to go with it."



































